MAY, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

"The Sherrods."

With this number of THE BOOKMAN we begin the publication of a six-part serial from the pen of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. In *The Sherrods* Mr. McCutcheon has broken away entirely from the manner of *Graustark* and *Castle Craneycrow*, with excellent results. We are not going to say just how good *The Sherrods* is; we shall leave that to our readers.

The Best Short Stories.

In addition to the regular features which have marked THE BOOKMAN since its beginning and to those which have been added from time to time, we are now presenting each month a short story or the instalment of a two- or three-part serial. Limiting ourselves to one story to a number, it is our aim to have each a real story—and the best that can be had. The story for the May BOOKMAN is "Their Quest," and is by Brand Whitlock, the author of *The Thirteenth District*, a novel which has been ranked with Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*. "Their Quest" is the story of the Bertrands, a married couple of Columbus, Ohio, representative types of the Middle West, who go to a summer resort in Maine to spend the hot months of the year, and incidentally to search ardently for a certain person who, when found, proves very vague and unsatisfactory. The husband, loyal to his own Ohio, keeps his watch going according to Central time, and in this and numerous similar little touches the author has brought into humorous contrast the conservatism of the East and the defiant, though somewhat uneasy, radicalism of the Middle West. "The Shadow and the Flash," which is to appear in the next issue, is from the pen of Jack London, the well-known writer of tales of Alaska and the Klondike. This, however, is not a story of the Arctic zone, but a tale of scientific horror, with the scene laid in the United States at the present time.

GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON, AUTHOR OF "THE SHERRODS."

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Gaston Paris.

The late Gaston Paris, the subject of an article elsewhere in this number, was born at Avenay (Marne), August 9th, 1839. In 1856 he went from the Collège Rollin in Paris to the University of Göttingen, and in 1857 he studied under Friedrich Diez at Bonn. The great Goethe had encouraged Diez to enter upon the career that made him the illustrious founder of Romance philology. At the centenary celebration of the birth of Diez, held at Paris in 1893, Gaston Paris told how in his eighteenth year he dwelt nine months in Bonn—months filled with pleasant memories. "Of him" (Diez), said Paris, "I shall always keep a precious and sweet remembrance, made up of veneration, of smiles and tenderness. The veneration is due to what was brought forth by that man, so modest and so naturally retiring; the smiles come involuntarily to my lips when I see him again with his timidity, all the greater for his extreme near-sightedness, with his green cap with the long visor, his embarrassed manners, the constraint with which he owned (and proved) that he spoke only after a fashion these Romance tongues which he knew so well; but the smiles soon give way to tender emotion when I look back

THE LATE GASTON PARIS.

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upon his extreme good will toward the unknown schoolboy who had come to him one fine day from Paris, and on the kindness that lighted up his face when his weak eyes had recognised me at last in the dim light of his quiet study; when I think once more of the walks that he let me take beside him, answering in French, despite the effort he had to make, my questions, often hasty; and when I consider how he encouraged my first endeavours." From 1858 to 1861 Gaston Paris studied at the École des Chartes (a kind of Record Training Office), where he got his diploma as an *archiviste-paléographe,* his thesis being a study of the function of Latin accent in the growth of the French tongue. In 1869 he became an instructor in the newly founded École Pratique des Hautes Études. In 1872 he won with his *Life of St. Alexis* the Prix Gobert, and in 1872 he and Paul Meyer started the *Romania.* In 1876 he became a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, and in 1896 he was elected to the Académie Française, a year after he had become Director of the Collège de France, where he had been chosen to fill the chair left vacant by the death of his distinguished father in 1872. About the 1st of March, 1903, he and Madame Paris went to Cannes; and friends were more hopeful then than they had been for months, but he died there on the 6th of March.

ALEXANDRE JEAN ALBERT LAVIGNAC, DOYEN OF THE FRENCH CONSERVATOIRE.

The late M. Legouvé, the famous French novelist and dramatist, was born in 1807, and saw the Allies in Paris after Waterloo. His first work was published so long ago as 1827. In 1833 he published *Max,* a novel; in 1834, "The Old Men," a poem; and in 1840, *Edith de Falsen,* another novel. His chief dramatic triumph was *Adrienne Lecouvreur,* which was written for Rachel in 1849, and in collaboration with Scribe. *La Bataille de Dames* and *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre* followed in 1851, and the number of his other works is legion. He was the Dean of the French Academy.

Down at the Cabbage Patch.

If, with the present issue of THE BOOKMAN, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is to be found among the "Six Best Selling Books" it will be for the thirteenth consecutive time, and there will be reason to believe that by the time the July number appears the book will have established a new record, supplanting the one of fourteen consecutive months held by Mr. Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower.* And, moreover, long before *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* shall have ceased to be among the best selling books, its sequel, *Lovey Mary,* will undoubt-

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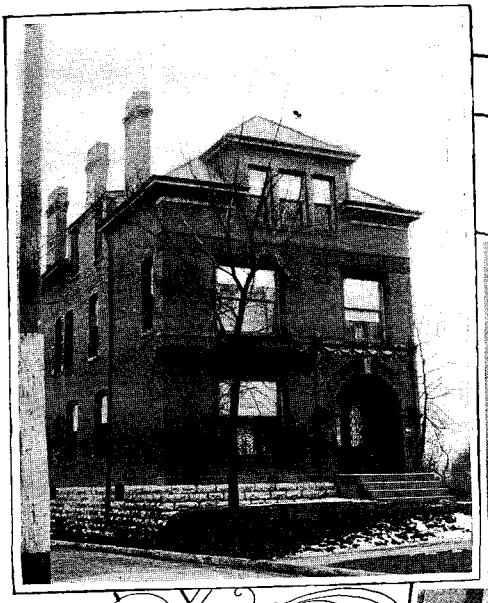

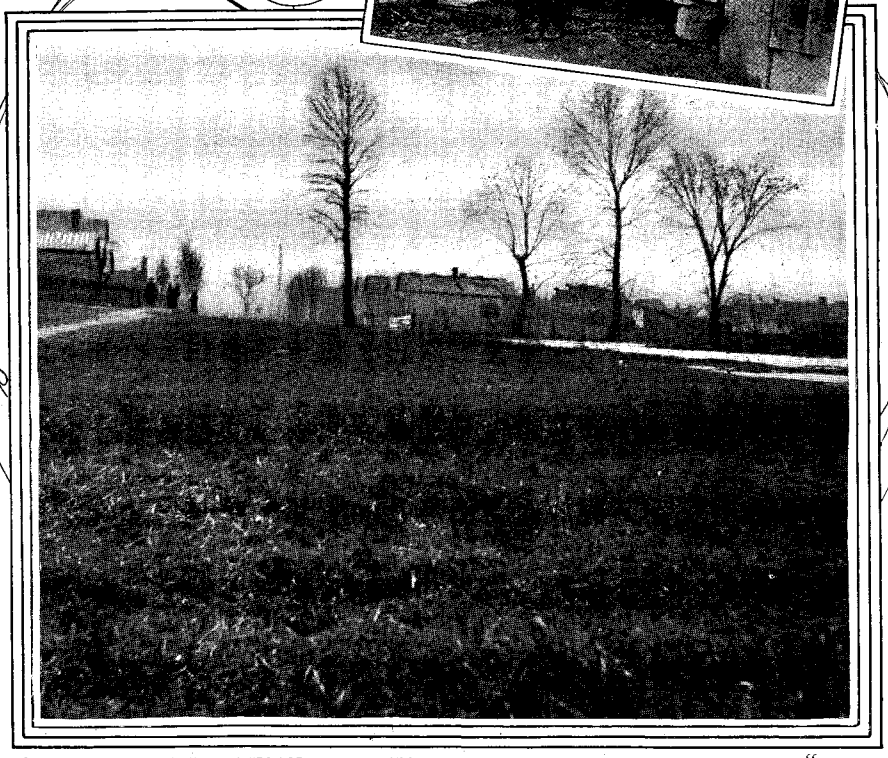

I. HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 410 VICTORIA PLACE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "LOVEY MARY" WAS WRITTEN.

II. THE REAL MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

III. THE CABBAGE PATCH.

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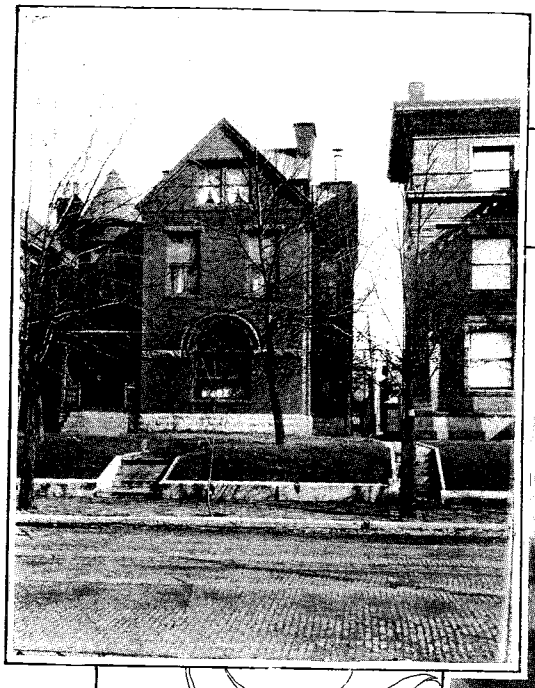

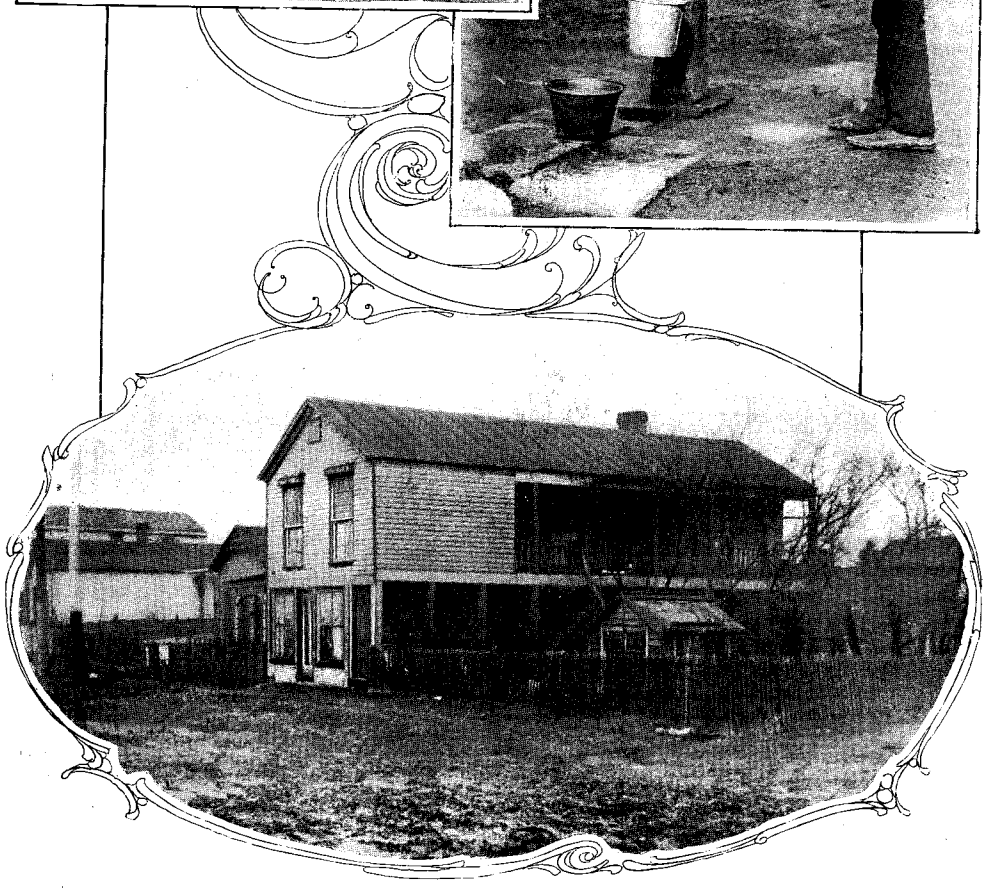

I. GIRLHOOD HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 1705 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "MRS. WIGGS" WAS WRITTEN.

II. THE CABBAGE PATCH PUMP. "TRULY, THE WORKS OF MAN ARE WONDERFUL."

III. MRS. WIGGS'S HOME. "THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO FRONT DOORS."

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edly be in the full swing of success, so that it would not surprise us in the least if the name of Miss Hegan, or Mrs. Rice, if you will, in connection with these two books, should continue to appear in our list until well into 1904. The success of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is one of the few successes of recent years which we have not, in a measure, begrudged. Not that in any way it is an

MISS M. IMLAY TAYLOR. AUTHOR OF "THE REBELLION OF THE PRINCESS."

extraordinary book. It is very slight—intentionally so—but it is original and very genuine, and it is written with real humour. We liked it and we like *Lovey Mary*, and we sincerely hope that Mrs. Rice will be content with these two so far as the Cabbage Patch is concerned. We hope that she is going to turn her attention to other fields, and should greet warmly from her a story about a personally conducted tour of incompletely developed Americans, either at home or abroad, for instance, believing that she would write with freshness and quaintness of the tea-pot tempests, the petty squabbles and the amusing and harmless, but thoroughly exasperating, *gaucheries* that mark such a tour.

If you read *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and liked it—you probably did—you will read *Lovey Mary* and like that too, no more and no less. Neither book is likely to go thundering very far down the corridors of time, but in each there are half an hour of pleasant reading, and several laughs that are not at all forced. Ten years from now, as a reading people, we probably shall not be entirely satisfied with the *Lovey Marys* and the *Mrs. Wiggses*, which are really nothing but very excellent types of stories for Sunday-school children of tender years, with a dash of humour which has proved attractive to people of more mature age; but very much less shall we be satisfied with such books as ——— ——— and ——— ——— and ——— ———.... .....; there are so many of these "great sellers" that selection is embarrassing, and we shall leave that to the reader. Whatever they may not be, Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary are genuine. The latter lady is so from the beginning, when we meet her as a very small girl, discontented and rather miserable, in a children's home near Louisville and the Cabbage Patch. Into the home comes Tommy, aged one, the child of Kate Rider, a former inmate of the home, who, since her departure, has fallen upon evil ways. Installed as a sort of foster-mother to the child, Lovey Mary finds her former dislike for the mother intensified in her devotion to Tommy; and when, two years later, Kate Rider comes to the home to reclaim him, Mary and Tommy go away early the next morning and begin the brief wanderings which lead them to the shelter and warm-hearted hospitality of the Cabbage Patch. Mrs. Wiggs is much the same as before, and Billy and Asia and Europeana and Australia have in no way been altered by the prosperity which overtook them at the end of the earlier story. So Mary and

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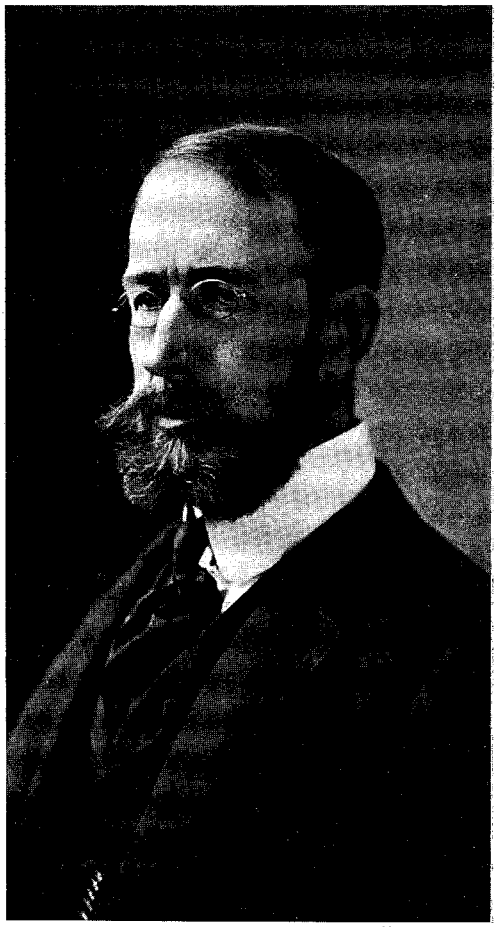
Tommy take up their abode in the Patch, and find it to their liking. Miss Hazy, tempted by the alluring and mysterious prospectus of a matrimonial agency, and urged by Mrs. Wiggs, marries a husband, who does not prove a success. So the Cabbage Patch take the unsatisfactory Mr. Stubbins one night when he is sleeping off a debauch and throw him into a freight car that is going so far out West that there is little or no chance of his return. And a few chapters farther on, after sundry adventures, the book comes to an end and we take leave of Mary and Tommy and the Cabbage Patch with the old, old assurance that they all lived happy ever after.

M. Imlay Taylor.

M. Imlay Taylor is a name that has given reviewers a good deal of trouble. It is so completely genderless that writers have referred to it impartially as "he" or "she." For the sake of those who are still floundering let it be recorded here that it belongs to a woman, but one, however, who chooses a most masculine field for her story-telling. Miss M. Imlay Taylor's novels have so far been historical romances, two of them based upon Russian political upheavals, and her latest, *The Rebellion of the Princess,* deals with the court at Moscow during the revolt of the Streltsi, or National Guard, at the selection of Peter the Great. Miss Taylor is a Washington woman, with a most distinguished ancestry. She is descended from the Imlays—Scotch-Irish settlers, who came early to New Jersey and founded a town named after them, Imlaystown. Her great-grandfather was one of the founders of the New York Chamber of Commerce, a member of the famous Committee of Safety, and Commissioner of Loans for the State of Connecticut under Washington. Her great-granduncle was the historic Elias Hicks, Quaker preacher, and founder of the sect of Hicksites that split Quakerdom in two; and her great-aunt, Rachel Hicks, was also a preacher. Miss Taylor's school-days were spent in Washington under private tutors. She has written poems, prose and plays since her childhood, but her first literary success was the winning of a prize in the Chicago *Record* for a serial story. She then started work on her first novel, *On the Red Staircase,* which was immediately accepted. She has written continuously and successfully since then half a dozen or more novels. Miss Taylor is especially well equipped to write of Russia's historical characters, because Russian history has been the study of her life. She had been five years delving among dusty books before she put pen to paper for her first novel on the subject. The accuracy of her work is so well recognised that one of her novels at least has been adopted as a text-book for school use.



MR. FRANK L. NASON. AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE GOOSE."

Frank L. Nason.

To the end of his days Bret Harte wrote of the "Forty-niner" and the Forty-nine mining camp, oblivious to the changes brought about by time. The Forty-nine mining camp has held its place in fiction

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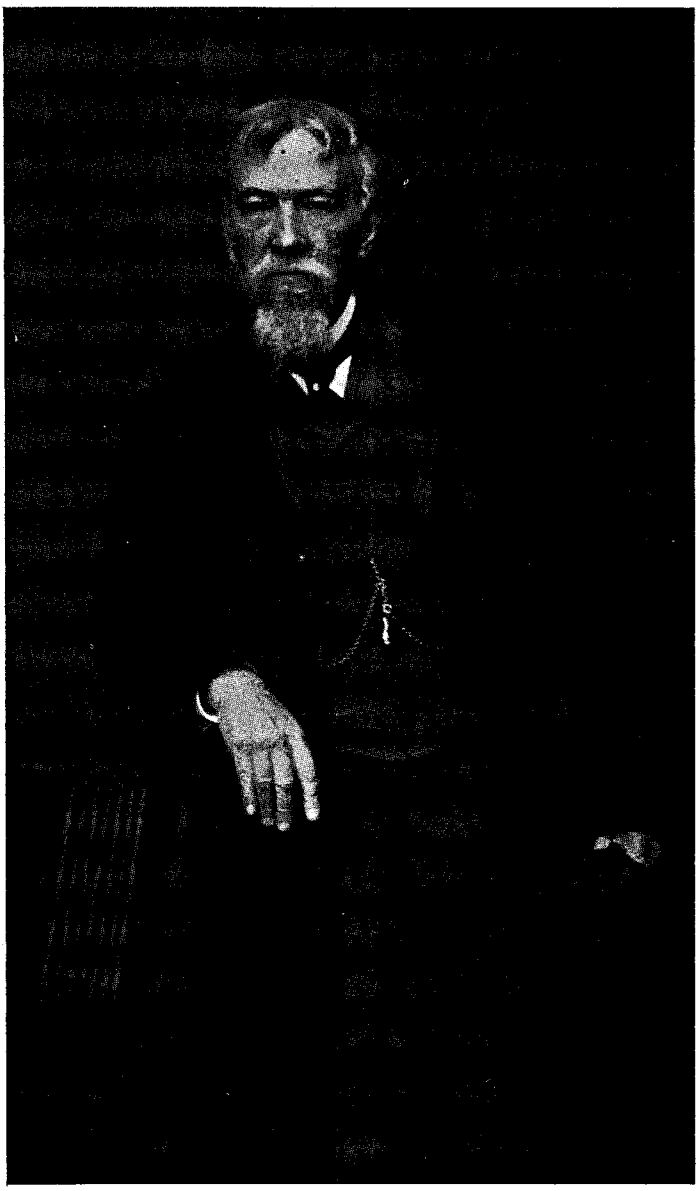
persistently, almost undisputedly, since he invented it, and there are few writers who have had the courage to suggest that there might be any other kind of mining camp. One of the few is Mr. Nason. He has realised that passing times have brought changes, and has had the imagination and wit to see that these changes have not made the life of the miner one iota less picturesque or dramatic. Mr. Nason's mining camp—as pictured in his *To the End of the Trail* and his latest book, *The Blue Goose*—is the mining camp of to-day—of 1903—or pretty near that date. Mr. Nason has a right to write about it, because he has been part and parcel of it, had lived into its life and traditions. He is a practical mining engineer, who has served a long apprenticeship with the striving miner below



DR. WEIR MITCHELL.
From a Recent Portrait by Hollinger.

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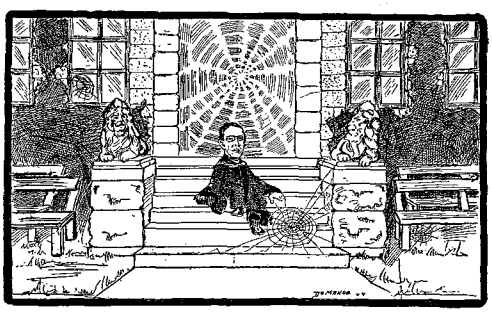
and above ground as a shift-boss, mine superintendent and mill superintendent. He was of strong bent before he went West and began his mining life, but had up to that time written only on scientific subjects. Contact with the strange and intense types which desert drouth and mountain solitude produce when acting in conjunction with the lust for gold, roused the story-teller in him. Their picturesqueness, their brutality, their homely philosophy and quaint wit allured him and he fell to novel-making. His activity has so far produced *To the End of the Trail* and *The Blue Goose*. He is a son of the great Northwest, born in New London, Wisconsin, May 12th, 1856. He began his struggle early, for, left fatherless at seven, he came East with his mother and two other children to work on a New England farm. At fourteen he entered a machine shop and earned enough money to pay his way through High School. He wanted a college education, and earned it with his hands, being graduated from Amherst in 1882. He was an instructor in mathematics, a student of theology, a member of various State geological surveys, before he finally went to the West and launched himself in the career of mining engineering, which brought him the experience and knowledge out of which his novels have grown.

"1910. Wilson—That's All."

In these days when the American landscape is literally plastered with advertisements of more or less *outré* design, and the traveller unconsciously becomes intimately acquainted with the various soaps and breakfast foods and brands of cigars and whiskies and corsets, a cartoon such as appeared in the March number of *The Princeton Tiger* has much more than a merely local or university interest, and we wish to call attention to it as one of the brightest hits that we have seen for some time. President Woodrow Wilson, since he succeeded Dr. Patton as the head of Princeton University, has, among other things, been "stiffening up" the course. As a result, a number of undergraduates were dropped after the last mid-year examinations. Among them were a few trackmen and baseball men, whose loss threatened somewhat the athletic prestige of the University and caused a little momentary discontent in the undergraduate body. The *Tiger*, which, by the way, was responsible for the recent outbreak of "Nantucket" limericks, seized upon this feeling of discontent as the subject for its March cartoon. The editors were entirely in sympathy with President Wilson's policy, and the cartoon was designed and printed entirely in a spirit of fun, and was appreciated by no one more than by the president himself. It showed the steps of Nassau Hall as they might appear seven years hence, moss-covered by disuse and splotched with huge cobwebs. In the centre sat the lone figure of President Wilson, the last Princetonian, gazing thoughtfully and sorrowfully into space. The point of the cartoon was in the legend, which read: "1910. WILSON—THAT'S ALL." The drawing was suggested by Raymond B. Mixsell, 1903, the managing editor of the *Tiger*, and executed by Ralph C. DeMange, 1904.



"1910. WILSON—THAT'S ALL."

The "Princeton Spirit," but of a very different kind and period, is to be found in *Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life of Princeton College, 1766-1773*, by one of the class of 1763, William Patterson, who was Attorney-General of New Jersey during the Revolution, a framer of the Federal Constitution, United States Senator, Governor of New Jersey, and at the time of his death an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The book is edited by Mr. W. Jay Mills, the author of *Historic Houses of New Jersey*, and is not only an important addition to the literature of the Colonial period, but is in itself a quaint and delightful volume. To those who know the Princeton of to-day, there is an odd, Old-World narrowness about

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the college which William Patterson knew one hundred and fifty years ago. The Nassau elms were then but young saplings. On the main thoroughfare there reposed a tavern, a general store and several small tinkers' shops. Along this thoroughfare the students gathered during recess to meet the "Flying Wagons," as the great coaches from New York were called. When Patterson was a fourteen-year-old Freshman the students were obliged to attend their classes in a style of dress prescribed by the president. Every youth during his first days at college was set to copying the long parchment of laws. Fines were imposed for absence from church or prayers. No student was permitted to keep his head covered within ten rods of the president and five rods of the tutors. Something of the formal, old-time collegiate manners can be learned from the fact that Samuel Stanhope Smith, when president, refused to speak to his own nephew for a period of six months, owing to the young man's breach of etiquette in calling him "Doctor" instead of "Doctor Smith."

Not the least interesting part of the book is that which includes the songs sung by the Princeton undergraduate of the eighteenth century. The old saying about the songs of a nation may be or may not be obsolete, but certainly nothing is more typical of the spirit of the American undergraduate of to-day than his songs and his college cheer. Those old eighteenth-century Princeton melodies, "Pauvre Madelon," "Cupid Triumphant," "Lullaby" and "Roger," are in strange contrast to what singing Princetonians are offering us in the early years of the twentieth. Not that the college spirit is any stronger, but its note is more certain. We hear the ringing and defiant "Boola" of Yale; the exultant, inspiring strains of "Old Nassau," and the pathos of "Fair Harvard." But this is only one side of college melody. For instance, many of the songs sung to-day by President Woodrow Wilson's strong-lunged young men allude satirically to certain persons known as "Elis." "The Elis are up in the air," we are informed. "Here come the Elis" is the burden of another song, of which the last line points out the utter uselessness of any attempt on the part of the said "Elis" to "twist the Tiger's tail." The "Elis," on the other hand, confidently retort that they are going to "twist the Tiger's tail," and announce ominously that there is going to be "more work for the undertaker; another little job for the tombstone-maker," and that there really isn't any hope at all for Princeton. And so they go; and so they are ironically flung back and forth, and we wonder how it would all have sounded to the eighteenth-century undergraduate who used to sing:

To arms once more, our Heroines
Sedition lives, and order dies,
To peace and ease then bid adieu,
And dash to the mountains Jersey Blue.

Chorus

Jersey Blue, Jersey Blue.
And dash to the mountains Jersey Blue!

Since proud ambition rears her head,
And murderous rage and discord spread,
To save from spoil the virtuous few,
Dash to the mountains Jersey Blue.

Rous'd at the call, with magic sound,
The drums and trumpets circle round
As soon the corps their rout pursues,
So dash to the mountains Jersey Blues.

"The Filigree Ball."

Anna Katherine Green's *The Filigree Ball,* which is about as good a murder story as she has written since *The Leavenworth Case,* tends to strengthen two convictions of our own. In the first place, we believe that had Anna Katherine Green been a man she would have written very fine detective stories indeed; and secondly, that no woman can ever quite write a detective story as it should be written, for the good detective story is essentially logical. The first few chapters of *The Filigree Ball* describe the finding, in a house of melancholy tradition, of the dead body of a bride of two weeks. The discovery of the body was meant to be and should be a dramatic episode. But in leading up to it the author exhausted so much horror and gloom in picturing the aspect of the house itself, its corners and its shadows, that the actual discovery itself left us quite unmoved. She has so overloaded each one of her pages with the gruesome

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and tragic that the general impression is all blurred and vague and hazy. Nevertheless, *The Filigree Ball* is a very good detective story—of the Anna Katherine Green type—and it contains at least one episode that is original and that makes it well worth a reading. By the way, this reminds us that probably twenty thousand readers of THE BOOKMAN have during the last two months remarked that the Burdick tragedy at Buffalo was typically an Anna Katherine Green murder story down to the last detail. The Buffalo tragedy lacked only the *dénouement.*

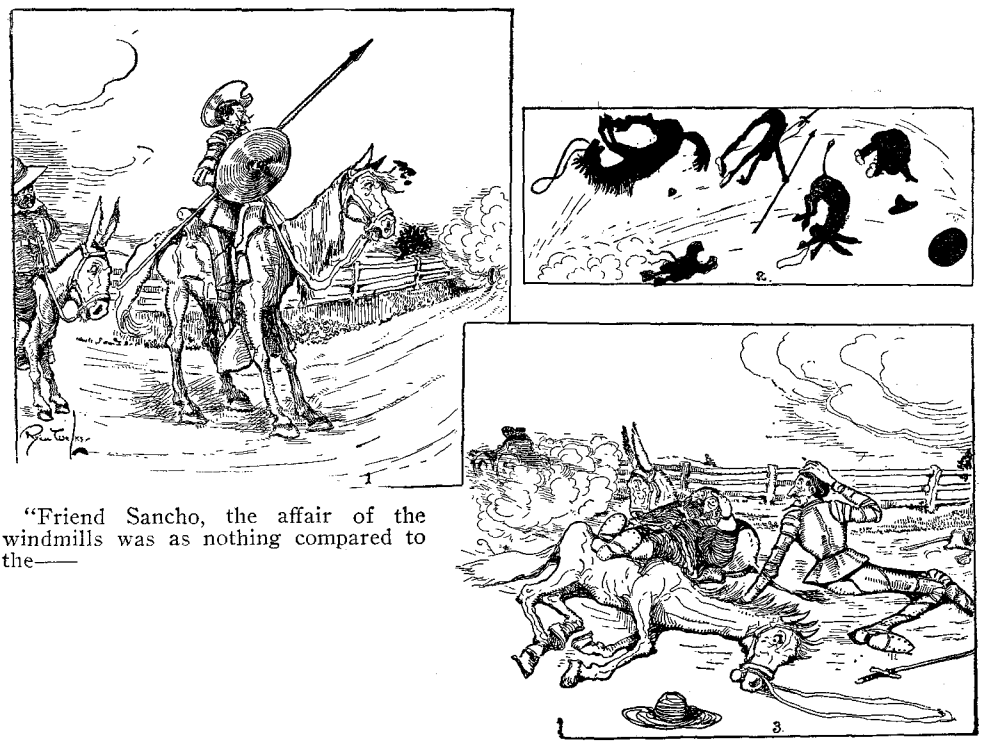
The Author of "A Tar-Heel Baron."

Mrs. Mabel Shippie Clarke Pelton, the author of *A Tar-Heel Baron,* is a Boston woman who has lived for some time in North Carolina in the Asheville Plateau. She is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Colonial Dames. She was educated at the Girls' Latin School, and afterward at Boston University. She also took an active part in student life, being editor of a college paper. Since graduation she has spent much time in travelling, and has contributed many articles to the Boston and Philadelphia papers. More recently she began to write fiction. In North Carolina her home is a small white house tucked away at the foot of great blue mountains, and on the porch of that house she spends most of her time. The present novel is her first book of fiction, and the material in it was drawn from personal observation and experience while in her summer home.

Josiah Flynt as Ruderick Clowd.

There is an odd little story connected with the genesis of the name Ruderick Clowd, through which Josiah Flynt introduces the hero of his recent novel dealing with the seamy side of life. Ruderick Clowd was not the invention of a moment; it was a name under which the author tried to live for a week in a Hoboken lodging-house. It was at the time when Josiah Flynt's arti-

AN ADVENTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.



"Friend Sancho, the affair of the windmills was as nothing compared to the——

roarings and hissings of that Red Demon."

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BEST SELLING BOOKS FOR EIGHT YEARS (1895–1902, INCLUSIVE). "THE BOOKMAN" RECORD

Title	Author	Years in which Quoted					Points		Times Quoted			Relative Rank					
							Total number of points	Point average	Number of times	Times quoted first	Percentage of firsts	By number of points	By point average	By number of times quoted	By percentage of firsts	Composite: Sum of four rankings	Composite: Final rank
Quo Vadis	H. Sienkiewicz	1896	1897	1898	....	....	2913	7.98	365	152	.41	1	9	1	9	20	3
David Harum	E. N. Westcott	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	2756	8.42	327	166	.50	2	3	2	3	10	1
The Crisis	Winston Churchill	1901	1902	....	....	....	2036	8.55	238	135	.56	3	1	5	2	11	2
When Knighthood Was in Flower	Charles Major	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	2000	6.62	302	21	.07	4	24	3	26	57	14
Richard Carvel	Winston Churchill	1899	1900	1901	....	....	1916	7.95	241	83	.34	5	10	4	10	29	6
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush	Rev. John Watson	1895	1896	....	....	....	1864	8.17	228	109	.47	6	6	7	6	25	5
Alice of Old Vincennes	Maurice Thompson	1900	1901	....	....	....	1737	7.39	235	53	.22	7	17	6	19	49	10
The Right of Way	Gilbert Parker	1901	1902	....	....	....	1654	8.10	204	89	.43	8	8	9	7	32	7
To Have and to Hold	Mary Johnston	1900	1901	1902	....	....	1643	8.48	194	114	.59	9	2	12	1	24	4
Eben Holden	Irving Bacheller	1900	1901	1902	....	....	1532	7.58	202	65	.321	10	14	10	12	46	9
The Virginian	Owen Wister	1902	....	....	....	....	1514	8.13	186	79	.42	11	7	13	8	39	8
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	Alice Caldwell Hegan	1901	1902	....	....	....	1487	6.85	217	32	.12	12	21	8	22	63	17
The Choir Invisible	James Lane Allen	1897	1898	1899	....	....	1452	6.40	196	43	.21	13	25	11	20	69	19
Janice Meredith	Paul Leicester Ford	1899	1900	1901	....	....	1321	7.77	170	54	.31	14	11	14	13	52	12
The Day's Work	Rudyard Kipling	1898	1899	....	....	....	1037	7.52	138	45	.326	15	15	16	11	57	14
Soldiers of Fortune	Richard Harding Davis	1897	1898	....	....	....	1035	7.61	136	40	.29	16	12	17	14	59	16
Hugh Wynne	S. Weir Mitchell	1897	1898	1899	....	....	1022	7.04	145	34	.234	17	19	15	18	69	19
The Mississippi Bubble	Emerson Hough	1902	....	....	....	....	937	7.45	126	35	.27	18	16	18	15	67	18
The Reign of Law	James Lane Allen	1900	1901	....	....	....	902	8.35	108	52	.481	19	4	23	5	51	11
Audrey	Mary Johnston	1902	....	....	....	....	876	8.18	107	52	.486	20	5	25	4	54	13
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall	Charles Major	1902	....	....	....	....	843	7.6	111	28	.25	21	13	21	16	71	21
The Seats of the Mighty	Gilbert Parker	1896	1897	....	....	....	790	6.75	117	24	.20	22	22	19	21	84	22
Red Pottage	Mary Cholmondeley	1899	1900	....	....	....	748	6.73	111	9	.08	23	23	21	24	91	24
The Christian	Hall Caine	1897	1898	....	....	....	745	7.30	102	24	.235	24	18	27	17	86	23
The Helmet of Navarre	Bertha Runkle	1901	1902	....	....	....	731	7.02	104	10	.09	25	20	26	23	94	25
Red Rock	Thomas Nelson Page	1898	1899	....	....	....	711	6.29	113	7	.061	26	26	20	27	99	26
Mr. Dooley [3 books]	Francis Peter Dunne	1898	1899	1900	....	....	659	6.10	108	6	.05	27	27	24	27	106	27
The Hon. Peter Stirling	Paul Leicester Ford	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	613	6.06	101	8	.07	28	28	28	25	109	28

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SUCCESSFUL AUTHORS, 1895–1902 (INCLUSIVE). FROM THE RECORD OF *ALL* THEIR BOOKS QUOTED IN "THE BOOKMAN"

Author	Number of Books	Points		Times Quoted			Relative Rank				Composite	
		Number of points	Point average	Whole number of times quoted	Number of times quoted first	Percentage of firsts	By number of points	By number of times quoted	By point average	By percentage of firsts	Sum of four rankings	Final rank
Winston Churchill	3	4102	8.15	503	222	.44	1	1	2	3	7	1
Gilbert Parker	12	3438	7.22	476	128	.268	2	2	9	5	18	2
Rev. John Watson	9	3208	7.76	413	39	.09	3	4	5	22	34	7
James Lane Allen	6	3066	7.46	411	110	.267	4	5	6	6	21	3
H. Sienkiewicz	6	3043	7.86	387	154	.39	5	9	4	4	22	4
Charles Major	3	2849	6.88	414	49	.118	6	3	14	19	42	10
Anthony Hope	18	2827	6.96	406	92	.22	7	8	11	9	34	8
Paul Leicester Ford	8	2807	6.84	410	77	.187	8	6	17	12	43	11
Mary Johnston	3	2770	7.97	347	166	.47	9	10	3	2	24	5
Richard Harding Davis	13	2762	6.78	408	66	.16	10	7	18	14	49	13
Edward N. Westcott	1	2756	8.42	327	166	.50	11	11	1	1	24	5
Rudyard Kipling	13	2175	6.86	317	60	.189	12	12	15	11	50	15
Irving Bacheller	2	2072	7.34	282	73	.25	13	13	8	7	41	9
Maurice Thompson	3	1776	7.36	241	53	.21	14	16	7	10	47	12
F. Marion Crawford	11	1752	6.25	280	21	.07	15	14	22	24	75	19
F. Hopkinson Smith	6	1730	7.09	244	57	.23	16	15	10	8	49	13
Hall Caine	6	1588	6.904	230	36	.156	17	17	12	15	61	16
S. Weir Mitchell	6	1498	6.903	217	40	.184	18	21	13	13	65	17
Alice Caldwell Hegan	1	1487	6.85	217	32	.1474	19	21	16	18	74	18
James M. Barrie	5	1424	6.71	212	34	.150	20	23	19	16	78	20
Arthur Conan Doyle	13	1388	6.28	221	26	.117	21	18	21	20	80	21
Mrs. Humphry Ward	5	1348	6.63	203	30	.1477	22	24	20	17	83	22
Henry Seton Merriman	15	1338	6.13	218	18	.08	23	19	23	23	88	23
Samuel Rutherford Crockett	24	1257	5.76	218	13	.05	24	19	24	25	92	24
Booth Tarkington	3	1145	5.66	202	21	.10	25	25	25	21	96	25

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cles in the magazines on the subject of "graft" and police corruption were causing something of a stir, and Captain Titus was threatening what he was going to do to the author in case he could lay hands upon him. So one day Flynt, for reasons best known to himself, left New York by the ferry-boat and sought quiet and seclusion across the river. A day or so later his close friend, Mr. Alfred Hodder, the author of *The New Americans, Yesterday's Madness,* and joint author of *The Powers That Prey,* was called up on the telephone by Flynt, who piteously announced that he was lonely over on the Jersey side and begged his friend to come over and cheer him up. A few hours later Mr. Hodder found the fugitive reformer in the reading-room of an hotel in Hoboken, contemplating admiringly those newspapers which were adorned with alleged portraits of himself, and every few minutes sending out enthusiastically for fresh editions. It required considerable urging to wean him from this pleasant pastime, but after one last lingering, admiring look he was persuaded to discuss his plan of future action. He was not quite ready to return to New York and to present himself at the police headquarters, because he was busily at work and could not afford to be so disturbed. They decided that he should remain in Hoboken for a week or so as Mr. Ruderick Clowd. Arrangements were made at a lodging-house for a room, and "Mr. Ruderick Clowd" took possession. Mr. Hodder enlisted the services of some of Josiah Flynt's other intimate friends, and an imposing correspondence was directed to Mr. Ruderick Clowd in order to divert any suspicion. For a time all went well. At the end of a week, however, Mr. Hodder received an urgent telephone message "to come over." He found his friend wearing an expression unutterably woebegone, "What's the matter?" he asked. "Matter?" rejoined Flynt, "Ruderick Clowd may be all very well, but it won't work after this." And he pointed to a package which had just been returned from the Hoboken laundry addressed to "Mr. Josiah Flynt Willard."

JOSIAH FLYNT AS SEEN BY CARICATURIST WALKER.

***

The Rise of Ruderick Clowd seems to us the most important book that Josiah Flynt has yet written, and we have followed his work very closely since *Tramping With Tramps* appeared four or five years ago. It is an astonishing picture of the Under World. Clowd, whose story we understand has been based on the career of a certain "Old Joe," decides on crime as a profession just as in more conventional circles a young man makes up his mind that he is going to follow the law or become a banker, or an apothecary, or a veterinary surgeon. The child of a young man of high social and financial standing, by an East Side girl who has been ruined and deserted and then appeased by a settlement made through the young man's unctuous lawyer, Ruderick grows up in the noxious, poisonous atmosphere of a notorious New York ward, where the pursuit of crime is

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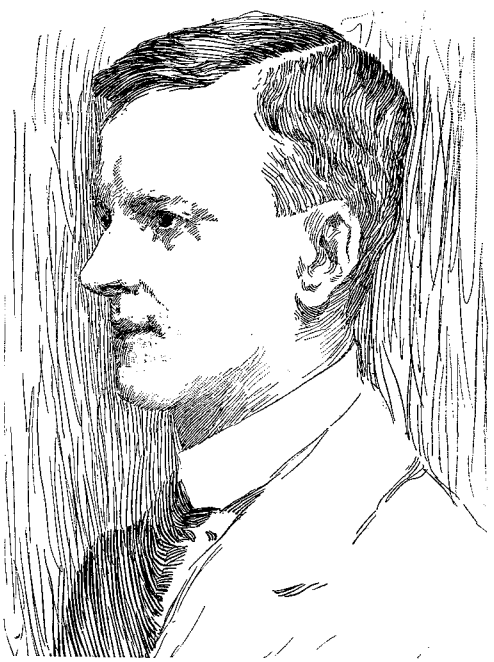
regarded from the Spartan standpoint, and stigma comes only with detection and conviction. From petty theft, which leads him to a term in the Reform School, he rises step by step to a position which makes him a personage to the Under World of the United States and England. Small thefts and swindles are beneath his notice; he is of the aristocracy of crime; the "jobs" which stir him to energy concern thousands of dollars. When about to "crack" a bank, he prefers working from the inside, corrupting the watchman and the policeman on the beat. For a time he basks in the sunshine of uninterrupted prosperity. His first love affair brings to his feet "Susan the Gun," a female "crook" who reigns over the Chicago Under World, and who bestows on Clowd the one great, mad passion of her life. But detection soon overtakes him, he is sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and thereafter his life is one of vicissitude, of ups and downs, of brief enjoyments of the fruits of successful *coups* and longer periods of anguish within prison walls; until, after his final reform, we take leave of him an old and broken man living on a pittance, but comfortable in the knowledge that he will be left to spend that in peace. It is a curious picture. We don't know how straight it is, but it is worth while to look into it.

❧

Wee Macgreegor, by Mr. James Joy Bell, which has just been published in this country, comes with the recommendation of a sale of over one hundred thousand copies in Great Britain within the last three months. Mr. Bell, like his diminutive hero, is a Glasgow man, thirty years old, and it was while working on the staff of the *Glasgow Evening Times* that the idea of writing the *Wee Macgreegor* sketches in its columns came to him. In fact, the first of the sketches was sent in with an apology to his editor one day to fill space. It was Mr. Neil Munro, the novelist, who instigated Mr. Bell to have the sketches published in book form. Several publishers refused them; one was offered them for nothing. Mr. Bell finally published the book at his own expense, and at the last hearing he had cleared $15,000 profit on the venture.

Emerson.

Not long ago a very eminent man of letters asked us to name offhand, "without stopping to think about it," the greatest four American writers. He laid a special stress upon the word "American," so that we took his question to mean the four writers of American nationality who owed the least to Europe and whose work is the most imbued with the native American spirit. We mentioned the following names in the order given here: Lowell, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Emerson—with a sort of mental reservation to the effect that Walt Whitman ought somewhere or other to have got into the list. The gentleman who asked the question said that the first three names would also have been his



JAMES JOY BELL.

choice, but that he doubted whether Emerson was distinctively American. "Why," said he, "Emerson's philosophy is altogether German—diluted a good deal and Yankeefied, but German all the same."

❧

At first sight there seemed to be something in this; but the more we thought of it the more were we convinced that everything in Emerson that is going to live is

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American and nothing else. Emerson dabbled a good deal in German thought and he let Carlyle reflect upon him the German influence. Dr. William T. Harris explains the Concord philosopher, on the other hand, as a Puritan streaked with Neo-Platonism. This is rather clever, too; but after all, when you get right down to the root of the matter, the Emerson whom we all care for, whose iridescent suggestiveness we admire, and whose delicate beauty of expression charms us, is neither a Yankee Hegel nor yet a Yankee Proclus, but just—Emerson. In his first successful oration — the one which he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard—he spoke with regret of our intellectual dependence upon foreign lands. "We have listened too much," said he, "to the courtly Muses of Europe." And then he added: "What is the remedy? If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." Could anything be more independently and courageously American than that? It was, indeed, his Americanism, his native sense of humour, which kept him out of the absurdities into which many of his contemporaries furiously rushed. Disliking slavery, he at the same time drew back from the frantic fanaticism of Garrison and Phillips. Appreciating the sincerity of the Brook Farm experimentalists, he nevertheless refused to share the project with them. The wild Transcendentalists talked as Dickens made "the lady in the wig" talk in *Martin Chuzzlewit;* but to him they were simply amusing and in nowise to be taken seriously. Altogether he was American in his innate humour, in his idealism, and in his never-failing optimism. A kindly, quiet, serene, and gentle soul with a certain spiritual aloofness, he, no less than Hawthorne, was the child of New England, possessed of a rich nature and a beautiful and flawless soul.

❧

As to his philosophy, never mind. It is best read, not in consecutive pages, but in those wonderful gems of thought about which, as we know, he wove the texture of his meditations. No American ever put so much suggestion into so few words. You cannot think of the man without recalling some of these. Take the following, for example:

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul.

What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship?

A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think.

The beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

❧

The hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth will occur on the 25th of May, and it will be especially celebrated in Boston, where he was born, in Concord, and in New York. How truly Emerson has affected the national consciousness will, however, be seen in the fact that his centenary will not pass without some kind of recognition in every city and town and hamlet throughout the land.

❧

Bohemian Club Hospitality.

The accompanying picture will show the sort of entertainment offered to an Eastern tenderfoot by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. The traditions of the Owl, indeed, were on this occasion enlivened by fusillades of pistol shots that nearly made this dinner notorious, even in the woolly West; and, although the cartridges were blank, a more deadly battery is disclosed in the manuscripts, plays and drawings with which the table is decorated. This group of San Francisco men has been called also the "Produce Exchange," on account of the work they have accomplished, and in it will be found most of the young men who are being heard from on the Pacific Slope. Of the men of the older "Lark" days there are three in the party: Mr. Bruce Porter, Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett. Of the younger men several are well known. Will Irwin, the Sunday editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* has collaborated

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with Charles K. Field in *Stanford Stories,* and with Mr. Burgess in *The Picaroons* and *The Reign of Queen Isyl.* His brother, Wallace Irwin, is the author of *The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* and *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, Junior.* Mr. Field, a cousin of Eugene Field, has published a volume of verse. Besides these are Robert Aitken, the sculptor of the McKinley memorial statue which President Roosevelt is now on his way to dedicate in San Francisco; Francis McComus, a young Australian painter who has made a reputation for himself by his studies of California landscapes; Maynard Dixon, an artist who nearly approaches Remington in his portrayal of Western types, and is the illustrator of Charles F. Lummis's Indian investigations; Dr. Arnold Genthe, who has elevated photography to an art in California, and is himself the author of several German books; and Charles F. Bryant, who comes this summer to New York to direct the production of plays in Belasco's new theatre.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO HOLDING UP AN EASTERN LITERARY TENDERFOOT.

On Magazines and Manuscripts Again.

In the March number we printed some paragraphs on the subject of the manuscripts which are submitted to magazines and the manner in which they are sent in or brought in, the attitudes of their proud proprietors, and the general reponsibilities and predicaments of the editors whose business it is to pass upon them. In some quarters these paragraphs have apparently proved a failure, for manuscripts still continue to come in "personally addressed." On the other hand, the comments which have been made about them in various newspapers and the letters which have come to this office prove very conclusively that they have not been entirely ignored. The writers of some of these letters disagreed with us very frankly, and two told of experiences which would at first seem to overthrow our contention entirely, for they proved decidedly the existence of a "pull" and of intentional editorial discourtesy. Only the writers forget the fact that in our paragraphs we spoke only for those magazines which were in good standing and reliably established, and not the mushroom publications which spring up in a night, and after a single issue, or perchance one, or three, or five, disappear, leaving a trail of disaster and ill-will behind them. So if the correspondents in question will think it over, they will see that, after all, we were right. The "ambulance-chaser," so to speak, is to be found in the literary shop as well as in the law courts, and you can think

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what you please of a publisher, and roll Byron's opinion under your tongue with great relish and absolute sincerity, if your experience has been with the sort of publisher whose financial success depends, not on the quality and the popularity of the books which he brings out, but upon the adroit exploitation of the vanity of the unfledged author. This type of publisher has been very prevalent of recent years, and on more than one occasion he has been known to have "sailed very close to the wind." One of these days we are going to say something about him and his methods. They are not the most scrupulous methods in the world, nor the nicest, and when he undertakes to establish a magazine, you will of course, find that he introduces them there, too, and will feel a very natural irritation. Turning from this subject, which is merely parenthetical, to the one at issue, we find one letter which we are unable to answer without hesitation. There may be no personal pull, concedes this gentleman, strong enough to induce an editor wilfully to discard an excellent piece of work in favour of one that is manifestly inferior, but were all other conditions equal, would you not accept the article submitted by a regular contributor in preference to one coming from an entire stranger? In other words, suppose that the articles came in at the same time, on the same subject, and all of the same merit. And suppose nine of them were by unknown writers and the tenth by a writer with whom you were acquainted. Would not the tenth stand the best chance? We have never been confronted by just these conditions, but probably it would.

A COIN OF RHODES

Thy dust is sprinkled to the sea
  Or eddies in a desert place,
And all that men discern of thee—
  Alas, the greatness and the grace!—
This coin with its classic face.

Clay is the hand that took the clay
  To shape it with the finger-tips,
And did he dream that souls for aye
  Should feel the soul that almost slips
  In music through the perfect lips?

Who was she? But a mortal shape,
  Mere ashes, whose immortal fire
Imprisoned here may not escape,
  That loved, and sung, and touched the lyre,
  The lady of his heart's desire?

Or was he one who dwelt apart,
  And, counting all as loss beside,
Yearned only to arrest with Art
  The loveliness that will not bide,
  And wedded Beauty for a bride?

Alice Lena Cole.

COMIC OPERA: PAST AND PRESENT

(*In two papers.*)

I. Offenbach and Opéra Bouffe.

It may sound pessimistic to say that the golden age of operetta is gone; but when, after considering the present outlook of musical comedies and farces, one turns back thirty years and sees how a former generation fared in this particular, the remark seems justified by the facts. Thirty years ago, opéra bouffe was in its prime; and Offenbach and Lecocq were household names. Gilbert and Sullivan had effected their collaboration in the first of an inimitable series of operettas, included in which are *Pinafore* and *The Mikado*. Johann Strauss, prince of waltz writers, had just entered the dramatic field with *Indigo*, soon to be followed by *Der Fledermaus* and *The Merry War*; and Suppe was writing his melodious scores, of which *Boccaccio* is, perhaps, best known. What a contrast presents

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OFFENBACH. BY NADAR.

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OFFENBACH.

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itself to-day! It is difficult to realise that the modern light musical works for the stage are related to the masterpieces of Offenbach, Sullivan and Strauss; and yet the change has come about gradually. After *The Mikado* there were *Erminie* and *Poor Jonathan* and *Robin Hood,* and only lately followed the English musical comedy and the burlesque. Can public taste have so degenerated as to demand pieces of the calibre of *The Silver Slipper* in preference to the kind of a generation ago? It is improbable that the public have made a deliberate choice. A more reasonable explanation of the evolutionary phenomenon is the inconstancy of the general public on whose favour this *genré* of entertainment is mainly dependent for its existence. They have an insatiable desire for something new. Novelty is the bait with which they are best tempted. And so they are drawn on from one year to the next, never turning back, never regretting, never thinking on the things that are past. If they could be induced to pause and survey in retrospect the course events have taken, a change of front might be looked for. If the public at large are properly prepared for it, there can be no doubt of the successful issue of an extensive revival of operetta.

The experiment of re-establishing opéra bouffe was attempted last year by one of our theatrical managers, but its comparative failure does not necessarily prove the case hopeless. The productions were quite inadequate. Old-time theatre-goers who retain fond memories of opéra bouffe in the days of Tostée, Aimée and Aujac, and who went to these performances filled with pleasant reminiscences, must have been rudely disappointed. But those of the younger generation who attended them probably received some hint of the fascination exercised by Offenbach and those other unequalled purveyors of light refreshment in the days gone by. At least, to any thoughtful person it must have occurred that the breath of life is still there, requiring only to be stirred to make revivification complete.

To say that opéra bouffe is a species of comic opera is to give an explanation in the manner of Lewis Carroll: "For the snark is a boojum, you see." The term comic opera is itself ill defined. It embraces practically all the light musical works written for the stage except the Italian opera buffo, which is generally classed with grand opera because of the composers' prestige. Operetta, opéra bouffe, musical comedy, burlesque—all come within the broad genus comic opera. French opéra bouffe is a type that originated in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was the result of an endeavour to catch the essence of the popular taste of the day and crystallise it. By the genius of one man it was carried to a definite point and given a distinct and characteristic stamp. Offenbach was not only the first to bring to the treatment of burlesque the methods of composers of more serious dramatic pieces, but his opéra bouffes represent the best that has been produced in this peculiarly French style of work.

Musical critics are poor prophets. So, although they shook their heads when Paris took hold of Offenbach and his music, it is not surprising to find that their predictions of short-lived success were wrong. Offenbach was of German-Jewish extraction, and was born at Cologne in 1819. He gave no signs of musical precocity. His father, cantor of the synagogue, and his elder brother were musicians of humble achievement, and Jacques was taught the violoncello with the expectation that he would follow in their steps. But he was more ambitious, and, dissatisfied with the local forecast, he early went to Paris, the Mecca of art life. This was in 1842. As yet, he had no definite aims and was compelled to make the usual struggle for existence. For a year or two he studied at the Conservatoire, then under the rigorous *régime* of Cherubini. But thorough bass and counterpoint were not to his liking, and impatient of study, made a record by no means brilliant. He had, however, attained a fair degree of proficiency on the 'cello. He played this instrument at the Opéra Comique, and later, in 1848, became leader of the orchestra of the Théâtre Français. In this way he picked up much that was useful to him as a composer, a rôle he soon after attempted. He first set to music some chansonettes, parodies on La Fontaine's fables; and they were sufficiently successful to gain him the good will of the music publishers. Next, a short piece, *Pepito,* was produced at the Opéra Comique in

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1853, but it attracted scarcely any attention. Offenbach was trying his hand and feeling the popular pulse at the same time. For it was evidently his aim to write what the general public wanted. He felt no mission and made no pretence to high ideals. Art for art's sake was never his creed. What he craved was the favour of the many, and he set himself frankly to win it. He had an immense fund of vanity mixed with self-confidence, and when the theatrical managers did not at once open their doors to him, he hired a small theatre of his own in the Champs Élysées, and wrote for it a number of one-act pieces of slight musical texture. It was a daring thing to do, but approved by the result. The Parisians, always eager for new palatable dishes, were soon attracted. After the music-hall farces and the ditties of the café chantant type with which they had been satiated, these trifles proved piquant and refreshing. *Le Mariage aux Lanternes, Le Chanson de Fortunio, Une Nuit Blanche* and *Les Deux Aveugles* are among the best of them.

Having obtained applause to his heart's content, Offenbach was stimulated to further efforts, and with *Orphée aux Enfers* he struck the vein which was to furnish so rich a lode of ore. This was produced in 1855 at another and more commodious theatre, called the Bouffes Parisiens. Paris, fully alive to the possibilities of the new *genré* of entertainment, flocked to the place in large and enthusiastic numbers. Offenbach was the idol of the hour. The ill-defined visions of the young German immigrant had become golden realities. And now, having courted and won his public, he was able to lead them whither he would. Everything he wrote was certain to be warmly received. At first, musicians too saw in his music, if not the spark of genius, a sparkle of something akin to it. Rossini, more than half serious, dubbed him the Mozart of the Champs Elysées. His fame soon spread through Europe and America. Companies were organised and dedicated to the performance of the works which his facile pen threw out one after another with breath-taking rapidity. *La Belle Hélène, Barbe Bleu, La Grande Duchesse, Geneviève de Brabant, La Princesse de Trébizonde, La Périchole, Les Brigands*—to name but a few, the best known—were all written in a short space of time. In twenty-five years he composed an almost incredible number of pieces. The Opéra Comique, from which foreigners were usually barred, and the Académie were opened to him. At the latter place, a pantomime ballet, *Le Papillon*, achieved some success. From the serious-minded among musicians and critics there now came remonstrance. They saw in Offenbach but a clever musical demagogue who was in danger of being taken too seriously. His first efforts had seemed promising; but now he was confessedly writing for popular favour, and his success in capturing it only increased the chorus of dispraise —which, truth to tell, neither troubled Offenbach nor affected his popularity. In 1866, he gave up the management of the Bouffes Parisiens, and his works were produced at a number of different theatres in Paris, their drawing powers apparently undiminished. The decade between 1860 and 1870 was his most fertile period.

In 1876, the year of the Philadelphia Exposition, Offenbach came to America, where his operas had enjoyed an immense vogue ever since 1867, when Bateman's troupe, headed by Tostée, brought out *La Grande Duchesse*. He gave concerts at Gilmore's Garden in New York, and also conducted some of the performances of the Aimée Opera Company. In Philadelphia a special Offenbach garden was built. His visit, however, cannot be considered one of the crowning triumphs of his career. But it helped to restore a fortune somewhat shattered by an ill-advised theatrical speculation. He died in 1880, at work, like Meyerbeer, on his most ambitious and cherished effort. It was an opéra comique, *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, given with brilliant success the following year.

Offenbach first modelled himself on Auber, and in the *chic* and piquancy of some of his melodies was scarcely his inferior. His little one-act comediettas are in their way charming. Naively simple, joyously melodious and sparkling with vivacity, their appeal is direct and the response immediate. He must indeed be jaded and hard to please who can resist the bustling gaiety and unpretentious good humour of *Le Mariage aux Lanternes* or *Le Chanson de Fortunio*. A

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fetching melody in the composer's best vein, set to the poem of De Musset, commencing "Si vous croyez je vais dire" runs through the latter. It is curious that this transplanted German should strive with one of the most intimately French composers, on his own ground, with so much success. But environment had completely changed Offenbach. He went to Paris at an age when surroundings make their deepest effect and he became thoroughly Gallicised. In the field of opéra bouffe, essentially a product of the French soil and the Second Empire, he was and remains *facile princeps.*

With all its faults of taste, style and construction, Offenbach's music is a real art product. Often marred as they are by crudities and trivial effects, nevertheless, his opéras bouffes command recognition from musicians. The condemnation they once received from the latter has been gradually lessened, as a clearer perspective made plain their merits; although there still survives among certain classes the prejudice with which art works in great popular favour are so often viewed. For example, those who desire to be thought musically cultured commonly affect to despise the soldiers' chorus in *Faust* and the Toreador song from *Carmen,* simply because they are so universally admired by *hoi polloi.* In the case of Offenbach, too, the reaction which follows upon the high tide of popularity has in part caused his present effacement. But the opéras bouffes have that in them that will survive temporary neglect. What are their claims to recognition? In the first place, Offenbach was distinctly original. When he threw off the influence of Auber his music lost something in grace and refinement, but it became—Offenbachian. Even in its weakest portions it bears the unmistakable impress. It is rollicking, melodious, irresistible. It is as genuine and unaffected as folk-music. Through it all, in a French translation, breathes the Epicurean spirit. What especially appealed to French taste was the wit and *diablerie,* of which it is brim full. Offenbach's caricatures are wonderfully clever, and no race is quicker than the French to appreciate humour of this kind. Gluck, Meyerbeer, Boieldieu and other composers were hit off to a dot. Nothing escaped his irreverent touch. The gods were brought down from Olympus and made to cut capers for the delectation of the audience. The most serious things in life he turned to comedy, and so fertile was his wit, so exquisite his humour, they could not give offence. The censor must needs laugh while he condemned. Ingenious as were his librettists, Meilhac and Halévy, in devising a comic situation, the music always accentuated and gave point to it. Where their ideas were vulgar or suggestive, they were rendered a hundred times more so by the composer. Ethically indeed, there is a great deal to condemn in Offenbach, who was largely responsible for the improprieties, to give them no worse name, which abound in his works. But in criticising him on this score, one is merely criticising the Second Empire, the gaiety, frivolity and immorality of which is all faithfully reflected in these *buffoneries musicales.* Louis Ehlert, a German musical critic and teacher of distinction, wrote of Offenbach: "What he produced was but Parisian life in all its decomposition, represented with the irresistible facetiousness of an accessory in the guilt."

Another characteristic of Offenbach's genius which appeals strongly to the musician is his remarkable faculty of suiting the music to the text—a gift denied to composers of a much higher rank. An example of this musical adaptability occurs in *Barbe Bleue,* where the man bewails the death of his various wives in pathetic accents, which gradually change into lively expressions of glee at the thought of a new victim, the song ending in a melody of the gayest description. Such pieces as the snoring chorus from *Orphée,* and the toothache song from the *Princesse de Trébizonde* may be further instanced. It is not merely in imitative passages that the composer shows his skill, but in actually compassing a mood. Contrast the simple pathos of the ballad "Dites lui" from *La Grande Duchesse* with the mock sorrow expressed in Prince Paul's song from the same opera. How much more telling than any words are the bars that introduce Orestes and his companions in the first act of *La Belle Hélène!* Instances of this felicitous knack of characterisation might be multiplied. It indicates talent of a far higher order than that of the musical comedy writers of to-day.

Offenbach was melodically fecund.

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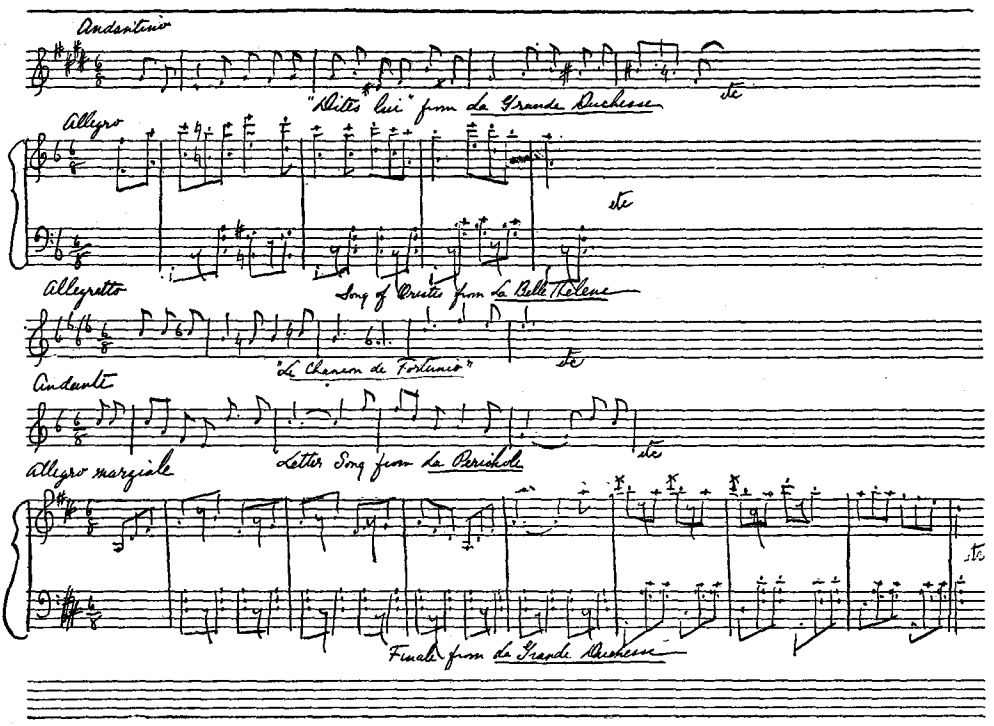

The large number of his works extant attest this fact. As may easily be inferred, such astonishing facility of utterance did not go hand in hand with the best artistic finish. There are faults of construction which the merest amateur would not have allowed to pass uncorrected. Much of the music is *banal,* and the best is inextricably bound up with the worst. It is quite a common occurrence to find a melody of fresh and simple fragrance or one of irresistible rhythmic swing, sparkling and foaming over with brilliancy, followed by a flippant tune utterly vulgar and worthless. It is idle to try to account for these irregularities. One can only point out the fact that they exist. The composer never hesitated to borrow a phrase or repeat himself in the coolest fashion; but with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause he generally concealed the defects beautifully. His music has character, and in the narrow limits afforded by his operas it expresses considerable variety. There is appealing sentiment in "Dites lui," already referred to, and still more in the "Letter Song" from *La Perichole. Vert-Vert,* one of the very best of the operas, contains a barcarolle quite equal in charm of style and refinement to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The use of a pedal point (if the technicality be pardoned), of which the English composer was so fond, helps the comparison. A duet, "Faut il en faire," also has some of the characteristics of Sullivan's work. Generally speaking, however, Offenbach's merits are distinct, and lie in another direction from those of his English successor. He excels in the dash-and-go type of melody, the rollicking *canaille* rhythm, such as in the finale to *La Grande Duchesse,* the song of the regiment in *Vert-Vert* and the "Bruscambille" song from *La Jolie Parfumeuse.* The manner in which he follows up one melody with another in his finales and keeps the music going is sometimes masterly. There are constant melodic and harmonic surprises and changes of rhythm, creating a steady

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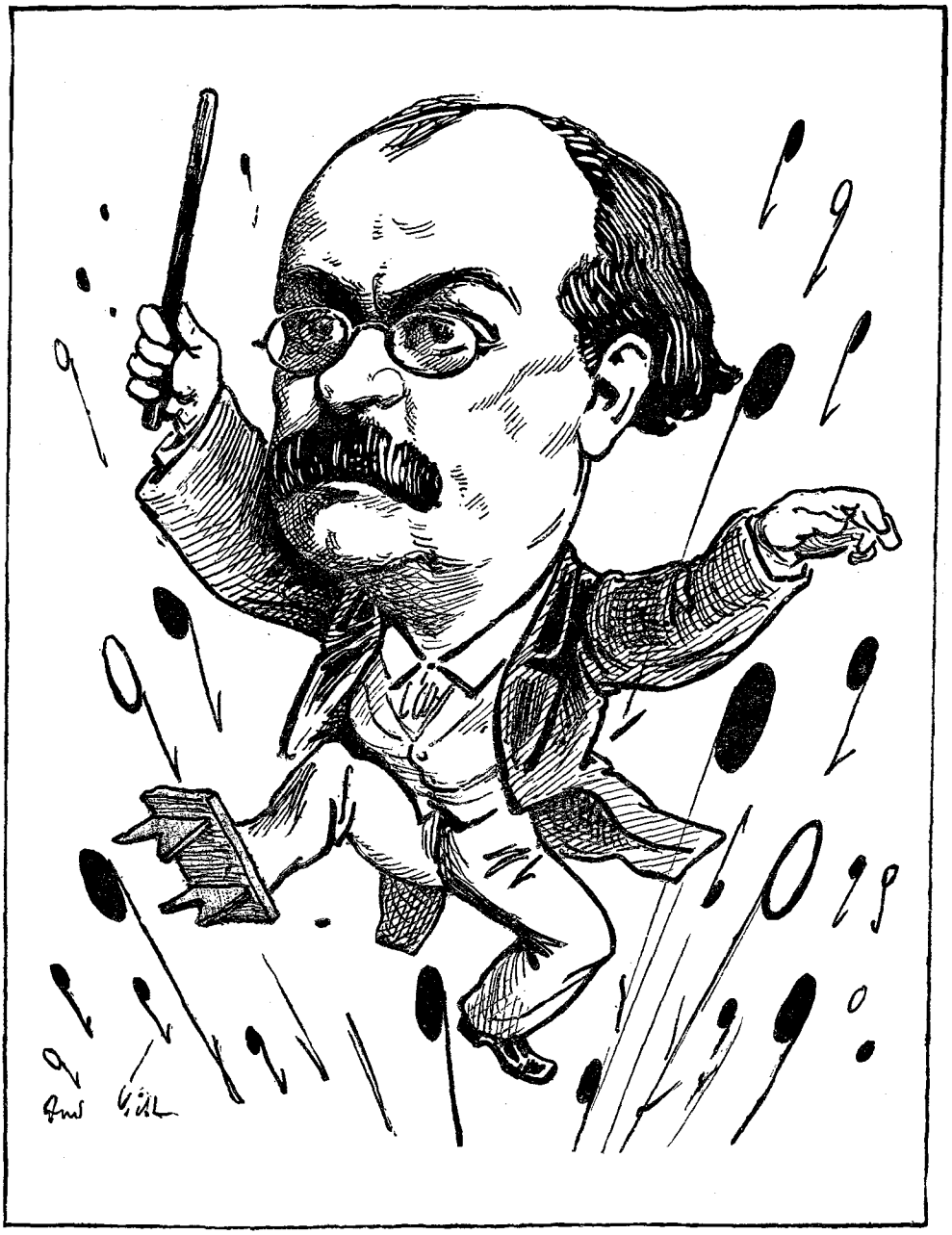
current of sportive humour and demonstrating his superlative talents as a comic musician. Outside of his especial field, Offenbach cut a small figure. When he attempted to soar into more ambitious regions, his wings failed him. His opéras-comiques *Barkouf* and *Robinson Crusoe* were complete failures. But to the end of his life he continued writing opéras bouffes, and although his mine of melody showed signs of exhaustion, still *Madame Favart* and *La Fille du Tambour Major* contain nuggets of pure gold.

Offenbach's orchestration is generally beneath criticism. Bare, noisy and commonplace, it is the work of an evident tyro. But even here, the composer's ingenuity did not fail him, and the results



CHARLES ALEXANDRE LECOCQ.

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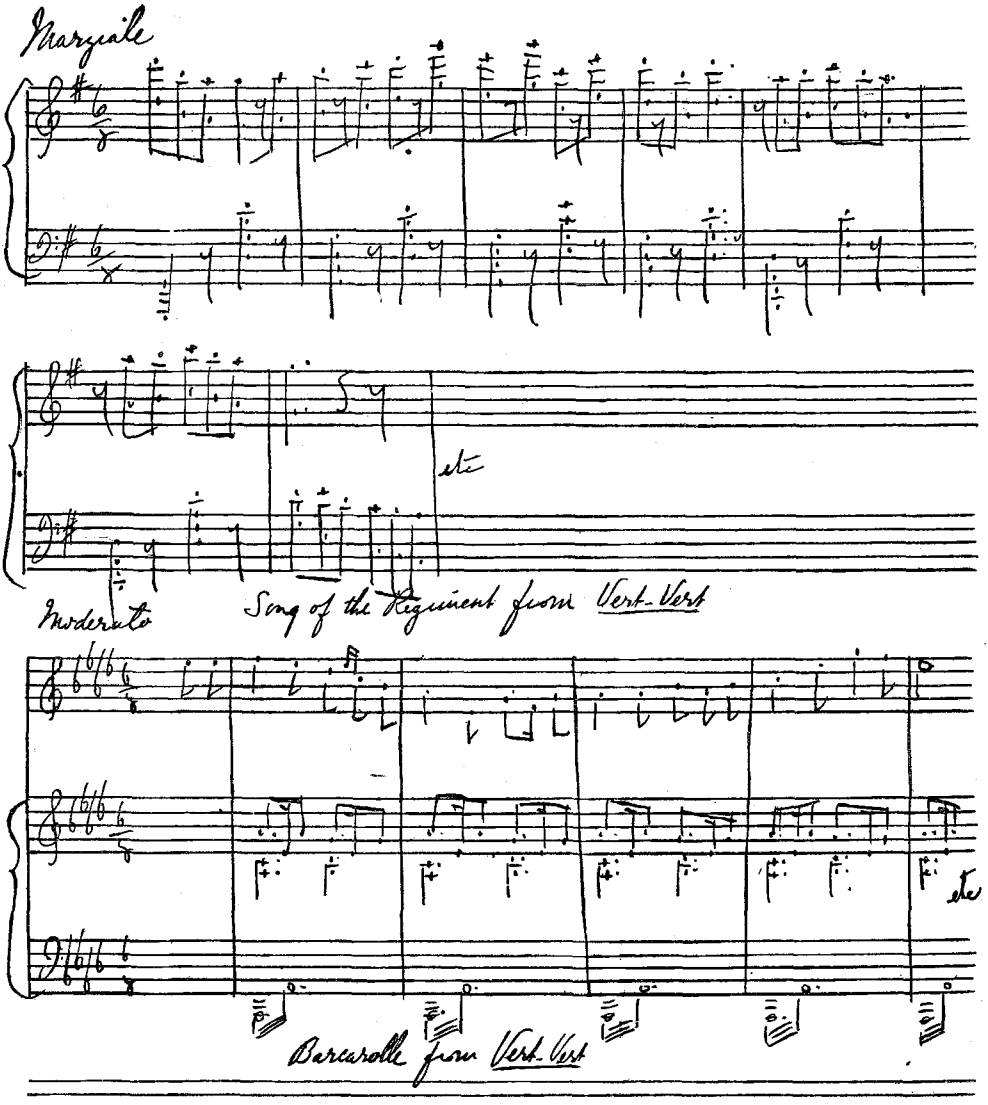

he obtained from so clumsily managed an instrument are surprising. The remark of some witty musician *à propos* of Tschaikowsky, that his music sounds better than it is, may be applied with great force to Offenbach. In fact, his slight musical training more than any other cause militates against the survival of his operas. In a greater degree than the other arts, music is dependent on so-called externalities. Form is of equal importance with substance, and cannot safely be sacrificed to it. This is what Offenbach did. With his eye on the results to be attained, he rode ruthlessly over the demands of formal expression, and the longevity of his music hangs in the balance. On the other hand, if he had possessed that musical learning the absence of which is deplored, who can say that his works would have preserved their spontaneity, their absolute carelessness and buoyancy of manner which is their greatest charm? The conclusion is that Offenbach must be taken with his faults as well as his merits, and one can only hope that the veil of oblivion which now covers his opéras bouffes will soon be lifted. Works which have added so materially to the gaiety of nations can ill be spared.

In the later years of his career Offen-

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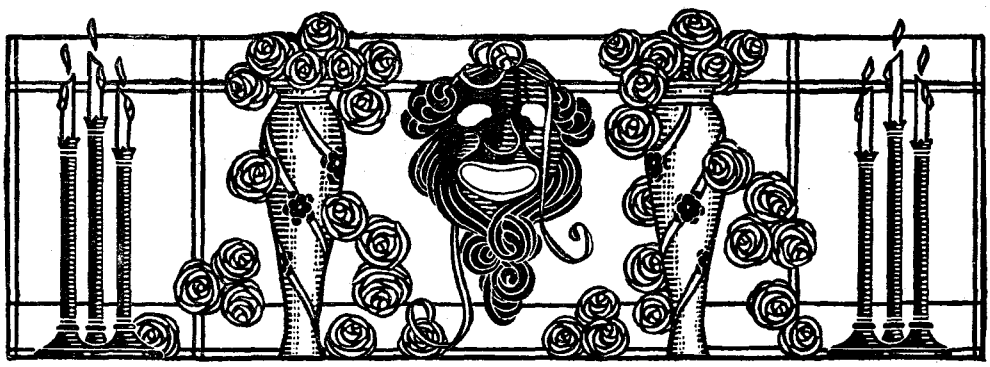
bach had a rival whose popularity bade fair to exceed his own. Charles Alexandre Lecocq, a student and prize winner at the Conservatoire, received his first encouragement in this direction, singularly enough, from Offenbach himself. The latter had opened a competition for an operetta in 1856, and Lecocq's work, *Le Docteur Miracle,* was selected and produced at the Bouffes Parisiens the following year. Lecocq did not at once advance into popular favour. He was a struggling music teacher, accomplished and talented, but unknown. The glamour of the stage teased him, however, and he continued writing for it in his spare moments. Finally, in 1868, a three-act opera, *Fleur de Thé,* made a brilliant hit and he found himself at the wished-for goal. He continued to pour forth operas in abundance. *La Fille de Madame Angot,* given in 1873, enjoyed a run of five hundred consecutive nights. *Girofle-Girofla* was written the following year, and *Le Petit Duc,* another of his best-known works, in 1878. *Plutus,* performed at the Opéra Comique in 1886, was a distinct failure. *Ali Baba,* in the next year, was better; but he never equalled the four pieces first mentioned.

As respects musical training, Lecocq was head and shoulders above Offenbach, and this, while probably helping him little in popular esteem, certainly gives strength and vitality to his music that may carry it beyond that of his greater predecessor. It is animated, easy flowing and unpretentiously ear-tickling. But with more polish than Offenbach's, it is less original and lacks the expressiveness of the latter. There were a number of other French composers who followed with considerable success the lead of Offenbach. Of these Hervé, Serpette, Varney, Planquette and Audran are the most prominent. The last two are familiar names to the present-day theatre-goer; for *Les Cloches de Corneville* and *La Mascotte* and *Olivette* still enjoy occasional revivals.

Opéra bouffe has a place in art, though not a very exalted one, it is true. But the unquestioned talent expended on it, the perfect adaptation of means to end and its positive formal merits—distinctness of outline and completeness of design—give it claims that cannot be ignored. To urge them upon the attention of the public is the object of this essay. Above all should the fact be emphasised, that opéra bouffe is not a thing of the irrevocable past. Human interests do not change so in a generation. The wit, humour and irrepressible gaiety to be found in the works of Offenbach and his followers are perennially fresh, and need only to be recalled to the popular mind to make their effect once more. Of course, improvements may be suggested, the librettos retouched so as to accord more with our modern ideas of propriety, the music re-scored by a musician who thoroughly understands his orchestra; but these may not be practicable. Shall we take opéra bouffe as it is or let it sink finally into the limbo of forgotten things? Those familiar with Offenbach can make but one answer.

Lewis M. Isaacs.



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LIFE AND NEW LIFE

By Franklin Dowd.

I.

How warm the sand is, and how cool the soft-sweet land breeze seeking the sea. The skies hail the moon to-night as queen, and the sheen on the water hails her queen—embassy from her demesne.

The things that live in the sand delight in the incoming tide; the things that cling to the rocks exult in the high-flung spray; and all the great movement of the waters—the rhythm of the sea music—how it nourishes the things of the sea, and unites the beings of the sea, and strews sea seed.

The surf sings "life," and the swell sings "life"; the rolling roar on the rocks sings "life," and the still, swift wash at our feet sings "life." Life and new life, the song of the sea! Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

II.

Rambling in spring woods we heard the wind singing in the trees—in the dark deep-wood where orchids opened and ferns unfurled. Lover birds called and mother birds answered in the deep-wood where we heard the wind.

At the edge of the wood we saw the wind: the stripling grass blades swayed in the breeze; the tender birch leaves trembled in the breeze; the young tree-tops tumbled in the breeze. And athwart the dazzling day the wind bore myriad life-things that shone in the swim on the sun: pollen and pollen borne to its own, seeds and seeds wind-strewn, winged seeds, downy seeds, far blown.

At the edge of the wood the wind sang "life"—sister song to the song of the sea. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

III.

Sauntering in summer fields we heard the singing of ripe grain. In wide, sunny fields where the heavy-head stalks swayed lazily—where broad reaches of lavish life rolled in bright waves. We heard the drone of full-grown grain—the rustling of gold-ripe wheat—singing the song of life and new life, the song that is singing here on the sea. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

IV.

Strolling in great cities we heard the making and moving of things: the scuffle and stress in the crowd-press, the hubbub and dingdong in the traffic-throng, the hiss of steam, the crackle of sparks, the panting of engines, the clatter of cogs, the whir and rattle of fabrics weaving, the hammering clangor of houses building, the ring of beams where metal gleams to sheathe ships and span streams.

Din hurry-scurry, bare turbulent noise below! But when we looked down from the bell-tower these busy things sang—sang a rough-hewn tune of life's high noon, sang of man's life-worth to foal in new birth the yield of the earth.

Life and new life, the song of the sea. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

V.

Oh, the dignity of the sea! breaking beach-long in rolling chimes! Oh, the solemnity, the stately psalmody of the sea, chanting, chanting unceasingly! Oh, the majesty of the sea in the ever-new monotony of its far, far symphony, leading away with waving sway, singing: "I, the sea, am eternity."

There is magic might in this symphony.

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It soothes us to seize us, to bear us away to the swelling sweep of another deep—to eternity in another sea where small night-stars make bright sun-day, as we swirl in the sway of the milky way.

So fast, so fast that the flashing lights from the clashing flights of two meteorites lag to flutter and flurry at gnat-pace—a fallen flake dissolved in our wake.

So far, so far that looking back from far-space we can scarce perceive the faint twinkle of the earth-sun, æons of light-pace from the sun-star with us in far-space.

And the stars sing as the sea sings: of life and new life eternally—of nebulous nurture, gravity growth, centripetal travail, fiery birth.

The stars sing as the sea sings: of life and new life eternally—the song of the life-love I bear to thee. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

VI.

Ah, the sea-song makes our dream souls soar, for the sand is warm and the land-breeze cool—the soft-sweet land breeze sweeping to sea. Ah, Moon, thou art a matchless queen, thy light on the water a matchless sheen, fair embassy from thy demesne.

Sing, bright sea, to celebrate the lot of living things to mate; sing nature's destiny, life's kindly fate to mate and sate and procreate.

How your heart is beating! Yes, and my heart, how my heart is beating! It is the sea music in our veins, the caress of the song of the sea in the soft light of the bland night.

How fondly the singing of the sea wraps us in soft folds to make halves whole, two hearts one perfect heart-soul! Ah, wife, my life, life of new life to be, hear our hearts beat! My heart is calling to you and your heart is calling to me—singing the song of life and new life, singing the song of the sea. Wife-love, it is good that you are with me!

VII.

With ceaseless voice the sea sings constancy.

THE END.

GASTON PARIS

Nothing is more commonplace than death. By day and by night untold thousands return to the earth's bosom, and though the memory of them may linger a while in the hearts of their friends or their enemies, they are mostly soon forgotten. Others take their places, and the world's work goes on as well as before. But when a great man dies we suffer an irreparable loss, and therefore we need not wonder that primitive hero-worshippers made their idols live to be incredibly old. The children of Israel lengthened the lives of their patriarchs by centuries; in mediæval legend Charlemagne was more than two centuries old, and knights sought King Arthur long after he had disappeared. Beneath this lies the wish that men who benefit their fellows may stay longer, in order that they may benefit them more, and the sadness that follows their loss seems to arise from the conviction that a creative power has been quenched and that no similar personality is likely to fill the void and go on with the interrupted work.

If we examine the personality of Gaston Paris, we shall find in him a distinct and rare claim to be remembered; and if a kind of immortality consists in living on in men's hearts, we believe that he will have that immortality.

In an essay written in 1897, Professor Henry Alfred Todd gave a scholarly, even a close view of the savant's work and of his character.* To add something more is my aim; to tell what is ready at hand.

Gaston Paris was taller than most Frenchmen by a palm or more and very straight. He was stately to all, and almost forbidding to those who came to him without good reason. But if he felt that a man was come in dead earnest to

*Gaston Paris, Romance Philologist and Member of the French Academy. In the Publications of the Modern Language Association, Baltimore, 1897.

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learn Romance philology, he made him welcome and did not inquire too closely into claims. In 1895, before he became director of the Collège de France, he lived in his *hôtel*, some two or three miles from the Sorbonne, and there he received, after correspondence, students from almost everywhere. Most of them were French, but many came from Germany and some from the United States. Of an American who called on him in 1893 he asked, "Where have you studied?"

"At Yale, monsieur."

"Who is there?" he asked—an embarrassing question indeed; for until 1895 no one taught Romance philology at Yale. The caller had to be bold or lose. So he uttered a great name. "Le Professeur Whitney," said he.

"Mais, mon dieu!" exclaimed Paris, "c'est le sanskrit qu'il fait!" But he had read his caller's heart and the ice was broken. The American was even complimented on his French and given a seat at a long table in a dingy room at the École des Hautes Études.

Into that room entered little light, and the air in it seemed to have been breathed by generations. The very books gave forth a musty smell, for books often grow rank as they grow old. No usher with a chain of flat, square links around his neck, and a jug of water with sugar loaves, glass and spoon, preceded Gaston Paris into this dry old bookish den, in the traditional manner of the Collège de France; but he came alone, and, as he entered, his pupils rose, not merely because custom so decreed, but, also, because they revered the man. It is easy to see him there, at the end of the table. His head was round, and through a thin white beard one saw a roundish chin. No racial mark was on him, but you knew in a second that he was a rare gentleman. Whether from much reading or from other causes he was very near-sighted. Indeed, in one eye he seemed almost blind. He used eyeglasses rimmed with tortoise shell, and these he folded into a monocle which he wore over his left eye. His voice was like that of many Parisians, soft and slightly rumbling, but pleasantly sonorous when he chose, and he spoke with simplicity, clearness and grace. He seemed to know every word in the French language, but he contrived to express the most delicate shades of thought with very few. In hearing him, you had always a sense of his power, of his grasp on every cluster of facts that might serve to explain a phenomenon. I dare say he knew more tongues than Mithridates; for in Europe there seemed to be few that he could not understand. Whether he spoke English I cannot say. Certainly he always said Ply-mouth and Mon-mouth conscientiously. What he would have done with Beauchamp and Cholmondeley is harder to say; but his knowledge was immense. The whole Middle Age—its learning, its religion, its morals and its lack of them, its gossip and its jests, its costumes, its most homely habits and its point of view, to say nothing of its wars, government and laws—all these he seemed to understand as if he had shared in them all from Merovingian times to Francis of Valois. Nor was he limited to France. His classical lore also was far greater than that of many a specialist in "Greece and Rome," who never heard of the four sons of Aimon, of Berthe aux grands pieds, of Roncevaux or Avalon. Yet with all his learning he had a shrewd knowledge of living men. One Sunday after his séminaire a tall American of eccentric mien—to say nothing of an impediment in his speech—went up to the great scholar excitedly. He shook his fist and sputtered, "Monsieur Paris, ce que vous avez dit là est tout à fait faux!" The academician mastered his astonishment and listened to the charge. Afterward, in describing the incident, Gaston Paris said, "Dame! il est drôle, ce monsieur X. Il s'approche, il vous domine, il a l'air d'être votre conscience!" How delicious! Could one choose a neater phrase to make you see "ce monsieur X.?"

With a depth and earnestness hard to match anywhere, Gaston Paris had an elegance that made his spoken words as charming as his words of pen. He could write with the depth and beauty, with the undertone of sentiment, with the subdued and noble humour of a Leslie Stephen, but he seldom mingled in controversy. Though he has given the *coup de grâce* to many a dullard or humbug, and though he could lay his finger unerringly on the weak spot of an adversary's armour, he was by nature kind and ready to praise good work. In re-

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viewing an American lady's study of "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight"—that Gawayne who had been made out such a rogue by Tennyson—he closed by saying that Sir Gawayne in his long poetical career had guarded or avenged the honour of so many ladies and damsels as to deserve that one of them should stand up for his own.

Reared as he was amid great writers, Gaston Paris was imbued from the first with a love of good literature. From his father's lips he heard wonderful stories that charmed him long before he began to study them as a scientist, yet still as a lover. He had a living interest in literature and in writers. When his friend Sully-Prudhomme had published his first volume of poems, Gaston Paris took a copy of them with a discreet note to be put in the hands of Sainte-Beuve. The mighty critic remained silent. Ardent admirers of the new poet were, it is said, on the verge of going to *conspuer* that literary tyrant when he broke his silence with an article that made Sully-Prudhomme famous.

Some thirty years later, years filled with labours that won him honour everywhere, Gaston Paris was living in his apartments at the Collège de France, where Renan had been before him. In his great library he was a king at his ease, and somehow, almost without words, he drew men to him and found them out. Here he welcomed not merely celebrities but others who were only making their way. Too often a caller was but some hopeful genius with the manuscript of a comedy, but Gaston Paris was not scornful. He read and helped where he could, and might even sketch something quite new. Those who have felt his strength, his wit and his imagination may well hope that he has left something purely creative to show his well-rounded genius.

Without a first-hand acquaintance with life no man can understand literature, which is the written expression of life. Dates and sources, plots, names, similarities and dissimilarities, history and traditions—all these a man may know, but they avail him little if he has no gift to feel the soul beneath them all. Few men have ever held such sway over outer facts as did Paris, but he knew how to go to the heart of things. As a philologian in the narrow sense he was almost without a peer; yet he was a psychologist, marvellously endowed to discover intricately scattered facts and to build out of them the story of a life. His biography of that baffling vagabond Villon* is not surpassed in the world's literature as a work of reconstructing the personality of a man so hard to discern amid the clouds of untruth and legend.

Were it advisable, one might further analyse the character of this many-sided man, but it will suffice if these words have shown why he was great. In him the indispensable elements of genius, which seem rather to shun each other than, by uniting, to form an individuality worthy of remembrance and esteem, were gathered. But inborn talent requires an ideal, and to succeed in full measure it must pursue that ideal constantly. This was true of Gaston Paris, in whose own words we find the revelation of his science, which was also his religion. In a lecture delivered at the Collège de France in 1870, Gaston Paris uttered this noble creed:

> I profess absolutely and without reserve this doctrine that science has no other aim than truth, and truth for its own sake, without care of the consequences, good or ill, regrettable or happy, which that truth might have in practice. He who from a patriotic, religious, or even from a moral motive, allows himself in the facts that he is studying, in the conclusions that he draws, the smallest dissimulation, the slightest alteration, is not worthy of a place in the great laboratory to which truthfulness is a more indispensable claim to admission than skill. Thus understood, studies in common carried on in the same spirit in all civilised countries, form, above restricted, diverse and often hostile nationalities, a great fatherland which no war soils, which no conqueror threatens, wherein souls find the refuge and the unity which the citadel of God gave them of old.

Richard Thayer Holbrook.

* This work will be reviewed at length in an early number of THE BOOKMAN.

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THEIR QUEST

By Brand Whitlock

Author of "The Thirteenth District"

I.

The Bertrands reached their decision to go East only at the last minute. They had been projecting the trip ever since the Ohio summer began in earnest, and in speaking of the matter to her friends, Mrs. Bertrand would shake her head hopelessly, so that they knew it was really Mr. Bertrand's vacillation that was responsible for the postponements. But Bertrand came home Wednesday at noon, spent with the insatiable heat, and asked her if she could get ready to go the following day. He impatiently snapped the lid of his watch meanwhile, just as he did when he was waiting for her to go out in the evening, though the watch was not a calendar and made no pretence of measuring time by divisions any longer than hours. Mrs. Bertrand, however, whose attitude all along had avouched her ability to start at a moment's notice, pleaded for a reprieve until Monday, and it was decided to leave on that day. Every summer the Bertrands planned to go East for their vacation, but somehow it always ended in their going to Mrs. Bertrand's mother in Greenfield. Once they had gone to Put-in-Bay, which they found quite as hot as Columbus, and on another occasion they had gone to Mackinaw on one of the upper lake steamers. Each time the Eastern trip was postponed until the following summer. Had the friends of the Bertrands known how serious was the financial question involved for Mr. Bertrand, they must have had a better opinion of his character; they did not know this, just as they did not know that if the Barline case had not been affirmed in the Supreme Court in June, so that Mr. Bertrand got his fee, they could not have gone this summer. Mrs. Bertrand knew of course, but she did not choose to tell. She preferred to have her neighbours think her husband lacking in decision rather than in money.

The decision once reached, however, they found themselves looking forward to the trip with youthful excitement The children were to go to their grandmother's in Greenfield, and, as there was no reason for their delay, they were sent off at once. Left thus alone in the house for the few days before their departure, Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand found themselves repeating some of the emotions of their early wedded life, and they discovered a new delight in the serious pretence that in the tour they were about to take they would renew the joys of their wedding journey. They forsook the veranda, and spent their evenings indoors, under the flaring gas jets, drawing up itineraries, subject, of course, to the changes the ticket agent invariably made when Bertrand submitted them to him the next day. Bertrand at last discovered that none but a specialist could hope to understand a railroad time-table, and so gave up the task; and the agent routed them, as he phrased it, by Niagara Falls, where they were to stop for a day, thence eastward by way of New York and Boston, and so on to Scoggin's Point. They chose Scoggin's Point because the Talbotts had been there, and they felt an acquaintance with it from having heard the Talbotts talk so much about it. Mrs. Bertrand regretted the choice immediately because of the deference it paid to the Talbotts' wider knowledge of the world, but she destroyed the effect of this with the Talbotts by somehow conveying the impression that the place was one long familiar to Mr. Bertrand from the fact that his family came originally from New England. This, however, was not until after Bertrand had bought the tickets and engaged their section.

The sweltering days between the Wednesday of the decision and the Monday of the departure were occupied by Mrs. Bertrand in visits to the dressmakers. She gave her plain sewing to a woman whom she discovered in a little flat over a store in Long Street. Returning from her daily visits one afternoon, she found Bertrand on the veranda in his shirt

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sleeves, his cravat and collar unfastened, fanning himself desperately with the evening paper. She met him with the cry:

"What do you think?"

"What?"

"The strangest thing you ever heard of!"

"Well, let's have it," he replied.

"Why, that woman who's doing my sewing used to live in Scoggin!"

"Well, that's pleasant," said Bertrand.

Mrs. Bertrand gave him a look that showed her disgust. He did not see the look, but he felt it and glanced up suddenly. The tragic interest in his wife's face almost frightened him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, can't you see?" his wife replied. "Can't you see that it spoils our trip?"

"What in the world are you talking about?" said Bertrand helplessly.

Mrs. Bertrand shook her head.

"My dear," she said slowly, as if she were beginning all over, "if you could have seen her!"

Bertrand waited for his wife to go on.

"Well?" he said presently in a man's curiosity.

"The poor old thing!" Mrs. Bertrand grieved. "I wish you could see her!"

"You might take me around to call some evening," said Bertrand out of the sarcastic spirit his impatience and the heat brought up within him.

"It's no joking matter, Frank, let me tell you; no joking matter at all."

"Then tell me what it's all about," he commanded.

"Well," Mrs. Bertrand began, with the reluctance of one who quails before a long narrative, "she lives up there over a grocery, and she toils with her needle from morning till night. It's the hottest place you ever saw; not a breath of air; you know the walls are blank on either side. The place, though, was furnished with the grandest old furniture—a highboy and a sideboard that would make your mouth water! And then the bureau—one of those old, old ones, with glass knobs, and every bit mahogany! I wish we could get hold of it. I haven't dared mention it to her as yet. She brought it all from Maine with her, and it has been in their family a long time. When we come back, I intend to go to see her; if I can get in with her, maybe we can get hold of it. You remember that sideboard of the Tallbotts'? Well, she has one that would throw that completely in the shade! Do you think she'd sell it?"

"Doubtless, if she's as poor as you make her out, though with such furniture—"

"Ah, yes, poor—poor's no name! She has a husband who is an invalid and she supports him by sewing. She can't get much to do either; that is, much that will pay very well. She isn't a very good seamstress of course. But let me tell you."

Bertrand smiled.

"All right," he said, "you may."

"Well," she went on, "you know when I went there I told her I'd have to have my work out by Friday, as we were going away Saturday."

"But we're not going until Monday," said Bertrand.

"How stupid you are!" replied Mrs. Bertrand. "You don't know these dressmakers." She paused a moment before she continued. "She said she could get it out by working nights."

She seemed then lost in reflection. Bertrand had a vision of the woman sewing late at night, under the flat roof of the brick building, beside a blazing coal-oil lamp, with insects wheeling around, and her brow bathed in perspiration. Partly to escape this vision he aroused his wife with a

"Well?"

Mrs. Bertrand started.

"I was going to tell you," she said. "After a while the poor thing sighed and said: 'I wish we could go away. This hot weather here in Ohio is very trying on Mr. Lewis. Where are you going if I may ask?' 'Scoggin's Point, Maine,' I said, and, Frank, I wish you could have seen her! She let her hands fall in her lap, and the look she gave me!" Mrs. Bertrand dropped her own hands into her lap and gave her husband a look. Presently she resumed:

"She couldn't speak for an instant, and then she said: 'Scoggin!' Just that, and nothing more. There were tears in her eyes."

Mrs. Bertrand paused, on the point of tears herself.

"She used to live in Scoggin. She was born and raised there. Her father was a minister. After she met Mr. Lewis and

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married him, they came West, because Mr. Lewis thought he could better his fortunes out here; but he didn't; he fell sick, and they've had an awful time."

Mrs. Bertrand paused again and was lost in silence and sadness.

"They've never been able to go back," she mused, "even for a visit, and they never will. That man has death written on his face."

Bertrand stirred uneasily.

"The poor thing," Mrs. Bertrand went on, seeming to find a fascination in the tragedy. "She could hardly speak; I can hear her now crying out at the last:

" 'Oh, Mrs. Bertrand, to think of your going to Scoggin! To Scoggin—Scoggin!' She said the word over and over. 'And I—I wish we'd never left there. We've never had a day's luck since!' She became almost fierce. But of course I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Finally," said Mrs. Bertrand, with the calmer air of resuming her narrative, "she seemed better able to talk of it, and she told me all about Scoggin and the places we must go to see. And at last she gave me the name of a woman I'm to look up. She's an old friend of hers; Martha Stone, and she lives—let's see, she gave me all the directions and had me write them down—she lives in a little white house back from the sea, on a road that turns off to the left, just beyond the church. She said anybody could show us. They were great friends, and Mrs. Lewis says she'll be glad to hear from her."

"Did she give you a letter?" asked Bertrand.

"No," replied Mrs. Bertrand, "she said, 'Just tell her Abigail Lewis sent her love, that'll be enough.' We must look her up at once, just as soon as we get there."

The Bertrands were silent that evening; silent at the supper table, and silent as they sat on the veranda afterward. Bertrand, since their determination to go East for their vacation, had found it hard to settle down to the common things of his every-day life; this evening he found it harder than ever. It was too hot indoors to read, and he smoked a while, and then he said he guessed he'd go to bed; there seemed to be nothing to do.

"I wish we'd arranged to go to-morrow," he said finally. "I don't see how I'm going to stand this heat another day."

"I wish I could get that woman out of my mind," said Mrs. Bertrand; "somehow she haunts me."

Bertrand rose and went to the end of the veranda to examine the faint and intermittent flashes in the western sky.

"It's just heat lightning," he said, in a hopeless tone.

"It isn't fair," Mrs. Bertrand broke out after a long silence, "it just isn't fair, that's all there is about it. For us to go there to her home, on a visit, a vacation trip, and that poor thing, who longs so to go, to have to stay here and broil; she said if she could only get her husband back there and let him taste that salt air again, she knew he'd get well!"

Bertrand said nothing.

"Of course it's just going to spoil our vacation," Mrs. Bertrand exclaimed bitterly, when her husband would not help her out. "I knew something would; it always does. And we'd looked forward to going East for so many summers!"

"Yes," Bertrand said sorrowfully, "the fates never grant a wish in any but the ironical spirit."

"Well, it isn't our fault," Mrs. Bertrand resented. "I don't see how we—"

Bertrand had gone down on to the lawn to turn off the water which had been playing through the garden hose all evening. His wife was still speaking when he stepped out of the wet grass back on to the veranda.

"She says Martha Stone has a house full of old things. Maybe we can get something to bring back."

"For Mrs. Lewis?" he asked, wiping his hands on his handkerchief.

Mrs. Bertrand paused with her hands on the back of a chair she was to take in for the night. She peered through the darkness at her husband.

"Well," she said, resumptively dragging the chair, "we can bring her *something*, of course."

II.

The Bertrands reached Scoggin in the evening. When the impatient train hurried on and left them standing alone with their luggage on the platform of the little station, the mystery of a strange place come upon at twilight depressed them,

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and momentarily they wished themselves back in Columbus. But they were reassured when a negro suddenly appeared with the cry:

"Massasoit! Hotel Massasoit!"

His cry had the ring of welcome, and he smiled upon them with the obsequiousness trained into him by long years of menial service. He sprang forward and seized their bags, and then briskly led the way to the buckboard he had in waiting. They felt an importance when they found that they were the only arrivals that night, and as they leaned back in the rear seat of the buckboard, with their black driver erect and proud on the front seat, they exchanged surreptitious glances of conscious satisfaction. They were weary after their long ride from Boston, though the weariness had as its primary cause the day at Niagara, and the subsequent sight-seeing in New York. But in the crisp air, in which they fancied they could already sniff the salt of the sea, though they could not see the sea, they plucked up their spirits and Mrs. Bertrand at once asked the driver how long he had lived in Scoggin. The negro hastened to disclaim a residence there by proclaiming Kentucky as his home, and he boasted of his great desire to get back to it. He confided certain grievances he had against his employer, the proprietor of the hotel, and declared that if it were not for some injustice of the Maine statutes which, as it seemed from his imperfect idea of it, permitted the master to withhold the servant's wages at his pleasure, he would return to Kentucky at once. As a lawyer, Bertrand was not able to enter into the man's proper disgust at such a law, but as a Westerner he discovered a fellowship with him that he would have scorned to own to a negro at home. But here away from home, he was glad of some common human kinship. Mrs. Bertrand, however, revealed her motive at once, by asking:

"Do you know an old lady named Martha Stone who lives here?"

Bertrand started. He was enjoying the drive along a road whose vagrant whims led it here and there through the pines, with now and then slender birches gleaming whitely in the failing evening light. And so, when his wife suddenly reminded him of the burden he had forgotten, he said irritably:

"Can't you let her rest till morning?"

"The sooner I find her, the sooner I'll get her off my mind," Mrs. Bertrand whispered. The man, however, hastily denied acquaintance with any one at Scoggin, or with Yankees anywhere; he much preferred to discuss Kentucky, or even Ohio. He told them that he used to work at the Gibson House in Cincinnati, and he and Bertrand compared memories until they drew up at the steps of the hotel.

When they had stood helplessly about for a while under the glances of the people who were already on enviable terms of ease and familiarity with the place, the Bertrands were glad to escape to the deserted dining-room. The disdainful waitresses burst through the swinging doors from the kitchen now and then, but were too much absorbed in their quarrels over the clattering dishes to notice the new and belated guests, and it was not until the head waiter could bring himself to the point of suffering them the remnants of a meal long since grown cold that they destroyed their appetites, if they did not appease their hunger. Then in their weariness they were glad to seek the retirement of the room the Massasoit finally remembered it had reserved for them.

The next morning Bertrand awoke and sprang immediately to his window to look out on the sea, but a fog had fallen; he could discern nothing but the sheen of the piazza's dripping roof. All that day they remained indoors; they heard a fog horn blowing at intervals of a minute; between the blasts of the fog horn a bell tolled. The Bertrands as yet had no real conception of Scoggin; they had not seen it; it was as if the mystery which enwrapped it when they came at night had given its cloak to the fog. All day long the grey brume hung over sea and shore, and life paused, waiting for it to lift. The Bertrands knew no one in the hotel, and no one cared to know them; such was the attitude of the other summer boarders at least. Bertrand thought he would write some letters, but half a dozen matrons had commandered the only table in the writing-room and were loudly playing at cards; the clerk talked with him, of course, for that was one of his duties, when he could spare himself from the girls who were always clamouring

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over the counter to know if the mail had got in. But the day wore heavily even on their young spirits, until the retired naval officer, who constituted the big attraction of the hotel, came down and began to pace the long quarter-deck, as the piazza must be considered in any relation it bore to him, and cast an eye now and then toward the sea in the wisest of weather-wise ways.

The Bertrands boldly tried to pace the piazza themselves, but they felt that the effort was a failure. If this slight attempt at asserting themselves was not openly resented by the other boarders it was plainly discountenanced, and the Bertrands shrank again, and gave over the piazza entirely to the men and women who walked heavily up and down wrapped in rain coats, smiling a familiar recognition on the commodore each time they passed him.

Bertrand achieved what was perhaps the slight beginnings of a distinction by having an enormous bottle of mineral water placed on his table at the noon dinner, and by recklessly leaving it there when the meal was done; the other guests at his table plainly lost something in position at this, though they resolutely braved it out with the germs in the hotel water, ostentatiously gulping large quantities and praising its qualities to each other. But on the whole the day was a failure, and the Bertrands went early to bed once more, openly wishing they were back in Ohio.

"After all, Minnie," said Bertrand, seriously contemplating the face of the watch he was winding, "Put-in-Bay's good enough for me."

"Or Middle Bass," said Mrs. Bertrand, "that is, if you belong to the club."

"Yes," Bertrand assented, "if you belong to the club."

"I don't see what Mrs. Lewis saw in *this* place," said Mrs. Bertrand. She spoke with a kind of relief, the first she had ever felt with respect to Mrs. Lewis.

"Maybe she belongs to the club here," Bertrand went on bitterly. "I'm sure we don't."

He mused a while and came to himself with a sigh.

"Well," he remarked, "I hope I'll dream I'm home to-night, as Willie said the time I took him up into Mercer County and we stayed all night in the log cabin."

The mention of Willie gave them a homesick pang, and they began to worry about the children.

"Poor little things!" Mrs. Bertrand said tearfully. "I suppose mother is putting them to bed just about this time."

"It's only eight o'clock out there," said Bertrand, looking at his watch, which in stubborn loyalty to the Middle West he had refused to set according to Eastern time. "Your mother would never make them go to bed that early."

"You can't drive away the feeling that way," persisted Mrs. Bertrand.

They talked about the children for some time, and Bertrand fell asleep saying that if they could find Martha Stone the next morning and deliver Mrs. Lewis's message they could get back to Boston by night and by taking the Albany sleeper be home Tuesday.

III.

But the next morning Bertrand was awakened by the silvery notes of a bugle. He lay for an instant entranced; a fine, new air poured through the open window, and with it came the light of a brilliant sun. He sprang up, and went to the window. There below him, beyond the grassy sward that stretched down to the rocks along the shore, lay the sparkling bay; its entrance was guarded on the one side by the fort, on its other point the lighthouse stood. In the harbour the tiny sailboats dipped at their moorings; farther out a white yacht lay gracefully at anchor. In the offing was a mackerel seiner, standing out to sea; far off in the Atlantic he could see the misty Isles of Shoals. The bugle was blowing mess, and he listened until its notes died away. Going to the side window, he could see the fields with their low stone walls; an arm of the sea, gleaming like steel in the light, threw itself around the hotel; far away were the pine trees and the hills, and over all the clear blue sky. A new energy sprang within him; he felt as a boy again; he was hungry; and he realised all at once that it was cool.

They hastened down to breakfast. They were full of projects; they must make a trip to the fort, visit the old town of Portsmouth, and go to the Navy Yard

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at Kittery; they even planned a sail. They were cheered as they thought of all these things to do, and after breakfast they boldly sat on the piazza while Bertrand smoked his cigar.

"Well, it isn't so bad after all," he ventured.

They gazed for a while in silence out to sea.

"It doesn't look any bigger than Lake Erie, does it? Nor much different," complained Mrs. Bertrand presently.

"But do you realise that it's cool?" argued Bertrand somewhat irrelevantly, "actually cool?"

"And think how hot it is back home!" said his wife.

"That only adds to our pleasure here," said Bertrand.

"You're cruel," said Mrs. Bertrand. "You forget the children."

"Oh, they won't mind the heat!" said Bertrand roundly.

"No, I suppose not," mused Mrs. Bertrand. "But think of Mrs. Lewis."

Bertrand could have resented Mrs. Lewis, but he thought better of it, and tried to change the subject.

"What do you say to going into Portsmouth to-day?"

"Very well," Mrs. Bertrand assented, "we might inquire for Martha Stone on the way."

They inquired in the most improbable places: of the conductor on the trolley car, of a man on the ferry that churned its way across Portsmouth harbour, even of the clerk at the hotel, and they pretended to each other that they were seriously performing a duty that had laid itself heavily on their consciences.

By evening the ladies at their table showed the beginnings of a propitiatory spirit, and admitted Mrs. Bertrand to a probationary acquaintance. Bertrand had the good fortune to meet a fellow Ohioan, and in the free masonry of men who hail, however remotely, from that State, they exchanged the old pleasantries about the Ohioan's ubiquitousness, and smoked the ceremonial cigars of a summer friendship. The Ohioan promised to introduce Bertrand to the naval officer, from which his social standing at the hotel must inevitably follow. In their new intimacy Bertrand told the Ohioan the story of Mrs. Lewis and the search for Martha Stone. The Ohioan generously promised to make inquiries in his wanderings in those parts, and Bertrand felt altogether as if he had made progress in what somehow had forced itself upon them as their chief business in Scoggin.

IV.

The distractions of the seaside kept the Bertrands fully employed for a fortnight. They did none of the things they had planned to do; they visited neither the fort nor the Isles of Shoals; the trips on the trolley were left undone, and the studious excursions in which they should explore into the past of that region, so full of the colour of colonial history, were never ventured upon. For when the colony finally accepted them, it was without reservation; if their residence in what the Easterners indefinitely called the West was not forgotten, it was, at least, never referred to, so that the Bertrands themselves could at times forget it. They spent their days in sailing, and in strolling, and in waiting for the mail, and sometimes Bertrand and the Ohioan went fishing. They had their card parties on rainy days, and once they had a hop, which was distinguished by the presence of two young ensigns who came over from the Navy Yard and permitted the girls to waltz with them.

The Bertrands had not been able to find Martha Stone; if now and then they reproached each other for not engaging in the search more seriously, they consoled themselves by saying there was ample time, and in some one of her occasional rebellions against the hopeless tyranny of the thought of Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Bertrand cried:

"We've suffered enough, surely, just from thinking of her, and if you *suffer*, I suppose that's all they can ask of you in this life."

"All who can ask of you, my dear?" said Bertrand in a solemnity she did not see was half a mockery.

"Well—" she hesitated superstitiously before the idea of naming any but a heathen divinity, and yet she desired always the modern cast in her thought—"Well, fatality, or whatever rules us."

"Oh," he replied. "I didn't know just what you meant."

Mrs. Bertrand laughed rather weakly. "Perhaps I meant the Puritans—they

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personalise the whole thing better than any idea I know of."

But the long days went by uncounted, the air sparkled, the sun glistened on the sea, and fresh winds blew landward. At evening white yachts on their way to Bar Harbour dropped into the bay for a night's anchorage, the bugles from the fort blew retreat, the sunset gun was fired, the flag fell, and the twilight came in from the sea. The yachts hung out their lights, twinkling all over the bay. Far away in the offing the lighthouse blinked, and in the deep sky the stars hung low in myriads. The nights were odorous and brought sleep to Bertrand, as if from the cool depths of the balsamic pines.

A Sunday morning came on which Mrs. Bertrand had promised to attend the services in the little Episcopal chapel that added so much to the picturesquesness of the place and made an attraction which the hotel-keeper was shrewd enough to advertise. Mrs. Bertrand was not an Episcopalian at home, though she had moments of wishing she were, but she allowed the other ladies at the hotel to think she was. Bertrand declined to accompany her, and on second thought Mrs. Bertrand was pleased by this, for it confirmed her in the part she happened to be playing that day, and made it all the more convincing. When the ladies had disappeared, Bertrand with a book and cigar strolled down the shore until he came to the old cemetery. He clambered over the stone wall, grown with so many vines and mosses. The grass was long, and there were no mounds as in those cemeteries that take the place of parks in Western towns, for where the graves were not sunken in, they were level with the ground.

It occurred to him suddenly that Martha Stone might be dead, and if he could find her tomb he would have a little sensation for Mrs. Bertrand at dinner time. He wandered about in the tangled grass, reading the quaint inscriptions on the slate tombstones, carved evidently by the same hand a century ago. To one coming from the young West a century was as a thousand years; for Bertrand there was the sentimental pleasure of hoary mystery in these ancient tombs; he imagined that long dead artist, and the position of importance he occupied among a sea-faring folk who lived where deep calleth unto deep, face to face with tragedy. The stones all showed the touch of his sculptor's hand, stayed so long before; they showed it in the death's heads, in the skeletons that flanked the inscriptions, in the weeping willows, in all the grewsome symbols of a day that accepted death literally. Bertrand went about reading the inscriptions. Stone after stone told of the same fate:

"Lost at sea."

Bertrand paused, gazing out on the Atlantic, smooth and smiling on this still morning, far from its mood of tragedy; yet his thoughts were with those who had been lost at sea. He had not found the grave of Martha Stone; perhaps she too had been lost at sea. Presently he was aware of some one drawing near. The man was dressed in black, and his clothes were just like those which village men wore on Sundays out in Ohio; in the lapel of his coat was the bronze button of the G. A. R., another familiar thing; Bertrand imagined him fighting in some Maine regiment. They fell to speaking softly and at last Bertrand learned what he had wished to know.

"Yes, she's lived here many a year. You go down the road about a mile, till you come to where the other road turns off. Just beyond, on the left-hand side, is a church. Then you keep on maybe a quarter of a mile, and finally you come to a white house on the right just beyond a brown one."

Bertrand went back to the hotel at noon with a great virtue glowing in his heart.

"Well, Minnie, I've found her," he said.

Mrs. Bertrand gasped.

"Martha Stone?"

"Yes."

Bertrand was trying to bear himself modestly.

"What is she like? did you give her Mrs. Lewis's message?"

"No, not that," he faltered. "I—I—didn't mean I'd seen her. I met a man who knows her."

"Oh!" the smallness of the tone showed Bertrand how his sudden importance had shrunk.

"He gave me directions," Bertrand went on.

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"We must go this afternoon," said Mrs. Bertrand, "and have it over. It has worried us long enough."

And so in the afternoon they set out. The trolley cars were crowded with natives in their Sunday finery, and summer visitors in the pretty costumes of the season's fashion. They waited an hour, and at last, despairing of seats, Bertrand thrust his wife aboard one of the cars, where she wedged herself against the knees of the good-natured excursionists, and stood precariously, her dignity menaced by the lurches the car gave in coming to a stop and in getting a start again. Bertrand had to content himself with standing room on the running board, holding on desperately, and repeating the thrill of hairbreadth escapes each time a post flashed by and left him whole, instead of sweeping him into the ditch to expire in a few broken gasps. They plunged along thus for a reckless mile, and then coming to what Bertrand took to be the road to Martha Stone's, they thankfully alighted, and turned into it. Trudging along its hard and rocky course, they found the church at last, but there was no white house in sight. Mrs. Bertrand declared that she could not go another step. She had Bertrand look at his watch; it was already five o'clock; they must be starting if they were to get back by supper. Bertrand was in favour of pressing on, but his wife finally manœuvred him into an admission that his directions had been of a general and hazy nature. And, declaring that she had known it all along, she turned and began the retreat. She would have to walk, she said, the cars were so jammed. She spoke of the cars as if Bertrand were responsible. Bertrand put her on the car when she cried she could not go another inch, but he preferred to walk. When he reached the hotel his wife had had time to lie down for awhile and to change her dress; and he found her regretting that they had not pushed on when they were so near. She was positive that the very next house would have proved to be Martha Stone's; she had caught a glimpse of it through the trees; it had appeared to her white, and she had even noticed its green shutters. She could not see why Bertrand had not been willing to go on, after all the trouble they had taken. She said they must get up early in the morning and devote the whole day, if necessary, to finding Martha Stone; and they would have to get an early start, because they would have to walk; she could not trust herself again in the trolley car; the road-bed was not firm and the curves were dangerous.

"It's our last day, dear," said Bertrand.

"I know," his wife replied firmly, "but we must do it, even if it is."

"We haven't been over to the fort yet or down to the Navy Yard," he went on. "And we haven't seen the things the Thompsons told us to, or the Wheelers, or the Nortons, or Commodore Levins, or the old house my friend from Dayton knows of—none of them."

"I know," Mrs. Bertrand admitted, "but it can't be helped now. You should have thought of all that before. You always put everything off till the last minute. We must devote to-morrow to poor Mrs. Lewis. Think of her moiling and broiling away in that hot town, while we're off here enjoying ourselves!"

Bertrand saw that the spirit of the martyrs was upon her.

V.

They did set off in earnest the next morning, and in an hour they were standing in the door of the little white house. The atmosphere of the past enveloped them the moment they stepped into the low porch; Bertrand instinctively stooped as he went under the plastered ceiling. Mrs. Bertrand sprang to the polished brass knocker. She whispered that she'd like to steal it, and then reluctantly, as if it would sound the relinquishment of her larcenous desire, she raised it in her gloved fingers and let it fall thrice; it awoke hollow echoes within.

"What if she isn't at home? asked Mrs. Bertrand, and then she went on: "I do hope we can get a peep inside—it's a perfect mine of treasure. Why didn't we come sooner?"

She looked at Bertrand reproachfully. They waited, and Mrs. Bertrand was lifting the knocker again when they heard bolts grating with ancient reluctance, and then the panelled door slowly opened. A young woman scowled out suspiciously. Bertrand shrank, but Mrs. Bertrand stepped forward with a smile.

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"I beg your pardon," she began, in a tone as sweet as her smile, "but does Mrs. Martha Stone live here?"

She had produced her card case. The woman watched the little slips of tissue paper flutter to the door sill, and then raising her eyes, she said:

"Yes, 'um, she does."

"Will you give her these, then, and tell her we'd like very much to see her? We bring messages from an old friend of hers."

The woman scrutinised her callers; finally she opened the door and admitted them to the parlour. Their feet sank into the carpet that was laid over straw, and they could scarcely see for the darkness that filled the room. The darkness seemed to be a part of the effect of the room's having long been closed, and the musty odour was inhaled eagerly by Mrs. Bertrand as an evidence that they were in the midst of things long past and gone. The woman said:

"Take chairs."

And then she disappeared.

When the door had closed on the bright sunlight outside, Bertrand felt as if he had left the present and stepped back into the past. Something of the same sensation he had felt in the old graveyard down by the sea stole over him. In effect they had gone back fifty years. As their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, Mrs. Bertrand peered about covetously, at the old chairs standing solemnly against the walls; they lingered on the sofa that matched the chairs, they took in the quaint side table, that stood, with half of its top folded demurely over against the wall, its slender legs suggesting Sheraton, and they rested finally on the spinnet that occupied one corner of the room. She could scarcely repress a cry, and she gesticulated frantically at her husband for him to admire and appreciate it with her, but he solemnly pointed to the wide mantel that overhung the fireplace, now disused and hidden by a large front that had been covered with wall paper. On the mantelpiece, in all their olden dignity, stood two candelabra, their graceful silver arms outstretched for the candles they had held so long ago.

"Isn't it all perfect and beautiful?" Mrs. Bertrand whispered. She could not sit still; she had risen and was inspecting the slender old Boston rocker in which she had been sitting.

"It's every bit mahogany," she whispered. "It's priceless. Oh, if we only could!"

She went boldly to the mantelpiece. Over it hung two little pictures, one a faded pencil drawing of an old woman, its gilt frame tarnished and broken, its paper yellowed by time. The other was a tiny thing, done by some unskilled hand that yet had strained for the effect of a miniature, and almost caught it in its portrayal of a young woman, who sat as erect and straight in her long bodice as if she had been a Copley, her sweet and pensive face looking out solemnly on the world just as it had looked so many years before. The little chain that encircled her neck was pencilled in gilt, a pathetic attempt at realism in the new country's young art.

"It's her picture," said Mrs. Bertrand.

Bertrand could not reply before the door opened, slowly and tremblingly, and an aged woman came into the room. She proceeded carefully, peering about from behind her spectacles until her weak and faded eyes made out her callers, and then she hesitated. The Bertrands had risen. Mrs. Bertrand's interest in the old parlour was lost in the deference she suddenly showed the old lady.

"I am Mrs. Bertrand," she began, "and this—"

The old woman bent forward to listen, and Mrs. Bertrand spoke in a louder voice.

"Is this Mrs. Martha Stone?"

The old lady smiled:

"Yes, I'm Martha Stone," she said.

"I am Mrs. Bertrand, and this is my husband."

The old woman shifted her position painfully.

"Won't you be seated?" she said with a gesture that was of the time of the furniture. She moved forward in her prunella gaiters a few steps, and then looked at the chairs helplessly.

"Get them, Frank," commanded Mrs. Bertrand, and Bertrand drew up the rocker. Mrs. Stone bowed, and when they were seated she lowered herself into the rocker carefully, while Bertrand and Mrs. Bertrand watched her in silence and solicitude. When she had sunk into it she gave a sigh, and smoothed her skirts

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with her wrinkled hands. The young woman who had admitted them had left the front door ajar, and the sunlight streamed in on the carpet. With it came a breath of the wind of the sea. The old woman stirred, and glanced uneasily at the path of the sunbeam. In its light, faint though it was when it reached her, she blinked her eyes.

"We came all the way from Ohio," Mrs. Bertrand began. "We bring a message to you from an old friend, Mrs. Abram Lewis. She sent you her love. She lives in the town we do, Columbus."

The old lady glanced curiously, first at Mrs. Bertrand, then at her husband. Instinctively she placed her hand behind her ear, but quickly withdrew it, though she could not repress her habitual

"Heh?"

She hung in a listening, waiting attitude. Her hands rested on the worn arms of her chair, her hands that were white almost to transparency, outlining every bone, and showing their network of swollen blue veins. She passed her tongue uncertainly over her lower lip.

"I say we come from out West, from Ohio—and Mrs. Abram Lewis—Abigail Lewis—sent her love to you."

"Your name is Lewis?" said the old woman in a high, shrill voice.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Bertrand exclaimed, "my name is Bertrand—but I *know* Mrs. Lewis, and she sent you her love."

"Oh," said the old woman, dropping back into her chair.

Mrs. Bertrand leaned forward.

"She thinks a great deal of you."

The old lady started again.

"I say Mrs. Lewis thinks a great deal of you."

Mrs. Bertrand shouted it at her.

"Indeed?" the old lady said, and she smiled with a polite interest.

"She's living in Columbus now."

"Ah?"

Again the old woman sank back, and Mrs. Bertrand was silent, until she deemed it her duty to go on.

"Her husband hasn't been very well lately."

"He hasn't? Well, I hadn't heard; I don't get out much any more."

"We've had an awfully hard time finding you," Mrs. Bertrand struggled on, striving after a smile. "We looked everywhere. But I was determined to give you the message sent by Mrs. Lewis."

"Heh?" The old woman came forward again into her attentive attitude, though she seemed always to regret it, as she regretted her deaf exclamation.

"I say I was bound to find you and give you Mrs. Lewis's message."

The old woman hesitated a moment, and breathed slowly as if to gather strength. Then she said:

"She must be a new-comer here. I don't know any of the new ones."

"Oh, you misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bertrand. "Mrs. Lewis doesn't live here now. She used to; her father was pastor of the church here. She lives out in Ohio now, and she told me you and she were old friends, and she asked me to give you her love."

Mrs. Bertrand sank back in exhaustion.

"She doesn't understand a word," muttered Bertrand. Martha Stone sat in silence, gazing now at her wrinkled hands crossed in her lap, now at her callers. She rocked gently all the while, and her white head shook slowly from side to side, her lips moved incessantly, and incessantly she thrust her moist and ductile tongue between them. Now and then her fragile hands smoothed the lap of her black gown. A moment later she looked up.

"Maybe she lives on the upper foreside," she piped. "We've always lived on the lower foreside."

Mrs. Bertrand gathered herself for another effort.

"Oh, no," she cried. "She doesn't live here now, she used to, years ago, but she doesn't any more. She said that when she lived here you and she were great friends. She said that she had known you all her life, ever since she was a little girl. Don't you remember? Her name was Lewis—Abigail Lewis."

The old lady knit her brows and meditated for a long time. But her concentration resulted in nothing; her features relaxed, and twisting painfully about in her old chair she called in her quavering voice toward the back part of the house:

"Sairry, do you know Mrs. Lewis—wan't that her name?" The old lady turned, her hands still clasping the arms of the chair, and addressed the latter part of her question to Mrs. Bertrand. The

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voice that answered was the voice of the young woman who had admitted them and so contemptuously declined any interest in them, and it answered so quickly that it was plain the young woman had not missed a word of all that had been said; it shrilled:

"How should I know, I'd like to know?"

The old woman turned, meek under the sharp treatment that must have been her daily portion, and, folding her hands in an effort to recover and represent the lost dignity of the establishment, she said:

"No, ma'am, I don't know her."

Mrs. Bertrand glanced at her husband.

"We might as well go," she said. She turned again to glance at Martha Stone. The old woman was once more thinking.

"I may have known her," she said presently, "but I don't just now recall. My memory isn't what it used to be." She looked from Mrs. Bertrand to Mr. Bertrand, a smile wavering on her lips as her tongue wavered there with something like an apology. Then she twisted about in her chair again, and called:

"Sairry, you fetch some cake and a little wine."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Bertrand said, stretching forth her gloved hand in protest. "Thank you very much, but you mustn't give yourself the trouble. We must go. We're very glad to have met you, indeed."

Martha Stone smiled, perhaps in relief that the burden of hospitality had been lifted from her.

"Must you go?" she quavered.

Somehow the reflection of the sadness there is in all partings was in this for the old lady and her eyes grew dim.

"Won't you call again?" she said, as if she had already and long ago had more than her share of good-byes.

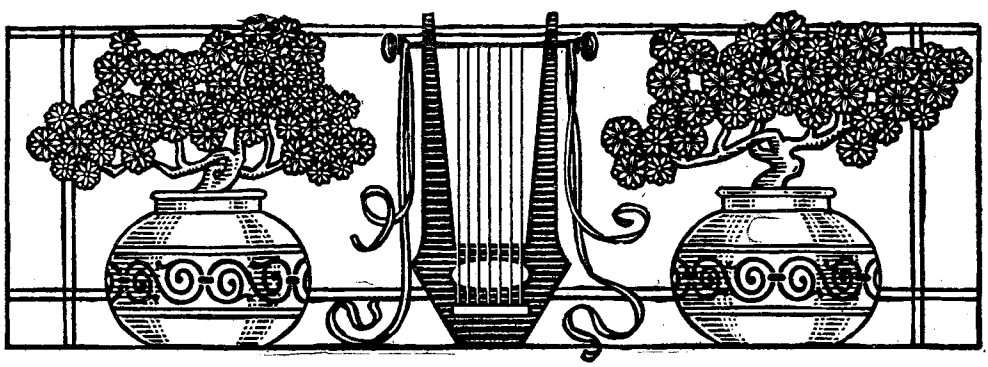
"Yes, when we come again," smiled Mrs. Bertrand, taking the withered hand in her own. "Don't get up—good-bye. We'll come to see you some time. Good-bye."

The old lady smiled, and her tongue hesitated on the edge of her lips. She rose and followed them to her door; as she bowed the sunbeam fell on her thin white hair. And she smiled and said:

"Good-bye, Mrs. Bertrand; good-bye, sir."

When the Bertrands turned off the porch into the yard, and so on down to the gate, they caught a glimpse of Sairry peering at them around the corner of the house. She had a clump of flaming hollyhocks for a background; two or three children peeped from her skirts, and a pup by their side pricked his ears forward in comic interest. So they were glad of this glimpse of the young life that still throbbed in the old house just as they were glad to walk silently in the warm sun that lay along the stony road. They trudged on slowly through the thin dust for a quarter of a mile; then suddenly, Mrs. Bertrand halted. She clutched her husband by the sleeve.

"Frank," she said, "what shall I tell Mrs. Lewis?"



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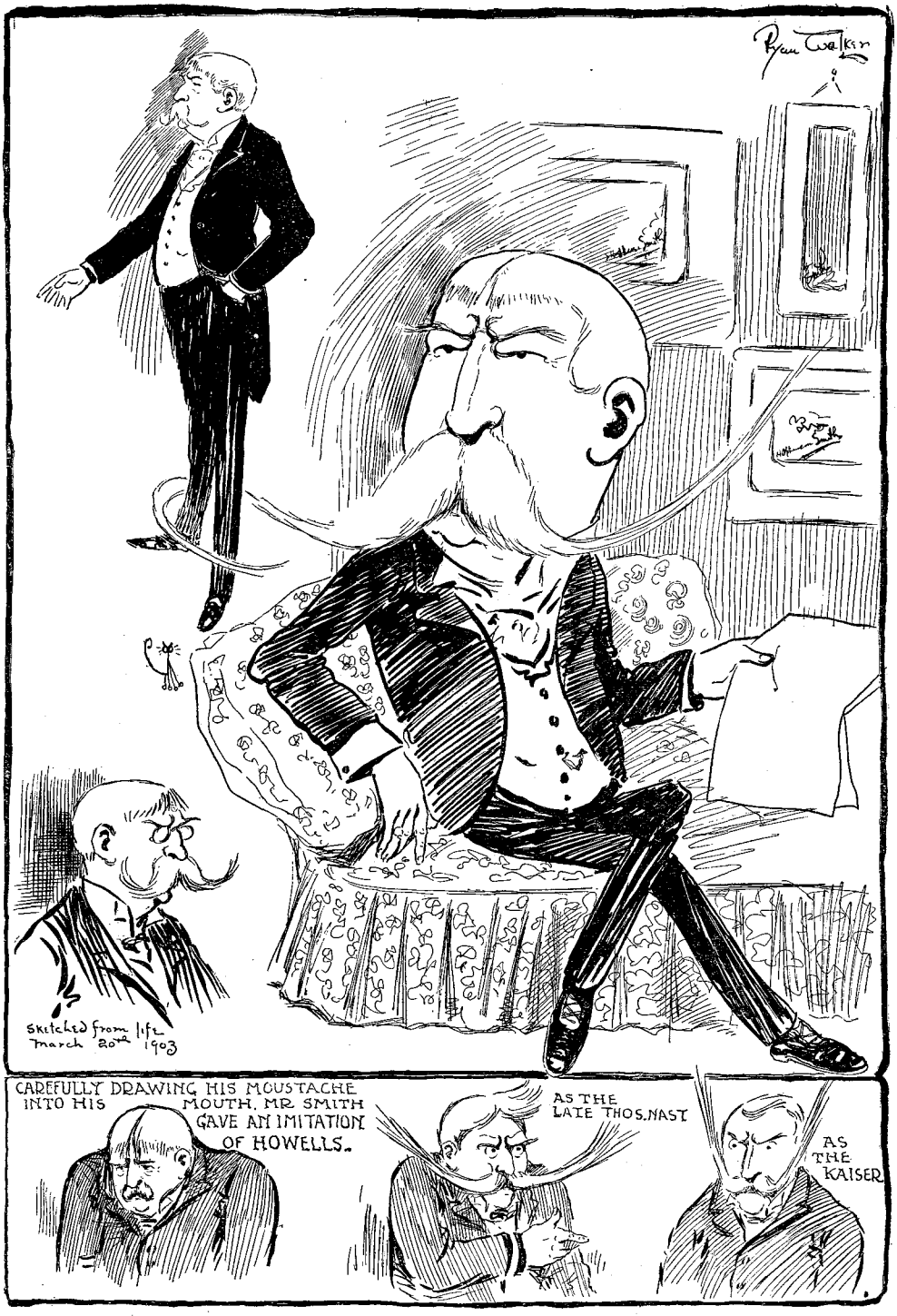

Illustrated Edition of The Authors.
F. Hopkinson Smith.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH IN VARIOUS IMPERSONATIONS.

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PAYING THE PIPER

The Piper sat by the river, his tireless pipe in his hand,
But ere the sun set and the white stars met
He scratched with a stick on the sand.
"My bills are due," quoth the Piper, "and now they pay," quoth he,
"Who danced and played from the sun into shade,
Now render account to me.

"Here is one for a year," quoth the Piper; "a year of love's delight;
A heart that is dead and a soul unwed
Shall cancel a debt so trite!
I need not dun," quoth the Piper—and laughed, but nobody heard,
A chill in the air, and a shudder somewhere—
"They will render without one word.

"And this for my maddest playing"—oh, he wrote as he chuckled and laughed—
"I will make my dole an immortal soul;
They shall drain where they only quaffed!"
So, he did his sum in addition, till the rose and the star had met,
But although he tried to thrust it aside
One name lay unchallenged yet.

Complacently knave and sinner, apportioned he each his due,
But when it was o'er there remained one more,
And its pattern the Piper knew.
"Rascal or thief," mused the Piper, "I play for their dancing and smile.
They have their way for a little day,
I have mine after a while.

"I can score each knave," quoth the Piper, "in Life's ill-sorted school,
For they take and they take their greed to slake,
But I am no match for the Fool!
For he pays as he goes," frowned the Piper, "pain, laughter, passion or tears!
He claims no pelf from Life for himself,
But gives his all without tears.

"The rest of my dancers laugh not, and I hold each one as a tool,
But he pays as he goes, be it rapture or woes,
And I have no bill for the Fool!
He loves and he lives," frowned the Piper, "and such poor returns suffice,
For he cries, '*Voilà le diable!*' and gives himself as the price!"
Then, with chagrin and reluctance as the star sank into the pool,
The Piper made claim on each separate name,
But receipted in full—for the Fool.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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SIX NOVELS OF THE MOMENT

I.

ZOLA'S "TRUTH" *

Vérité is not only the last but the longest of M. Zola's many long books. It comes third in what was intended to be a series of four—*Fécondité, Travail, Vérité, Justice*—each of which should expose some existing evil in the national life of France, and preach its cure by the virtue named on the title-page. But I gather that the final volume, *Justice,* was not even begun at the time of M. Zola's sudden and lamentable death. One read in the newspapers at the time that the enemies he had made by his attitude in the Dreyfus affair openly exulted over his asphyxiation. If *Vérité* had been in their hands at the time, they might have detected in his death the swift vengeance of Heaven.

For *Vérité* is simply the Dreyfus case retold from M. Zola's point of belief, with a different crime for the basis of the plot, and altered names for the *dramatis personæ*. The crime is the murder of a schoolboy in a small provincial town; the innocent accused is a Jew schoolmaster; and the villain of the piece is not the French military ring, but the clerical party which backed the Generals against Dreyfus. In this story the Church and the Army change places—or rather, the Army almost disappears in the background, while the Roman Catholic priesthood steps into the front place of ignominy. M. Zola's is indeed a tremendous attack, delivered, I cannot say with what amount of justice, but with unquestionable courage, and sustained by a passionate conviction which sweeps the reader through its long and complicated story, and makes this by far the most animated of all M. Zola's later works.

As for the truth of the charge, I lifted a humble voice at the time of the Rennes trial to say that if, on the one side, the Generals and the priests in France were resorting to the vilest methods of frustrating truth, we in England could form no trustworthy judgment on the merits of the case while our newspapers, taking the other side, were with common consent garbling the evidence for all they were worth. To pervert truth in the cause of truth may be for the moment effective against opponents who are perverting it in the interest of falsehood; but such counterstrokes postpone, if they do not quite annul, the final victory. So while M. Zola unfolds his case, I am impressed by his passionate conviction, but cannot help remembering that on our side of the Channel the Generals' case against Dreyfus not only never obtained a hearing, but was subjected to daily falsifications almost as flagrant as those against which M. Zola inveighs. Also, making all allowance for the fine organisation of the Roman Catholic priesthood, I am not entirely convinced by the "conspiracy" in this story. Large bodies of men are not clever enough for conspiracies—they take more naturally to stampedes; and an aptness to believe in conspiracies seldom goes with complete mental health either in the individual or in the body politic. We have recently had too much of this kind of thing in France and in England. There was (we were told) a military conspiracy against Dreyfus, a Jew conspiracy

*Truth (Vérité). By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York: John Lane.

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to vindicate him, a conspiracy to annex the Boer republics, a Boer conspiracy to drive us into the sea; and each of these conspiracies, in my humble opinion, merely spelled "the jumps."

Many reasons oblige me to discuss this book of M. Zola's politically. To begin with, it is a political book. Secondly, I have only Mr. Vizetelly's English version by me, which as literature is naught, but seems to reproduce after a fashion M. Zola's well-known style. It was a style devoid of grace. His stories, toward the end, dispensed with all art in the telling, and came to rely entirely on the reiteration of the thesis, the accumulation of masses of unselected evidence, and the thumping of these upon the reader's brain. Of *Vérité* as a story one can only say that M. Zola, writing with the fervour of one who has gone through fire for his beliefs, makes it hugely impressive. But the book as a deliberate arraignment of the Roman Catholic priesthood raises questions which no novel can settle, but they are questions deeply interesting to Englishmen just now, who have been forced to consider the influence of priesthood upon education.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

II.

Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter."*

"And what is your opinion of Mrs. Humphry Ward?" an enthusiastic American hostess asked of an English literary lady of world-wide distinction.

The visitor politely made an effort to recall the name, and then answered with half-closed eyes and weary intonations: "I'm told she is a very industrious woman."

That is one view of the author of *Lady Rose's Daughter,* who has lately also been abundantly slashed and held up to ridicule. Indeed, it is not altogether difficult to be a little amusing at this lady's expense. In the days of *Robert Elsmere* she was taken with undue seriousness. Eager for a great, new novelist, we rushed, only too generously, to hoist her into a roomy niche of fame. That she has not entirely filled it is, perhaps, less her fault than ours, and in pointing out obvious shortcomings, are we not just now rather prone to underestimate her real claims upon our consideration?

Frankly speaking, she is not the writer's favourite author; but this should hardly be sufficient reason for lightly dismissing a romancer who counts readers by hundreds of thousands, and who does not hold this large audience by any meretricious wiles. Mrs. Ward is not showy, she makes no cheap or common appeal to trashy and unworthy tastes, nor is she particularly easy reading. Moreover, at a time when the superstition prevails that the general public, like modern children, must be spared any mournful emotions, that all fiction must be softened, sweetened and brightened (a select few alone being supposed to batten on Tolstoy and discomfort), she has the courage to write a long story, in which the heroine seldom snatches more than a second's respite from acute misery, whether painfully controlled or expressed in stormy tears.

This unfortunate Julie Le Breton weeps and lies awake livelong nights like any eighteenth-century heroine, and, indeed, why should she not, since she is avowedly fashioned after an eighteenth-century model? In building upon the true story of Julie de Lespinasse, Mrs. Ward set herself a highly complicated task, no less than vitalising and vivifying the emotions of another period. However little the fundamentals of feeling may vary, their mode of expression is totally dissimilar at different epochs. Consequently, the fantastic giving way to sensibility which obtained in life and literature through the eighteenth century and into the opening of the nineteenth, created an atmosphere difficult of revival, but still more difficult to transpose, as Mrs. Ward has attempted, into conditions a hundred years later. Added to these drawbacks inherent to the situation, the author's very merits contribute to her undoing. Above all things she is temperate. This is a virtue, a point of greatness. It is also something of a limitation in telling of reckless, ill-considered passion. Then again, Julie de Lespinasse perished outright of her unhappy infatuation for Monsieur de Guibert, died of it as directly as if she had drowned herself like piteous little Caroline Gunderöde. Life

*Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Messrs. Harper Brothers.

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occasionally presents these exaggerations, but Mrs. Ward is artist enough to understand that literature affords no license to the abnormal. Therefore the fictitious heroine, Julie Le Breton, may not be exterminated by her sufferings, but has to live them down, partially consoled with the excitement of sounding unknown depths in the complex and overwhelming nature of her consoler. This ending is far truer to life than if Mrs. Ward, servilely following her model, had left Julie utterly consumed by passion, unable to survive the ravages of unspeakable emotion. But the process of consolation, though natural, comes perilously near belittling the strength of these emotions. The perfect temperateness and restraint of the narrator likewise produce a medium ill adapted to conveying the impression of desperate self-abandonment. Manon Lescaut could not have been written without ———— breaking a few eggs! Mrs. Ward's most exciting crises vaguely recall certain private theatricals in which two inspired amateurs thrilled an astonished audience by their daring love scenes. The climax arrived, the lady and gentleman passionately——shook hands!

Now dignified restraint cannot be too highly rated; it is wholesome, praiseworthy, reassuring. It has been a distinguishing trait of the most characteristic English novelists; Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Edwards, Anthony Trollope, Thackeray, one and all these have steered clear of the turbid whirlpools of life. Their stories flow on like honest rivers or streamlets, passing normally through a varied country, faithfully mirroring its image on a tranquil surface, unvexed by cataracts and foaming rapids. Now Mrs. Ward is not satisfied with this; she is much more serious. Her very prose lilts into cadences; she uses the grand manner! Well, so did Samuel Richardson, and with all his faults, he still survives. True, but he is not temperate; he disregards all restraint. The story of Clarissa marches unflinching to its tragic conclusion. The grand manner is sustained and justified; but in anything short of complete tragedy this manner becomes unduly oppressive. In fact, Julie Le Breton, with her intense demand on the sympathies of those about her, with a marvellous elegance and distinction added to captivating wit and a mastery of the *mot juste* (these insisted upon at all turns, but never directly revealed to the reader), this Julie, at the end of nearly five hundred pages, has become rather wearisome.

Less important characters, such as a frivolous, loyal-hearted duchess, who espouses Julie's cause, a dull, long-suffering duke, chafing at his wife's divided interest, a belligerent, jealous old lady—these people speak. A few words from the little duchess gratefully enliven lengthy passages of sheer narrative, like a natural person whisking through a company of automatons. And not only are there pages of unbroken narrative, but, with occasional exceptions, everybody talks narrative. Mrs. Ward dwells upon Julie's conversational gifts, but never a sample of them does she vouchsafe. She insists that although Jacob Delafield is a mystic and a philanthropist, he ordinarily uses the tongue of any well-bred, slangy Englishman; but the given specimens of this gentleman's remarks, to a casual reader, are hardly distinguishable from the manner of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Statesmen, soldiers, men of letters, well differentiated in careful descriptions, certainly could never be told apart by their dialogue. The descriptions, moreover, though always admirable and frequently readable, too often lack opportuneness. They sidetrack the movement, and Mrs. Ward's pace is never so rapid that she can afford deliberately to slacken it.

Finally, when all is said and done, *Lady Rose's Daughter* has the power genuinely to interest many thousands of thoughtful people who do not read a novel unless it possesses some real quality. When this is the case, it is always worth trying to discover what this quality may be. To begin with, Mrs. Ward always upholds and respects the English language. Then, her imagination, if not vivid, is at least fecund. There is no parsimonious hoarding of material, no economy of matter, but rather a lavish expenditure of characters and situations. Her tone is so invariably high that to commend it seems almost an impertinence; and as literary fashions pass in and out of vogue, she conscientiously keeps to her chosen field, without insincere experiments or vulgar bids for popularity. This field, moreover, is essentially the highest that any writer can se

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lect. Whatever her defects, whatever her shortcomings, Mrs. Ward has the wisdom to use her trained capacity and ripe cultivation in portraying the men and women of her own day and generation as she has seen and known them.

The result of this is that, although helped and hampered by the tragic tale on which it is founded, dislocated by the transition from a real to an imaginary history, smothered in description, in spite of all these faults *Lady Rose's Daughter* still belongs in that small class of novels which are undeniably worth a grown person's while to read.

Mary Moss.

III.

I. Zangwill's "The Grey Wig."*

The incessant interplay of fun and melancholy which is one of the salient characteristics of the genius of Israel Zangwill finds personified reflection in the heroine of the "Serio-Comic Governess," the closing novelette in his latest volume, *The Grey Wig*. Zangwill could say with Heine that he "cannot speak of his own pain without the thing becoming ludicrous," and he could say with his serio-comic governess that life is to him "too horribly amusing."

While at the theatre the governess found the melodrama she was seeing "killingly comic as soon as she understood that it was serious," and "it was not till a comic opera came along that she was able to take the theatre seriously." This is precisely the way the author seems to be impressed by what is going on on the stage of life. He cannot paint the ludicrous without tinging it with sadness —with the deep-rooted sadness of the Jewish race; nor can he give vent to his human sympathies without having the tragic note drowned in the uncontrollable rush of his humour. Sometimes excellent literature will thus be injured by the impetuous, overbearing flow of his wit. When the art of creating lifelike images is coupled with the gift of being unremittingly clever, an occasional falling out between the two Muses is only too natural. Sometimes an exquisite piece of dialogue is turned into burlesque, marring the artistic illusion of the entire scene by the epigrammatic genius of the author forcing a Zangwill joke into the mouth of a character that is distinctly not a Zangwill. There are not many Zangwills in this world of ours, at any rate, and the brilliancy which adorns the speech of his creations is sometimes suggestive of the effulgence of a woman whose manner of wearing her diamonds betrays the fact that they are not hers.

The title story of the collection under review, which is also one of the best the author has given us, suffers from this discrepancy between character and diction in several notable instances. This is especially to be regretted, because the story is brimful of unspoken comedy of the higher order; of that sort of mirth which is above the mere coincidence of sound, which cannot and need not be put in the form of words because it springs from the inherent meaning of the situation. In this respect the underlying situation of *The Grey Wig* is one of the strongest Zangwill has conceived since his inimitable *King of Schnorers* established his place in literature as "easily the wittiest Jew after Heine," as Mr. Howells has put it. And yet, while the tale is full of irresistible fun, the human interest which gives it vitality is touching in the highest degree. If, like Heine, Zangwill is a painter of "laughing tears," he equally resembles the German poet in the force with which he depicts the tearful laughter of the human comedy; and in this sense *The Grey Wig* is a little masterpiece.

It must be owned, too, that while the epigrammatic repartee which bears the name of unepigrammatic persons may interfere with the artistic effect of the individual passages in which it occurs, the vividness of the general picture remains undimmed. The two impecunious Frenchwomen who have grown grey and decrepit under their brown wigs, and who are now pinching and scrimping and putting themselves into all sorts of tragi-comic positions in their effort to save up the price of a grey wig, which they are to wear by turns, are convincing, marvellously individualised living creatures. The story palpitates with life and, upon a whole, is instinct with reality.

What has here been said as to the occa-

*The Grey Wig: Stories and Novelettes. By I. Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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sional piece of typically Zangwillian humour which finds its way into the speech of people who are not meant to be humorous has no bearing upon the last story in the volume. The serio-comic governess, who was created in the image of her Maker, is certainly intended to be bubbling over with cleverness and felicity of expression. So the shower of epigram and "fine writing" which comes from her lips is in perfect harmony with the fundamental traits of the whole character. Her prayer, which is the result of one of those moods of hers when she pays for "all this fever and gaiety by fits of the blackest melancholy," is in a certain respect as characteristic of herself as it is of her author and of Heinrich Heine:

> . . . Oh, Holy Mother of God! . . . You will say cling to the cross, but is not my whole life also a crucifixion? I am rent in twain. . . . Oh, Holy Mother, make me at one with myself. Send me the child's heart and I will light a hundred candles to you. Or do you now prefer electricity? Oh, Maria mavourneen, I cannot pray to you, for there is a mocking devil within me and you will not cast him out.

It is this mocking devil whose special predilection is the direction of epigram which sometimes spoils a bit of the most lifelike dialogue in Zangwill's works.

The volume contains the author's newest and oldest stories, including—"for the sake of uniformity of edition," so we are told in brief prefatory note—two novelettes that have seen the light before, but are now out of print. Of these *The Big Bow Mystery* is a fair-sized novel, in fact, and has had quite a large circulation on both sides of the water.

The other short stories in the collection are each as full of the brilliancy and the force of delineation which marks everything Zangwill does.

Abraham Cahan.

IV.

Stewart Edward White's "Conjuror's House." *

Mr. White has had the satisfaction of seeing his earlier book, *The Blazed Trail*, win its way into popular appreciation by sheer worth. That able and invigorating romance of the lumberman and the forest is in larger evidence today than it was a year ago. It is more the pity, then, that he should follow it with a piece of work which lacks the measure of its predecessor. *Conjuror's House* in fact is a long stort story. It is admirable considered as such, but it provokes the thought that it would have been better if it had made half as many chapters in a novel, the rest of which is here condensed into a few pages of retrospect. Having said so much, it is only fair to add that the present book, within its limits, exhibits a growing sense of proportion, and, in general, an advance in literary method. Mr. White certainly is one of the few men now writing to whom we may look for fiction which will continue to be read for its convincing reflection of American life, as well as for its entertainment. His books, whatever they have not been up to this time, are sound in intention, and as clean and tonic as the woods from which they draw their inspiration. With time their author may be expected to develop larger constructive ability, and acquire that deeper understanding of the play of the emotions, especially of sex, which will enable him to interpret these with the delicacy and sureness which are essential to the command of universal sympathy.

Conjuror's House is a Hudson Bay trading post. Within the confines of this little, half civilised community of a few whites and some score of half-breeds and Indians, and all in two days, revenge; commercial allegiance to an employer, grown into a sort of fierce sentiment; obedience akin to fear; the inborn sense of independence; an elemental discrimination between right and wrong; and a love which casts everything else aside work out their ends. It is all boldly done, intense and rapid; there is no wasted word. In those two days a daughter of the Company meets a young free-trader who has been caught on the forbidden ground and brought a prisoner to the post; by his physical vigour, his half scornful courage, his moveless will, and his almost hopeless situation she is swept from the moorings of her convent training and worship of her autocratic old father, the head of the station; in contact with the

*Conjuror's House. By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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threat of a slow and horrible death which hangs over the young man's head she furnishes him with the means of escape, and knows then that she loves him. Behind these swift happenings is a chain of circumstances which illustrates how often we are proceeding in a circle when we believe that our path is direct and well known to us. A dramatic, if decidedly abrupt, crisis brings the strength and weakness of the three principal characters into high relief. I do not remember to have read another piece of fiction which makes more enticing certain aspects of the almost feudal life in that wild stretch of country to the north whose story might fittingly be written upon a beaver skin. Indeed, the perspective in which stands Mr. White's story offers hints of the masterful qualities and achievements of the men who were that country's actual rulers, of its austere yet always picturesque life, of the romance of its adventure which sharpen regret that he did not fill in the larger scheme upon which it seems that his book should have been built. Here we have but glimpses into the arches of the forest. The mighty Moose which whispers in summer to Virginia tells us but a small part of the secrets of the place whence it came. A journey that way either in the company of Galen Albret and his young wife before Albret became the factor of Conjuror's House, or with Ned Trent on the trail of his enemy, would have been well worth while with Mr. White for our guide and interpreter.

But it may not be all regrets for what is not in the story. The fact that we do look back is a tribute to the stimulation of the characters. Done largely in outline, they are definite, individual, suggestive. There is a strain of fine sentiment, as well as bone and muscle, in the hardy person of the free-trader which is awakened at the touch of Virginia, and which, with escape within his grasp, brings him back to what seems certain death. Virginia, illusive as she is at times, comes nearer to being a real woman than any feminine figure Mr. White has given us, with the possible exception of Molly in *The Westerners*. There are fine and unsuspected depths in the nature of the stern old factor, who, till the last almost, makes us believe that he lives only for the opportunity of the present. And there are some sketches in miniature of the voyageur which add a brighter touch of colour to the scene, a note of mingled gaiety and wistful reminiscence which speak much for Mr. White's understanding.

Churchill Williams.

V.

Mr. Oppenheim's "The Traitors."*

Of the various sorts of romantic stories, perhaps the most to be preferred is that which has the least pretence to historical truth of colour and background. In *The Traitors*, for instance, the plot and the telling, that is, the multiplicity of dramatic effects and the smoothness and rapidity with which these follow one upon another, are everything; no space is taken up with description—none is needed, for the action occurs in a principality called Theos, a kingdom invented for the occasion and inserted in the map of Europe for the Powers to plot against and quarrel over. The civilisation of Theos is mediæval, its people intensely aristocratic; they are great fighters and passionate patriots, cherishing their independence for the dearest thing they have, and maintaining it in spite of their insignificance in numbers and resources. But at the time the story opens they have been trying an experiment in government and their rulers are about to sell them out to the Czar, so that the time is ripe for the return of a descendant of their exiled royalty to step into the throne and fight the great battle for independence. He is Prince Ughtred of Tyrnaus, once the famous Captain Erlito of the English army—a soldier of fortune and a good fellow. His careless democracy is strange and out of place in Theos, and, while his soldierly qualities make him solid with the populace, his intimacy with an American capitalist and love for this millionaire's daughter raise up powerful enemies in the Duke Nicholas of Reist and the Duke's sister. In Walter Brand, an English newspaper man, the new king has, however, a most useful friend. Brand stands by him from first to last; his coolness and audacity in dealing with the in-

*The Traitors. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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triguing Russian minister, Domiloff, his indefatigable courage and equally unfailing cleverness—the whole inimitable part which this correspondent for the *Daily Courier* plays in the troublous situation of the little kingdom, makes him almost the hero of the novel, although the king is, nevertheless, the central figure. These characters, Ughtred, Nicholas, the Countess Marie, Hiram Van Decht and his daughter Sara, Domiloff and Walter Brand, are constantly in motion before the reader; there is a plentiful supply of generals, lawmakers and villagers—not too many but just the number to fill out the story; and, against a sufficient background amply suggesting the kind of place the kingdom of Theos is intended to be, the narrative moves swiftly and easily from encounter to encounter, from intrigue to intrigue, from passion to complication of passion, until the tumultuous train of events leads to a deadly war with the Turks—and the original complications thrown in.

So it may be seen that there is plenty of action in *The Traitors,* and that it contains the materials which make such novels popular and readable, and that it is cleverly written.

Carl Hovey.

VI.

Arthur Colton's "Tioba."*

Among the younger writers of fiction Arthur Colton holds definite position as master of a style thoroughly finished, contained and pregnant. His stories have not always the absorbing interest, the romantic quality, with which Robert W. Chambers invests his tales; their humour is more subtle, though none the less enjoyable, while, on the other hand, where Chambers now and again strikes you as a big boy plunging into and enjoying the adventure he describes—as his own hero for the time being—with inevitable dashes of a certain buoyant, don't-care amateurishness, Colton is always the artist observer, adding stroke upon stroke with the surest of sure pens, powerful, balanced, masterful, and often brilliant. In these days of slipshod work done and overdone by the horde of men, women and children who purvey fiction for the admirers of *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* an author who recalls the old traditions that there were once such things as good writing and good story-telling may well receive something more than passing comment; nor do I use the word "style" in an exclusive, much less in the slighting, sense with which current tendencies have come to invest it. Free from all affectation of "fine writing," Colton not only says well what he has to say, but he distinctly *has* it. Perhaps the story is not always the main thing, but it is never lacking, much less slighted or scorned.

Tioba is a collection of short tales that have appeared, for the most part, in different magazines. Naturally they are of varying merit, but none is poor or poorly written, and if I were inclined to criticise any severely, it would be because in such a collection one is prone to compare each with the best. That best is, in my opinion, *The Spiral Stone.* When I read this little sketch several years ago in *The Atlantic Monthly,* it struck me at once as being as nearly perfect in its line as a thing could well be. Atmosphere, feeling, originality, balance between what is said and what is suggested, all were there, set to the portrayal of an idea, the weird mystery of which needed but the slightest failing of either to carry it from a consummate bit of literature to a thing flat and commonplace. As for the other stories, personal taste goes for much, but "A Man for a' That," "The Green Grasshopper," "Enemies" and the title story seem to me to be especially worth reading.

Duffield Osborne.

*Tioba. By Arthur Colton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Third.—1848–1861.

The close of the first half of the nineteenth century marks a convenient moment for a backward glance. These fifty years which began with the consulship of the first Napoleon and closed on the eve of the third Napoleon's *coup d'état,* witnessed the rise and fall of more than one Napoleonic spirit in the realm of comic art. It was essentially a period of individualism, of the one-man power in caricature. Existing conditions forbade a logical and unbroken development of the political cartoon; it evolved only by fits and starts. It was often less an expression of the popular mood than a vehicle for personal enthusiasm or personal rancour; at the hands of just a few masters, it verged upon the despotic. At intervals, first in one country and then in another, a Gillray, a Rowlandson, a Daumier, would blaze forth, brilliant, erratic, meteor-like, leaving behind them a trail of scintillating suggestion, destined to fire some new fuse, to start caricature along some new curve of eccentricity. The importance of these fifty years, the lasting influence of these forerunners of the modern cartoonists, must not be underrated. Without the inspiration of their brilliant successes, and, it may also be added, the useful lessons of their errors and failures, the cartoon of to-day would be radically different, and probably greatly inferior to what it is. Above all, they taught, by two tremendous object lessons, the potent force that lies in pictorial satire—by the share which English cartoonists had in the overthrow of Napoleon I.; and which French cartoonists had in the downfall of Louis Philippe. But it was only with the advent of the modern comic weekly of the high type represented by *Punch* that it became possible to develop schools of caricature with definite aims and established traditions—schools that have tended steadily to eliminate and reject the old-time elements of vulgarity and exaggeration, to gain the increased influence that comes from sobriety of method and higher artistic excellence, and to hold erratic individuality in check. Few people who are not directly concerned in its making ever realise how essentially the modern caricature is a composite production. Take, for example, the big, double-page cartoon which has become such a familiar weekly feature in *Puck* or *Judge,* with its complicated group of figures, its suggestive background, its multitude of clever minor points; the germ idea has been picked out from perhaps a dozen others, as the result of careful deliberation, and from this starting point the whole design has been built up, detail by detail, representing the joint cleverness of the entire editorial staff. But the collaboration reaches further back than this. A political cartoon resembles in a way a composite photograph, which embodies not merely the superimposed features of the men who sat before the camera, but something also of the countless generations before them who have made their features what they are by transmitting from father to son something of their own personality. In the same way, the political cartoon of to-day is the product of a gradual evolution, mirroring back the familiar features of many a cartoon of the past. It is not merely an embodiment of the ideas of the satirists who suggested it and the artist

NOTE.—The fourth paper in this series will deal entirely with the American Civil War.

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UNCLE SAM'S TAYLORIFICS

THE MEXICAN COMMANDER ENJOYING THE PROSPECT OPPOSITE MATAMORAS.

Can I believe my spectacles? Dare these "Northern Barbarians" thus insult the "magnanimous Mexican Nation?" They have taken Texas—They grasp at Oregon—Now they lay their "rapacious hand" on Mexico! "God & Liberty!"—where is my friend, John Bull?

PUB. BY T.W. STRONG, 30 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

AMERICAN CARTOONS OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.
From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

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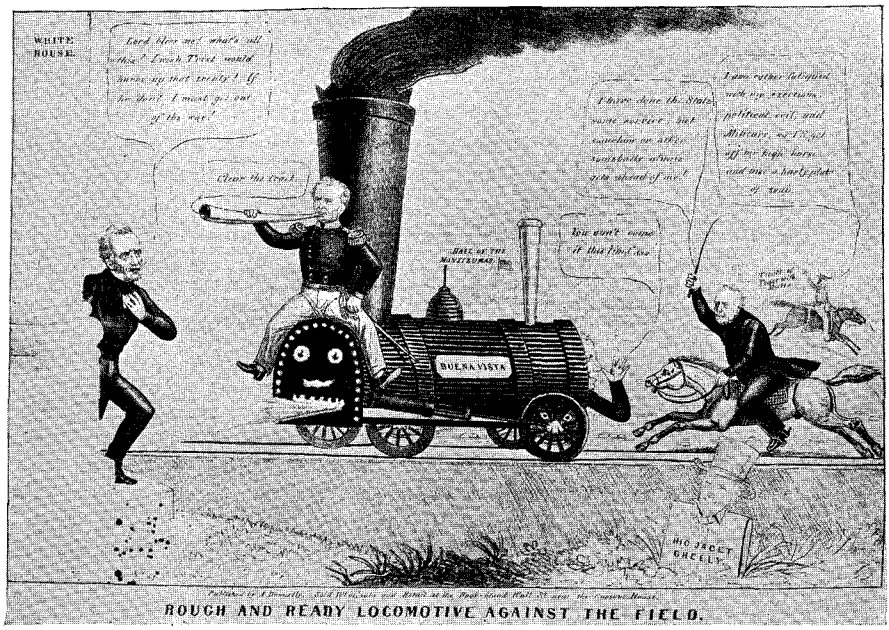
who drew it, but also of many a traditional and stereotyped symbol, bequeathed from generation to generation by artists dead and gone. The very essence of pictorial satire, its alpha and omega, so to speak, is symbolism, the use of certain established types, conventional personifications of Peace and War, Death and Famine and Disease, Father Time with his scythe, the Old Year and the New; the Russian Bear, the British Lion and the American Eagle; Uncle Sam and Columbia, Britannia and John Bull. These figures, as we have them to-day, cannot point to any one creator. They are not an inspiration of the moment, a stroke of genius, like Daumier's "Macaire" or Travies's "Mayeux." They are the product of a century of evolution, a gradual survival of the fittest, resulting from the unconscious natural selection of popular approval. No better specific instance can be taken than that of the familiar figure of John Bull as he appears from week to week in the contemporary pages of *Punch,* for his descent may be traced in an unbroken line—there are no missing links. No single British caricaturist, from Gillray to Du Maurier, can claim the credit for having invented him; yet each in his turn has contributed something, a touch here, a line there, toward making him what he is to-day. As Mr. Spielmann has pointed out, the earliest prototype of *Punch's* John Bull is to be sought in Gillray's conception of "Farmer George," that figured in a long series of malevolent caricatures depicting George III. as a gaping country lout, a heavy, dull-witted Yokel. There is no more curious paradox in the history of caricature than that this figure of "Farmer George," conceived in pure malice as a means of inspiring resentment against a king popularly believed to care more for his farmyard than for the interests of his subjects, should by gradual transition have come to be accepted as the symbolic figure of the nation. Yet the successive steps are easy enough to understand. When Gillray's point of attack had shifted from the throne of England to the throne of France, his type of "Farmer George" needed but slight modification to become a huge, ungainly ogre, the incarnation of British wrath against "Little Boney"—shaking a formidable fist at the coast of Calais, wading knee-deep across the channel, or greedily opening a cavernous jaw to take in a soul-satisfying meal of French frigates. But beneath the exag-



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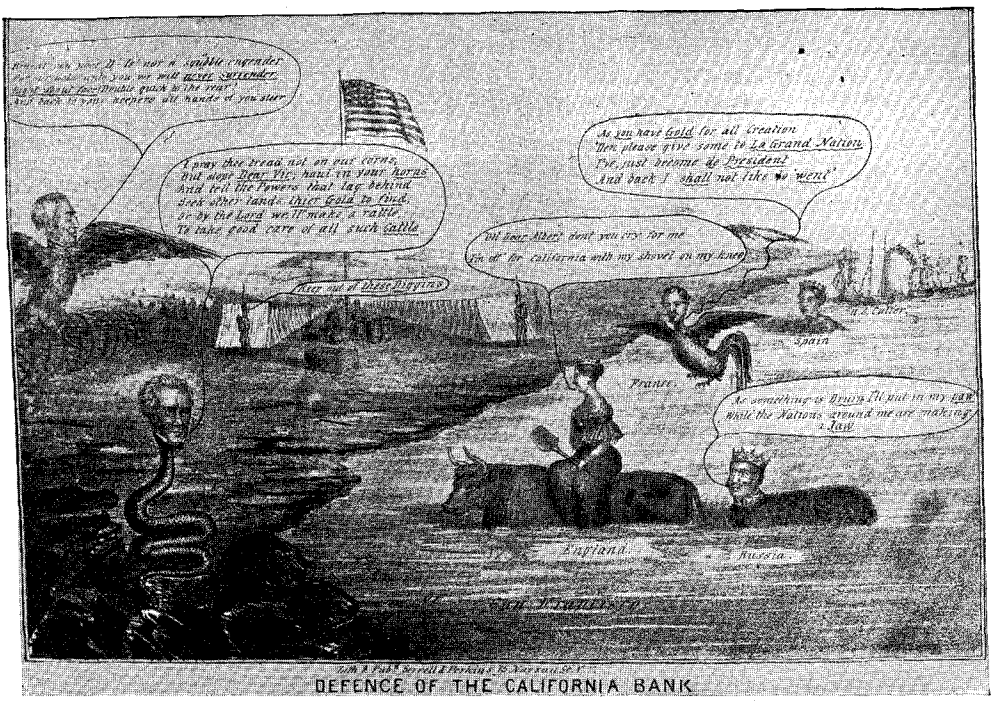
gerated ferocity of Gillray's extreme type, the idea of a farmer as the national figure is never quite lost sight of. In Gillray's later cartoons the conception of John Bull had already taken on a more consistent and definite form. At the



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hands of Rowlandson and Woodward he lost much of his uncouthness and began to assume a more benign and mellower aspect; a cartoon by the latter, entitled "Genial Rays," pictures him reclining luxuriously upon a bed of roses, basking in "the sun of patriotism," the image of agricultural contentment. A certain coarseness and vulgarity, however, clung to him until well down into the forties, when the refining touch of Leech and Tenniel gradually idealised him into the portly, choleric, well-to-do rural gentleman who is to-day such a familiar figure the world over. This type of John Bull as the representative Briton once called forth some thoroughly characteristic comments from John Ruskin. "Is it not surely," he asks, "some overruling power in the nature of things, quite other than the desire of his readers, which compels Mr. Punch, when the squire, the colonel and the admiral are to be at once expressed, together with all that they legislate or fight for, in the symbolic figure of the nation, to present the incarnate Mr. Bull always as a farmer—never as a manufacturer or shopkeeper?" Such a view on the part of Mr. Ruskin is consistent with his life-long insistence upon literal truth in art. But he was obviously mistaken when he questioned that John Bull is the deliberate choice of the British public. The average Englishman, whether soldier or sailor, statesman, merchant or manufacturer, approves and enjoys the pleasant fiction that the representative type is a good, old-fashioned country gentleman, conservative and rather insular, a supporter of landed interests, a patron of country sports; in short, one who lives his life close to his native soil, who seems to personify the rolling down, the close-clipped hedge, the trim garden-plot, the neat thatched roof, things which typify England the world over.

Not only are most of the accepted symbolic figures—John Bull, Uncle Sam and the rest—what they are because they meet

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"THE ONLY LAMPS AUTHORISED TO LIGHT THE PATH OF THE GOVERNMENT." BY VERNIER IN "CHARIVARI."

with popular approval, but no cartoonist to-day could venture upon any radical departure from the established type—a bearded John Bull, a smooth-shaven Uncle Sam—without calling down public disfavour upon his head. If one stops to think of it, our own accepted national type, the tall, lank, awkward figure, the thin, angular Yankee face with a shrewd and kindly twinkle in the eye, is even less representative of the average American than John Bull is of the average Briton. It is interesting to recall that before the Civil War our national type frequently took the form of a Southerner—regular—in the pages of *Punch*. To-day, in England and in America, there is but one type of Uncle Sam, and we would not tolerate a change. It may be that in the gaunt, loose-knit frame, the strong and rugged features we recognise a kinship to that sterling and essentially American type of man which found its best exponent in Lincoln, and that this is the reason why Uncle Sam has become the most universally accepted and the best beloved of all our conventional types.

It was only natural that caricature, like every other form of free expression of opinion, should feel the consequences of the general political upheaval of 1848; and these consequences differed widely in the different countries of Europe, according to the degree of civic liberty which that revolutionary movement had effected. In Germany, for example, it resulted in the establishment of a whole group of comic weeklies, with a license for touching upon political topics quite unprecedented in that land of imperialism and censorship. In France, on the contrary, political caricature came to an abrupt close just at a time when it had begun to give promise of exceptional interest. Louis Napoleon, who owed his elevation to the presidency of the republic chiefly to the popular belief in his absolute harmlessness, developed a most unexpected and disconcerting strength of character. His capacity for cunning and unscrupulousness was yet to be learned; but a feeling of distrust was already in the air, and the caricaturists were quick to reflect it. Louis Napoleon, however, was keenly alive to the deadly harm wrought to his predecessor by Philipon's pictorial sharp-shooters, and he did not propose to let history repeat itself by holding him up to public ridicule, after the fashion of the poor old "Poire," the citizen king. Accordingly the *coup d'état* was hardly an accom-

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND MADAME FRANCE.

"Deign to accept my arm."
"Monsieur, your passion is entirely too sudden. I have no faith in it."
By Daumier in "Charivari."

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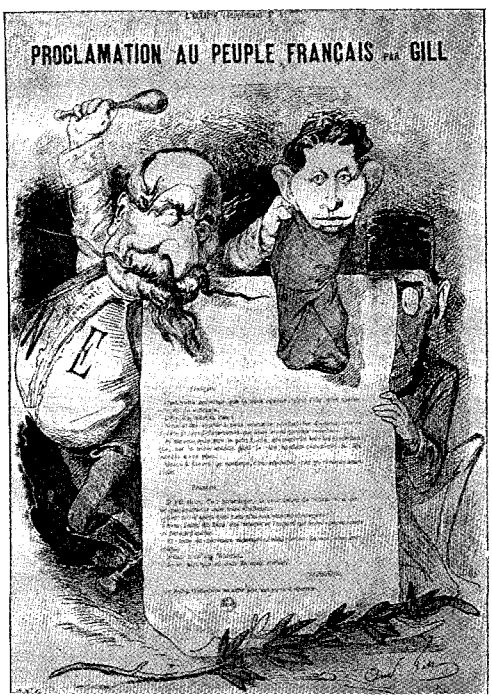
plished fact when press laws were passed of such a stringent nature that the public press, and pictorial satire along with it, was reduced to a state of vassalage, dependent upon the imperial caprice, a condition that lasted upward of fifteen years. Consequently, the few cartoons satirising Napoleon III. that emanate from French sources either belong to the closing years of his reign or else antedate the law of 1851, which denied trial by jury to all cases of infringement of the press laws. The latter cartoons, however, are of special interest, for they serve to throw important light upon the popular state of mind just prior to the famous *coup d'état.*

The majority of these cartoons appeared in the pages of *Charivari,* and some of the best are due to the caustic pencil of Charles Vernier. A good specimen of this artist's work is a lithograph entitled "The Only Lamps Authorised for the Present to Light up the Path of the Government," showing Louis Napoleon marching along sedately, his hands clasped behind his back and his way illuminated by three lantern bearers. The lanterns are, respectively, *La Patrie du Soir, Le Moniteur du Soir* and *La Gazette de France,* newspapers then in favour with the government. Just in front of Louis Napoleon, however, may be seen a dark and ominous manhole. Another of Vernier's cartoons is called "The Shooting Match in the Champs Elysées." The target is the head of the Constitution surmounting a pole. Napoleon is directing the efforts of the contestants. "The man who knocks the target over completely," he is saying, "I will make my Prime Minister." The contrast between the great Napoleon and the man whom Victor Hugo liked so to call "Napoleon the Little" suggested another pictorial effort of Vernier. A veteran of the Grand Army is watching the coach of the state passing by Napoleon holding the reins. "What! That my Emperor!" exclaims the veteran shading his eyes. "Those rascally Englishmen, how they have changed my vision!" The methods by which Louis Napoleon obtained his election first as President for ten years, and secondly as Emperor of the French, were satirised in *Charivari* by Daumier in a cartoon called "Les Aveugles" (The Blind). In the centre of this cartoon is a huge ballot jar marked "Universal Suffrage." Around this the sightless voters are laboriously groping.

Many were the designs by which Daumier in *Charivari* satirised Louis Napoleon's flirtation with the French republic. In one of them the Prince, bearing a remote resemblance in manner and in dress to Robert Macaire, is offering the lady his arm. "Belle dame," he is saying, "will you accept my escort?" To which she replies coldly: "Monsieur, your passion is entirely too sudden. I can place no great faith in it."



LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PROCLAMATION. BY GILL.

Pictorial expressions of opinion regarding the "great crime" of 1851, which once more replaced a republic with an empire, must be sought for outside of France. But there was one subject at this time upon which even the strictest of edicts could not enforce silence, and that was the subject of Napoleon's marriage to Eugenie. The Emperor's Spanish bride was never popular, not even during the first years of the Second Empire, before she began to meddle with affairs of state; and in many incisive ways

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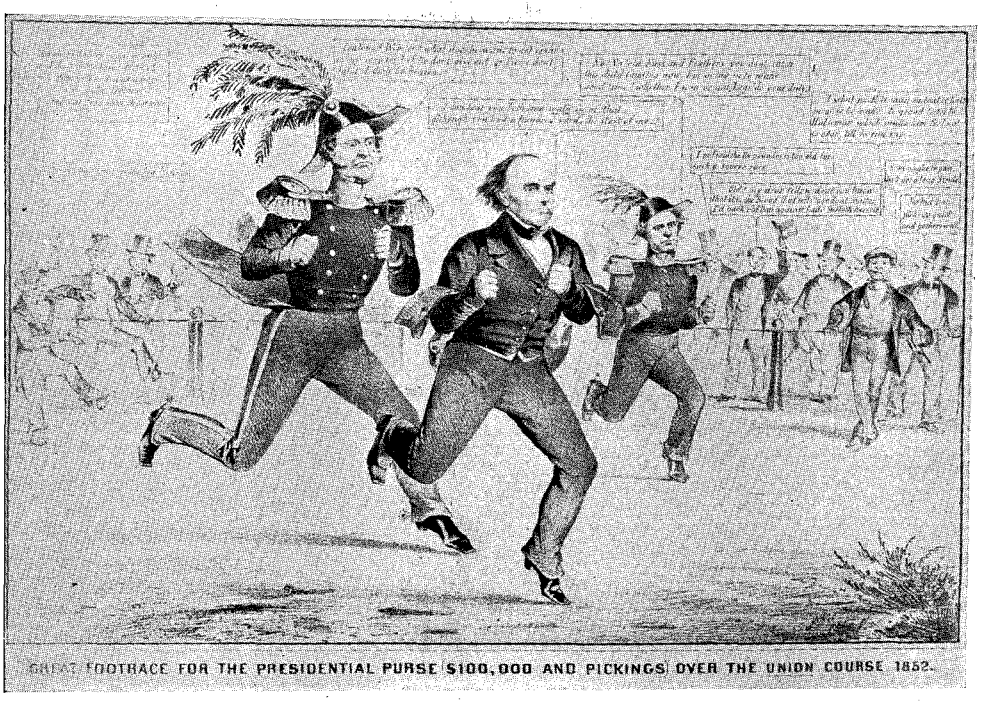

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the Parisians heaped ridicule upon her. A curious little pamphlet with text and illustrations about the new Empress was sold in Paris at the time of the marriage. This pamphlet was entirely complimentary and harmless. The biting humour of it was on the title-page, which the vendors went about crying in the streets: "The portrait and virtues of the Empress, all for two sous!" But for a frank expression of what the world thought of the new master of the destinies of France, it is necessary to turn to the contemporary pages of *Punch*. The "London Charivari" was at this time just entering upon its most glorious epoch of political caricature. John Leech, one of the two great English cartoonists of the past half century, had arrived at the maturity of his talent; the second, John Tenniel, was destined soon to join the staff of *Punch* in place of Richard Doyle, who resigned in protest against the editorial policy of attacking the Roman Catholic Church. Both of these artists possessed a technical skill and a degree of artistic inspiration that raised them far above the level of the mere caricaturist. And as it happened, the world was entering upon a long succession of stormy scenes, destined to furnish them with matter worthy of their pencils. After forty years of peace, Europe was about to incur an epidemic of war. The clash between Turkey and Russia in 1853 was destined to assume international proportions in the Crimean War; England's troubles were to be augmented by the revolt of her Indian mercenaries; the Russian war was to be closely followed by another between France and Austria; by the enfranchisement of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic; the bitter struggle between Prussia and Austria; and the breaking up of the Confederation of the Rhine, with the Franco-Prussian War looming up in the near future. It was on the threshold of such troublous times, and as if prophetic of the end of European tranquillity, that Leech signalised the accession of Napoleon III. as Emperor with the significant cartoon, "France is Tranquil!!!" Poor France cannot well be otherwise than tranquil, for Mr. Leech depicts her bound hand and foot, a chain-shot fastened to her feet and a sentry standing guard over her with a bayonet. The artist soon followed this up with another cartoon, evidently suggested by the initial plate of "The Rake's Progress," by Hogarth.

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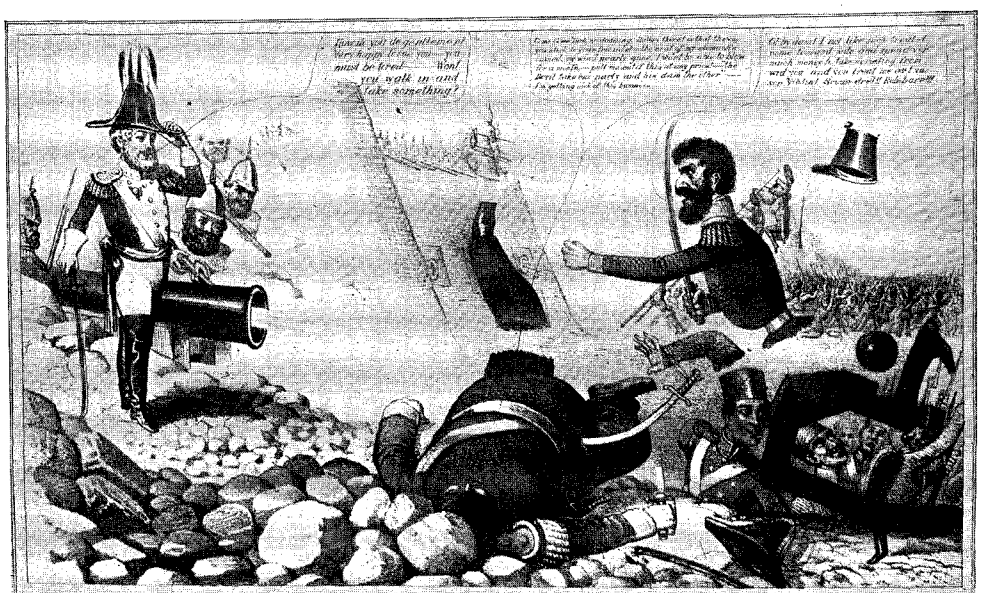
The Prince President, in the character of the Rake, has just come into his inheritance, and has cast aside his former mistress, *Liberté,* to whom he is offering money, her mother (France) standing by, an indignant witness to the scene. His military tailor is measuring him for a new imperial uniform, while behind him a priest (in allusion to the financial aid which the Papal party was receiving from Napoleon) is helping himself from a plate of money standing beside the President. On the floor is a confused litter of swords, knapsacks, bayonets, crowns, crosses of the Legion of Honour, the *Code,* Napoleon, and other miscellaneous reminders of Louis's well-known craze on the subject of his uncle and his uncle's ideas. Mr. Tenniel's early cartoons of Louis Napoleon are scarcely more kindly. The Emperor's approaching marriage is hit off in one entitled "The Eagle in Love," in which Eugenie, represented with the most unflattering likeness, is employed in paring the imperial eagle's talons. In 1853, Tenniel depicts an "International Poultry Show," where we see among the entries a variety of eagles—the Prusian eagle, the American eagle, the two-headed Russian and Austrian eagles—and among them a wretched mongrel, more closely akin to a bedraggled barn-door fowl than to the "French Eagle" which it claims to be. Queen Victoria, who is visiting the show, under escort of Mr. Punch, remarks: "We have nothing of that sort, Mr. Punch; but should there be a *lion* show, we can send a specimen!!"

The grim struggle of the Crimean War for a time checked Mr. Punch's attacks upon Napoleon III. and turned his attention in another direction. Although the war cloud in the East was assuming portentous dimensions, there were many in England, the Peace Society, the members of the peace-at-any-price party, with Messrs. Bright and Cobden at their head, and most conspicuous of all the Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, who deliberately blinded themselves to the possibility of war. It was for the enlightenment of these gentlemen that Mr. Leech designed his cartoon "No Danger," representing a donkey eloquent in his stolid stupidity, tranquilly braying in front of a loaded cannon. In still another cartoon Lord Aberdeen himself is placidly smoking "The Pipe of Peace" over a brimming barrel of gunpowder. John Bull, however, has already become wide awake to the danger, for he is nailing the



TURKEY, JOHN BULL & MONSIEUR FROG-EATER IN A BAD FIX.

AN AMERICAN CARTOON ON THE CRIMEAN WAR.

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Russian eagle to his barn door, remarking to his French neighbour that *he* won't worry the Turkies any more. At this time England had begun to watch with growing jealousy the cordial *entente* between Russia and Austria, for the Emperor Nicholas was strongly suspected of viding a bottle of port between them. "Now then, Austria," says Nicholas, "just help me finish the Port(e)." Meanwhile, hostilities between Turkey and Russia had begun, and the latter had already received a serious setback at Oltenitza, an event commemorated by Ten-

PROGRAMME OF A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE GIVEN BY THE FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

having offered to Austria a slice of his prospective prize, Turkey. This rumour forms the basis of an effective cartoon by Leech, "The Old 'Un and the Young 'Un," in which the Russian and Austrian Emperors are seated at table genially di-

niel in his cartoon of "A Bear with a Sore Head." In spite of his blind optimism, Lord Aberdeen was by this time finding it decidedly difficult to handle the reins of foreign affairs. One of the best satires of the year is by Tenniel, entitled

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"The Unpopular Act of the Courier of St. Petersburg," depicting Aberdeen performing the dangerous feat of driving a team of vicious horses. The mettlesome leaders, Russia and Turkey, have already taken the bit between their teeth, while Austria, catching the contagion of their viciousness, is plunging dangerously. This cartoon was soon followed by another still more notable, entitled "What It Has Come To," one of those splendid animal pictures in which John Tenniel especially excelled. It shows us the Russian bear, scampering off in the distance, while in the foreground Lord Aberdeen is clinging desperately to the British lion which has started in mad pursuit, with his mane erect and his tail stiffened like a ramrod; the lion plunges along dragging behind him the terrified premier, who is gasping out that he can no longer hold him and is forced to "let him go." At the same time Mr. Leech also represented pictorially Lord Aberdeen awakening to the necessity of war in his "Bombardment of Odessa." The cartoon is in two parts, representing respectively the English Premier and the Russian Emperor reading their morning paper. "Bombardment of Odessa," says Aberdeen! "Dear me, this will be very disagreeable to my imperial friend." "Bombardment of Odessa," says Nicholas; "confound it! This will be very annoying to dear old Aberdeen!" In the following November the British victory of Inkermann, won against almost hopeless odds, was witnessed by two members of the Russian imperial family. Leech promptly commemorated this fact in his picture of "The Russian Bear's Licked Cubs, Nicholas and Michael." The cartoon entitled the "Bursting of the Russian Bubble" appeared in Punch, October 14th, 1854, just after the battle of the Alma had taken place and part of the Russian fleet had been destroyed by the English and French ships at Sebastopol. This cartoon is by the hand of Leech. The Russian Emperor, Nicholas I., had boasted of the "irresistible power" which was to enable him to overthrow the allied forces gathered in the Crimea, and here the artist shows very graphically the shattering of this "irresistible power" and of the "unlimited means." Of all the cartoons which Leech produced there is none which enjoys a more enduring fame than the one entitled "General Février Turned Traitor." Certainly no other in the whole series of Crimean War cartoons appearing in *Punch* compares with it in power. Yet splendid and effective as it is there is in it a cruelty worthy of Grandville or Gillray, and when it appeared it caused a shudder to run through all England. The

"GENERAL FÉVRIER" TURNED TRAITOR.

"Russia has Two Generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier and Février."—*Speech of the late Emperor of Russia.*

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BURSTING OF THE RUSSIAN BUBBLE.

Russian Emperor had boasted in a speech on the subject of the Crimean War that whatever forces France and England might be able to send to the front, Russia possessed two generals on whom she could always rely, General Janvier, and General Février. In other words, Nicholas I. cynically alluded to the hardship of the Russian winter, on which he counted to reduce greatly by death the armies of the allies in the Crimea. But toward the end of the winter, the Emperor himself died of pulmonary apoplexy, after an attack of influenza. In a flash, Leech seized upon the idea. *General Février had turned traitor.* Under this title, the cartoon was published by *Punch* in its issue of March 10th, 1855. General Février (Death in the uniform of a Russian general) is placing his deadly hand on the breast of Nicholas, and the icy cold of the Russian winter—the ally in whom the Emperor had placed his trust—has recoiled upon himself. The tragic dignity and grim significance of this cartoon made a deep impression upon Ruskin, who regarded it as representing in the art of caricature what Hood's "Song of the Shirt" represents in poetry. "The reception of the last-named wood cut," he says, "was in several respects a curious test of modern feeling. . . . There are some points to be regretted in the execution of the design, but the thought was a grand one; the memory of the word spoken and of its answer could hardly in any more impressive way have been recorded for the people; and I believe that to all persons accustomed to the earnest forms of art it contained a profound and touching lesson. The notable thing was, however, that it offended persons *not* in earnest, and was loudly cried out against by the polite journalism of Society. This fate is, I believe, the almost inevitable one of thoroughly genuine work in these days, whether poetry or painting; but what added to the singularity in this case was that *coarse* heartlessness was even more offended than polite heartlessness."

As was but natural, the Anglo-French alliance against Russia is alluded to in more than one of Mr. Punch's Crimean War cartoons. One of the earliest is a fine drawing by Tenniel of England and France typified by two fine specimens of Guards of both nations standing back to back in friendly rivalry of height, and Mr. Spielmann records in his *History of Punch* that the cut proved so popular that under its title of "The United Service" it was reproduced broadcast on many articles of current use and even served as

BROTHERS IN ARMS. THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH TROOPS IN THE CRIMEA.

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a decoration for the backs of playing cards. Still another cartoon, entitled "The Split Crow in the Crimea," represents England and France as two huntsmen, hard on the track of a wounded and fleeing two-headed bird! "He's hit hard!—follow him up!" exclaimed the huntsmen. In a French reproduction of this cartoon, which is to be found in Armand Dayot's *Le Second Empire,* "Crow" is amusingly translated as *couronne* (crown), and the publishers of *Punch* are given as "MM. Breadburg, Agnew, et Cie." Another cartoon of the same period is called "Brothers in Arms." It shows a British soldier carrying on his back a wounded French soldier, and a French soldier carrying on his back a wounded Englishman. The two wounded men are clasping hands. There is no better evidence of the utter dearth of French caricature at this period than the fact that M. Dayot, whose indefatigable research has brought together a highly interesting collection of pictorial documents of all classes upon this period of French history, could find nothing in the way of a cartoon in his own country and was forced to borrow from *Punch* the few that he reproduces.

THE BRITISH LION'S VENGEANCE ON THE BENGAL TIGER.

Among the crude American lithographs of this period the Crimean War was not forgotten. A rather rare cartoon, entitled "Turkey, John Bull and M. Frog-Eater in a Bad Fix," is especially interesting as an evidence that American sympathy during the war was in a measure on the Russian side. The Russian General Menchikoff is standing on the heights of Sebastopol looking down smilingly and serenely on the discomforted allies, saying: "How do you, gentlemen? Very happy to see you. You must be tired. Won't you walk in and take something?" John Bull, seriously wounded, is lying prostrate, bawling out: "Come, come, Turk, no dodging. Hulloa there! Is that the way you stick to your friends? The coat of my stomach is ruined, my wind nearly gone. I won't be able to blow for a month. Pull me out of this at any price! The devil take one party and his dam the other. I am getting sick of this business." By his side is the figure of a Frenchman just hit by a cannon-ball from one of the Russian guns, and crying out: "O! By damn! I not like such treat. I come tousand mile and spend ver much money to take someting from wid you, and you treat me as I vas von Villin! Scoundrel!! Robbare!!!"

In closing the subject of the Crimean War, it is worth while to call attention to one curious phase of the war as contained in the programme of a theatrical entertainment given by the French soldiers in the trenches of Sebastopol, December 23d, 1855. The programme is headed "The Little Comic Review of the Crimea." It

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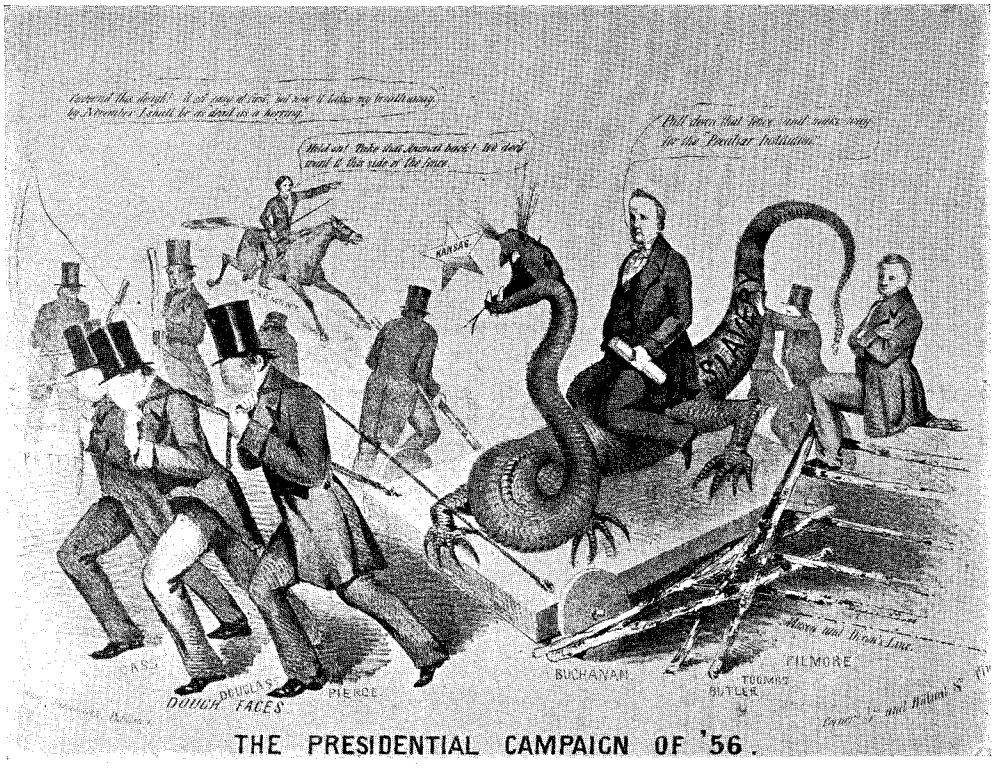
contains the announcement of the Tchernaia Theatre, which four days later is to present three dramatic pieces. The drawing is by Lucien Salmont.

One final echo of the struggle in the Crimea is found in another of Tenniel's graphic animal pictures, "The British Lion Smelled a Rat," which depicts an angry lion sniffing suspiciously at the crack of a door behind which is being held the conference which followed the fall of Sebastopol. But by far the most famous instance of Tenniel's work is his series of Cawnpore cartoons, the series bearing upon the Indian mutiny of 1857; and one of the finest, if not the very finest, of them all is that entitled "The British Lion's vengeance on the Bengal Tiger." It represents in the life work of Tenniel what "General Février Turns Traitor" stands for in the life work of John Leech. The subject was suggested to Tenniel by Shirley Brooks. It summed up all the horror and thirst for revenge which animated England when the news came of the treacherous atrocities of the Sepoy rebels. The Cawnpore massacre of women and children ordered by the infamous Nána Sáhib had taken place in June, and when this cartoon appeared in *Punch*, August 22d, 1857, England had just sent thirty thousand troops to India. In the picture the British lion is springing at the throat of the Bengal tiger, which is standing over the prostrate bodies of a woman and a child. The tiger, fearful of being robbed of its prey, is snarling at the avenging lion. Another of the famous Cawnpore cartoons of Tenniel is descriptive of British vengeance on the Sepoy mutineers. The English troops were simply wild for revenge when the stories came to them of the atrocities which had been perpetrated on English women and children, and their vengeance knew no bounds. The Sepoys were blown from the mouths of the English cannon. It was the custom of the English soldiers to pile up a heap of Sepoys, dead or wounded, pour oil over them, and then set fire to the pile. The Tenniel cartoon, entitled "Justice," pub-



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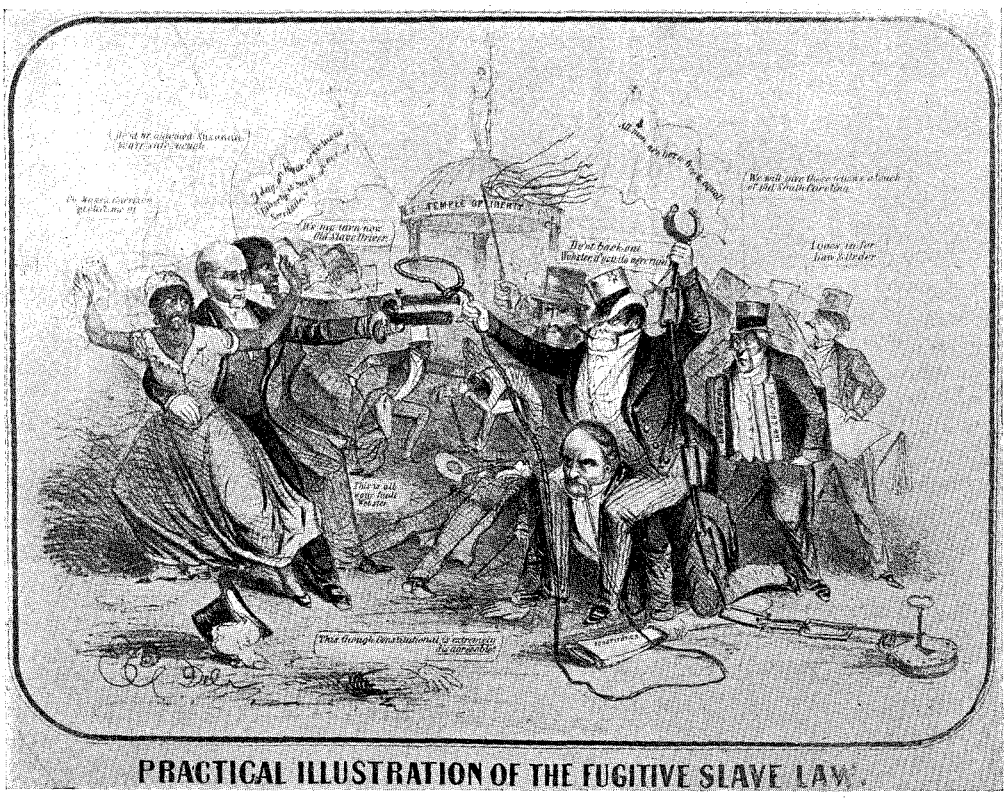
lished September 12th, 1857, shows the figure of justice with sword and shield cutting down the mutineers, while behind her are the British troops working destruction with their bayonets.

No sooner had the English-French alliance against Russia come to an end than *Punch* once more began to give expression to his disapproval of Napoleon. A hostile spirit toward Frenchmen was ingrained in the very nature of John Leech, and he vented it freely in such cartoons as his celebrated "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" in which the French cock, clad in the uniform of a colonel, is crowing lustily over the results of a war of which Great Britain had borne the brunt. Or again, in "Some Foreign Produce that Mr. Bull the direct cause of Thackeray's resignation from the staff of *Punch* in the winter of 1854. In a letter written in the following March, Thackeray explains that he had had some serious differences regarding the editorial policy of *Punch,* and more specifically about the abuse of Louis Napoleon which, he says, "I think and thought was writing unjustly at that time and dangerously for the welfare and peace of the country;" and he then adds the specific instance which prompted him to sever connections: "Coming from Edinburgh I bought a *Punch* containing the picture of a beggar on horseback, in which the Emperor was represented galloping to hell with a sword reeking with blood. As soon as ever I could,



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can very well Spare," a cut which includes French conspirators, vile French women, organ-grinders (Mr. Leech was abnormally sensitive to street noises) and other objectionable foreign refuse. It is interesting in this connection to note that Leech's hostility to Louis Napoleon was after my return, I went to Bouverie Street and gave in my resignation." Thackeray's act had no influence upon the policy of *Punch.* Leech's cartoons grew steadily more incisive in character. One of the most extraordinary is that known as "The French Porcupine." It repre-

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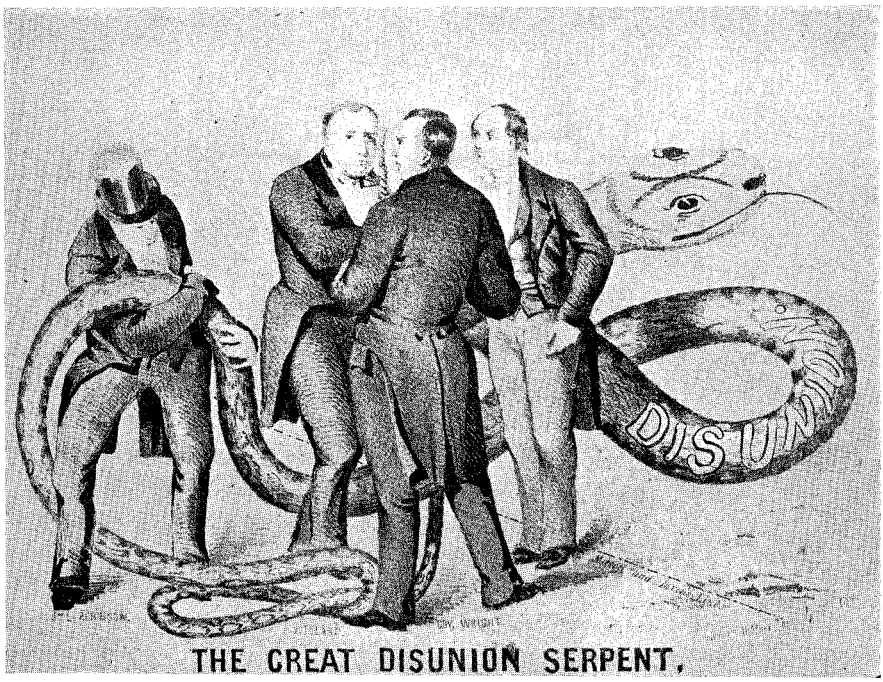

THE GREAT DISUNION SERPENT.

From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

sents Napoleon III. as a porcupine, bristling with French bayonets in place of quills. One of Napoleon's favourite sayings was "L'Empire c'est la paix." But this saying was very often contradicted by events, and the first ten years of his occupation of the French throne showed France embroiled in the Crimean War and the war with Austria. In preparation for the latter conflict a large increase was being made in the French military armament; and Leech seized upon the Emperor's dictum only to express his scepticism. The cartoon appeared in March, 1859. As a matter of fact the idea in this cartoon had previously been used in another called "The Puppet Show," published in June, 1854, depicting the Czar Nicholas in a manner closely similar; yet Mr. Spielmann, who notes this fact, adds that Mr. Leech had probably never seen, or else had forgotten, the earlier caricature. This "French Porcupine" is cited as an instance of Leech's extraordinary speed in executing a cartoon directly upon the wooden block. The regular *Punch* dinner had that week been held a day late. "Every moment was precious, and Leech proposed the idea for the cartoon, drew it in two hours, and caught his mid-day train on the following day, speeding away into the country with John Tenniel for their usual Saturday hunt." It was during this same year, 1859, at the close of the war which humbled Austria and forced her to surrender Venetia to Sardinia, that Leech voiced the suspicion that Louis was casting longing eyes upon Italian territory in a cartoon entitled "A Scene from the New Pantomime." Napoleon III. here figures as a clown, a revolver in his hand, a goose labelled Italy protruding from his capacious pocket. He is earnestly assuring Britannia, represented as a stout, elderly woman, eyeing him suspiciously, that his intentions are strictly honourable.

In this country the political cartoon, which practically began with William Charles's parodies upon Gillray, developed in a fitful and spasmodic fashion until about the middle of the century. Their basis was the Gillray group of many figures, and they had also much of the Gillray coarseness and indecency, with a minimum of artistic skill. They were mostly lithographs of the crudest sort, designed to pass from hand to hand or to be tacked up on the wall. It was not until the first administration of An-

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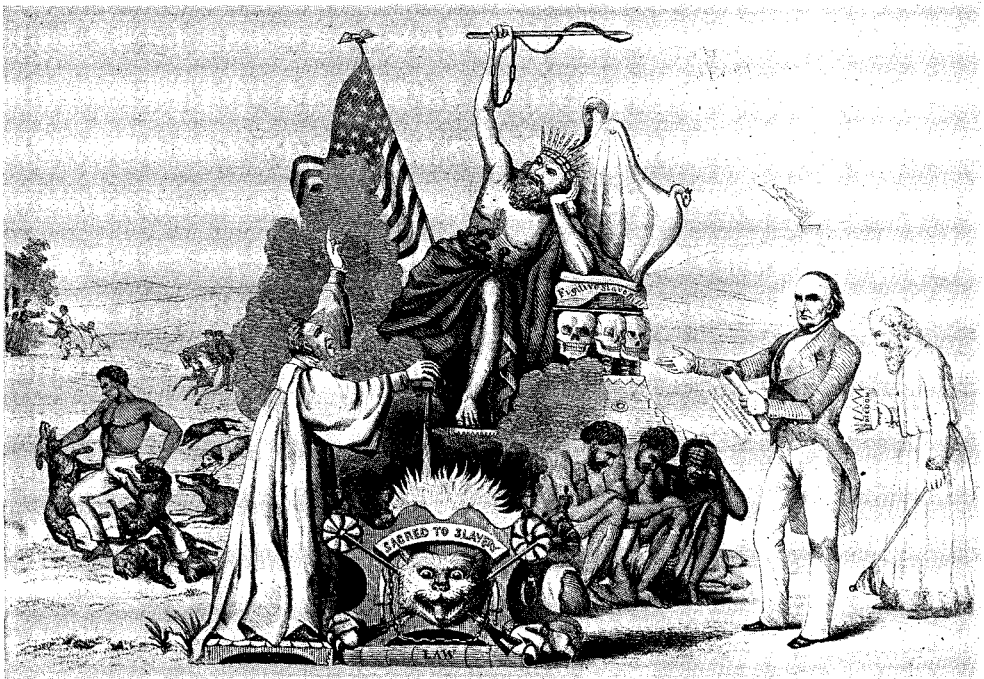
drew Jackson that a school of distinctly American political caricature can be said to have existed. It was in 1848 that the firm of Currier and Ives, with an office in Nassau Street in New York City, began the publication of a series of campaign caricatures of sufficient merit to have been a serious factor in influencing public opinion. Crude as they are, these lithographs are exceedingly interesting to study in detail. They tell their story very plainly, even apart from the legends enclosed in the huge balloon-like loops issuing from the lips of each member of the group—loops that suggest a grotesque resemblance to a soap-bubble party on a large scale. There is an amusing stiffness about the figures. They stand in such painfully precise attitudes that at a little distance they might readily be mistaken for some antiquated fashion plates. The faces, however, are in most cases excellent likenesses; they are neither distorted nor exaggerated. The artists are sadly behind the times in turning the use of the loop which Continental cartoonists discarded much earlier, were quite up to date in adopting the method of the elder Doyle, whose great contribution to caricature was that of drawing absolutely faithful likenesses of the statesmen he wished to ridicule, relying for the humour of the cartoon upon the situation in which he placed them. It was only natural that the events of the Mexican War should have inspired a number of cartoons. One of these is entitled "Uncle Sam's Taylorifics," and shows a complacent Yankee coolly snipping a Mexican in two with a huge pair of shears. One blade bears the inscription "Volunteers," and the other "General Taylor." The Yankee's left arm is labelled "Eastern States," the tail of his coat "Oregon," his belt "Union," his left leg "Western States," and his right leg, which he is using vigorously on the Mexican, "Southern States," and the boot "Texas." Below the discomforted Mexican yawns the Rio Grande. Behind the Yankee's back John Bull—a John Bull of the type introduced by William Charles during the War of 1812—is looking on enviously.

American national feeling on the subject of the European Powers deriving



"NO HIGHER LAW."

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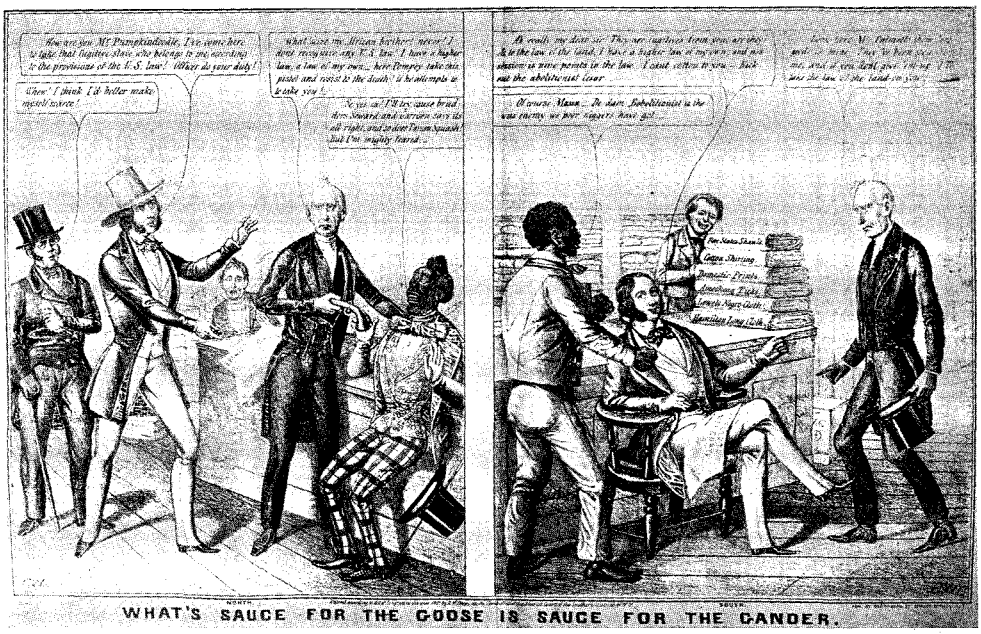
benefit from the discovery of gold in California is illustrated by a cartoon which shows the United States ready to defend her possessions by false alarms. The various Powers have crossed the sea and are very near to our coast. Queen Victoria, mounted on a bull, is in the lead. She is saying: "Oh, dear Albert, don't you cry for me. I'm off for California with my shovel on my knee." Behind her is the figure of Russia, saying: "As something is Bruin, I'll put in my paw, while the Nations around me are making a Jaw." Louis Napoleon, who at the time had just been elected President of the French, is drawn in the form of a bird. He is flying over the heads of Victoria and Russia, and singing: "As you have gold for all creation, den please give some to La Grand Nation. I have just become de President, and back I shall not like to went." In the distance may be seen Spain, and beyond the United States fleet. Along the shore stretches the tents of an American army. Ominously coiled up on the rocks is the American rattlesnake with the head of President Taylor. Back of the camp is a battery of American guns directed by the American eagle, which wears the head of General Scott, saying: "Retreat, you poor d——s! Nor a squabble engender, for our Gold unto you we will never surrender. Right about face! Double quick to the rear! And back to your keepers all hands of you steer."

The presidential election of 1852 was cartooned under the title "Great Foot Race for the Presidential Purse ($100,000 and Pickings) Over the Union Course, 1852." The Whigs, encouraged by their success with General Taylor, put forth another military officer, General Scott, as their candidate, but in this cartoon Daniel Webster is shown to be well in the lead and receiving the plaudits of most of the spectators. Behind him is Scott, and a little way back is Franklin Pierce, who proved the ultimate winner. "I can beat you both, and walk in at that, although you had a hundred yards the start of me," is Webster's conviction. "Confound Webster!" cries Scott. "What does he want to get right in my way for? If he don't give out, or Pierce don't faint, I shall be beaten." "No, no, old Fuss and Feathers," retorts Pierce, "you don't catch this child fainting now. I am going to make good time! Whether I win or not, Legs, do your duty."



WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

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Caricature dealing with the presidential campaign of 1856 is represented

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by the cartoon called "The Presidential Campaign of '56." Buchanan, who proved the successful candidate, is mounted on a hideous monster resembling a snake, and marked "Slavery." The monster is being wheeled along on a low, flat car drawn by Pierce, Douglas and Cass. A star bearing the word "Kansas" is about to disappear down the monster's throat. In the distance Fremont, on horseback, is calling out: "Hold on! Take that animal back! We don't want it this side of the fence." Buchanan is saying, "Pull down that fence and make way for the Peculiar Institution." The fence in question is the Mason and Dixon's line. The faces of Cass, Douglas and Pierce, who are drawing along the monster, are obliterated—they are absolutely formless.

The evils of slavery from a Northern point of view are shown in a cartoon called "No Higher Law." King Slavery is seated on his throne holding aloft a lash and a chain. Under his left elbow is the Fugitive Slave Bill, resting on three human skulls. Daniel Webster stands beside the throne, holding in his hand the scroll on which is printed, "I propose to support that bill to the fullest extent—to the fullest extent." A runaway slave is fighting off the bloodhounds that are worrying him, and in the distance, on a hill, the figure of Liberty is toppling from her pedestal.

The cartoon "Practical Illustration of the Fugitive Slave Law" sums up very completely Abolitionist sentiment on the subject. The slaveholder, with a noose in one hand and a chain in the other, a cigar in his mouth and his top-hat decorated with the single star, which was the sign of the Southern Confederacy, is astride of the back of Daniel Webster, who is crawling on all fours. In Webster's left hand is the Constitution. "Don't back out, Webster," says the slaveholder. "If you do, we're ruined." The slave-woman who is being pursued has taken refuge with William Lloyd Garrison, of the Boston *Liberator,* who is saying: "Don't be alarmed, Susanna, you're safe enough." One of Garrison's arms is encircling the negress's waist, at the end of the other is a pistol. In the back of the picture is the Temple of Liberty, over which two flags are flying. On one flag we read: "All men are born free and equal;" on the other, "A day, an hour, of virtuous Liberty is worth an Age of servitude."

(*To be continued.*)

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EASY LESSONS IN FICTION

How to Write a Society Novel of the Bitterly Satirical Epigrammatic School.

There is very little pecuniary profit in fiction of this school, but to the young novelist of independent means it offers such generous rewards in social prestige and the adoration of those deserving women who are on the lookout for adolescent genius that I feel justified in commending it to the serious consideration of the idle. To be really successful as a writer of brilliant society epigram, the young beginner should be the possessor of a large, airy room, well lighted from the north and handsomely adorned with skins, rugs, tapestries and carved furniture. He will remember to call this room his "studio," to write only on one side of the paper, and to enclose an abundance of return postage stamps.

Thus equipped, the young novelist may set about his work, remembering that the path that he has chosen leads not to wealth but to the spot prepared for him in the Hall of Fame by a generous press, which will literally teem with notices of him in every one of its departments.

The literary editor will say of him: "Mr. Herbert Fenwyck-Tantrum, one of the most brilliant writers of rapier-like epigram that this country has produced, gives us another taste of his quality as a satirist in his new novel, *Koko,* the scene of which is laid in the most exclusive circles of New York society. In this book the author, with a brilliancy and daring that must command the admiration of even those whom he flagellates with his wit, has sketched certain characters in such a way that those familiar with the very best social circles cannot fail to recognise them. The book abounds in caustic epigrams, clever bits of description and scarcely veiled allusions to certain recent happenings in the smart set. Never before has the author been more happy in that peculiar etching of human character which has always been his forte."

The society editor will say of him: "Mr. Herbert Fenwyck-Tantrum, the author of the brilliant novel of modern society, *Koko,* has been entertained continuously since his arrival in Bar Harbour. Yesterday Mrs. Quick Push, who is spending a fortnight here on her social march between Watch Hill and Newport, entertained him at dinner at 'The Seaweeds,' which she has leased for her short stay. To-morrow he will read a paper on municipal politics before the Ladies' Political League of Non-voters, and on Friday he will be a guest of honour at the special meeting of the Saturday Morning Club. On this occasion he will deliver an address about himself, describing his entire literary career and telling how he came to write such a brilliant novel as *Koko.*"

The dramatic editor will say: "An event of unusual importance this season will be the first production on any stage of Mr. Herbert Fenwyck-Tantrum's dramatisation of his own brilliantly successful novel, *Koko,* which is scheduled by Manager Frohman for the 21st instant. The demand for tickets for the first representation of this, the author's first play, far exceeds the capacity of the house, and it is expected that the audience will be made up chiefly from members of the fashionable, intellectual and literary set to which Mr. Fenwyck-Tantrum belongs."

In addition to these pæans of praise the editor of the "Fashions in Men's Clothes" column will record the growing popularity of the "Koko cuff" and the "Fenwyck-Tantrum lounging coat," while the engagement of Barker, the author's valet, to the French maid of Mrs. Pushton will be chronicled in the "Upper West Side Society Notes."

It is, indeed, a gorgeous picture of literary achievement and fame that fancy has painted, and none the less pleasant because its realisation lies within the grasp of almost any young man of average ability, for the mere writing of an epigrammatic novel is a very simple matter.

The young beginner who is really in earnest must not lose sight of the fact that in order to write about society he must be very sarcastic. For that purpose he should never take up his pen without assuming the "hall bedroom sneer," by which I mean the peculiar attitude of

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mind of those philosophers who dwell in cheap boarding houses and ask one another with a knowing wink whether Mrs. Willie Winklesop will be long away from Newport now that Tommy Tipton has taken rooms there for the summer. The very house shakes as these philosophers shudder at the mere idea of their demeaning themselves by allowing their sisters or aunts to sit at the same table with such a creature as Mrs. Willie; their voices break with emotion as, with solemnly wagging heads, they deplore the low ebb to which society has come "nowadays"—for all the world as if they had been familiar with it from infancy.

Safely ensconced in this sardonic frame of mind, the young epigrammatist may perfect himself in the polite art of reducing the hoary sayings of wise copy-books to idiocy, remembering always that a really brilliant flash of wit must be aimed at the sex that we love to regard as gentle. For example, to say that "A woman will turn her back upon the man she adores, if there be a looking-glass at the other end of the room," is to utter an epigram worthy of Heine; but to say that a man is aware of his good points, or that a hyena or a small boy or a parrot likes to look in the mirror, is but to court the cold sneer of contempt and indifference. The public is glad to believe that there is a touch of brilliant cynicism in even the clumsiest shaft that selects womankind as its intended target.

From the primitive beginning that I have indicated it is but a single step to the reversal of commonplace maxims, while the art of filling in the interstices with "the convincing touch of one born in the purple of exclusive society"—as some reviewer will have it—may be acquired in a single lesson, with a result like the following:

"'The good die old,' replied Lord Throgmorton to the remark of the curate.

"'Be happy and you'll not be good,' replied Lady Fenwick merrily as she buttered her hot muffin. Lady Fenwick was generally dull and uninteresting at the breakfast table, but this morning she was in her maddest, most brilliant mood and her dark eyes flashed with a hidden meaning as they rested for a moment on the handsome, well-groomed form of the handsome baronet who sat opposite to her.

"Sir Kit heard her and smiled slightly, as if he knew the motive and the sinister feeling that lay behind her bright persiflage. He paused a moment, and then made answer with the keen cynicism born of twenty years of London society: 'None but the brave deserve the unfair.'"

James L. Ford.

URBS DEVORATRIX

All the sorrow in the world,
All the blighted souls,
All who strive in the dark,
I, the green of the fields,
I, the freshness of the God-given winds,
I, the stretch of upland, the dip of valley,
Call, call to mine own.
My robbed breast cries,
My dry, hot eyes stare afar
To the dark city-gulf.
She, the scarlet wolf,
Has my beloved,
And lone I mourn through the whispering pines,
"May God restore."

Roscoe Crosby Gaige.

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FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS

IV. "VANITY FAIR."

In Thackerayana there is an anecdote of a distinguished German meeting Thackeray at a dinner in London and speaking of *Vanity Fair* as the book from which he learned to speak English. "And there," rejoined Thackeray, "is where I learned to write it." The anecdote may be apocryphal, but as it ought to be the absolute truth, we accept it as such. But in the writing of *Vanity Fair,* Thackeray learned more than mere style; he learned to temper his fondness for burlesque; he learned for the first time his own serious power. It was Michael Angelo Titmarsh who began the novel, who described the trivial incidents of Rebecca and the dictionary, the green silk purse and the evening at Vauxhall, and who drew the absurdly exaggerated portrait of the senile Sir Pitt Crawley; it was William Makepeace Thackeray who finished it and showed us Gaunt House and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley at her apogee, and preached his sermon over the death of poor old Sedley; and one can turn to the very chapter, the very page, the very paragraph, where the book passed from hand to hand:

> No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

In the contemporary criticism of a book such as *Vanity Fair,* it is useless to look for any very startling diversity of opinion. Long before it was completed in the monthly parts in which it originally appeared all England knew that a new star had arisen in the literary firmament. The reviewers in the main wrote somewhat guardedly; they were not ready to say right out that *Vanity Fair* was destined to take a place among the very great novels of all English literature; there was even some hesitation in hailing Thackeray as a serious rival to Dickens, but all knew that the book was no ordinary one, and united in sounding its praises. In after years they could adopt toward the author a different tone. They could take up *Pendennis,* for instance, and damn it, simply by saying how much better they considered *Vanity Fair.* In handling *The Adventures of Philip* one reviewer wrote that it was about time "the reading public tired of being led by the nose down another alley of Vanity Fair." But when *Vanity Fair* appeared it was practically the work of a "new man," for his contributions to *Punch* and *Frazer's* had won him a reputation which did not extend very far from Fleet Street, and *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* and *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* were read and appreciated only by the discerning few.

From the London *Times,* 1848:

> Mr. Thackeray's pathos has an effect that is really refreshing. It reminds one of the exquisite touches which occur in Fielding's *Amelia.*

From the *Spectator,* August 26th, 1848:

> Our impression is that the novel is distinguished by the more remarkable qualities which have created the reputation of the author—his keen perception of the weaknesses, vanities and humbug of society. *Vanity Fair* displays a depth, and at times a pathos, which we do not remember to have met with in Mr. Thackeray's previous writings; but, considered as a whole, it is rather a succession of connected scenes and characters than a well-constructed story. Both incidents and persons belong more to the sketch than the finished picture. Either from natural or long habits of composition, Mr. Thackeray seems to have looked at life rather by bits than as a whole. A half length here, a whole length there, a group in another place, a character or a clique with single actions or incidents belonging to them, have been studied, and transferred to paper with a humour, truth and spirit that have rarely been equalled. But something more than this is needed for a finished picture of human life.

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From the Edinburgh *Review* for January, 1848:

In forming our general estimate of this writer, we wish to be understood as referring principally, if not exclusively, to *Vanity Fair* (a novel in monthly parts), though still unfinished; so immeasurably superior, in our opinion, is this to every other known production from his pen. The great charm of this work is its entire freedom from mannerism and affectation, both in style and sentiment—the confiding frankness with which the reader is addressed—the thoroughbred carelessness with which the author permits the thoughts and feelings suggested by the situations to flow in their natural channel, as if conscious that nothing mean or unworthy, nothing requiring to be shaded, gilded or dressed up in company attire, could fall from him. In a word, the book is the work of a gentleman, which is one great merit; and not the work of a fine (or would-be fine) gentleman, which is another. Then, again, he never exhausts, elaborates or insists too much upon anything; he drops his finest remarks and happiest illustrations as Buckingham dropped his pearls, and leaves them to be picked up and appropriated as chance may bring a discriminating observer to the spot. His effects are uniformly the effects of sound, wholesome, legitimate art; and we need hardly add that we are never harrowed up with physical horrors of the Eugene Sue school in his writings, or that there are no melodramatic villains to be found in them. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and here are touches of nature by the dozen. His pathos (though not so deep as Mr. Dickens's) is exquisite; the more so, perhaps, because he seems to struggle against it, and to be half ashamed of being caught in the melting mood; but the attempt to be caustic, satirical, ironical or philosophical on such occasions is uniformly vain; and again and again we have found reason to admire how an originally fine and kind nature remains essentially free from worldliness and, in the highest pride of intellect, pays homage to the heart.

Frazer's Magazine, in a review of *Vanity Fair* (September, 1848), speaks of the time when Thackeray, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, was contributing the "Yellowplush Correspondence" to its pages, observing that, although he was now working in more open ground, he was "the same Michael Angelo still," with the same "grotesque exaggeration, with truth at the bottom; the same constitutional tendency for . . . turning the seamy side of society outwards.". "No author ever advanced so far in reputation without advancing further in novelty of enterprise. He has never gone out of himself from the beginning, nor out of those subjects over which he possesses so complete a mastery.

The follies, vices and meannesses of society are the game hunted down by Mr. Thackeray. He keeps almost exclusively amongst the middle classes; not the fashionable circles, but the people who ape them. The distinction is important, since it gives him a larger scope with less restriction. . . . We must always bear in mind that his Vanity Fair is not the Vanity Fair of the upper ranks, where a certain equanimity of breeding absorbs all crudities of character, but the Vanity Fair of the vulgar great, who have no breeding at all. Into this picture all sorts of portraits are freely admissible. There is nothing too base or too low to be huddled up in a corner of the canvas. . . . The life that is here painted is that of satiric farce, and it is the business of the artist to shew you all its deformities, its cringing affectations, its paltry pride, its despicable finery, its lying, treachery and penury of soul in the broadest light. . . . We must not quarrel with Mr. Thackeray, then, for not giving Rebecca Sharp an occasional twinge of remorse or tenderness, for not suffering paternal Osborne to undergo a twitch of misgiving, and for bringing together a company of fools and rogues who cannot muster up amongst them a single grain of sincerity or good feeling. . . . But there still remains the question—important to all art that addresses itself to the laudable business of scourging the foibles and criminalities of mankind—Is there any den of vice so utterly depraved, any round of intercourse so utterly hollow and deceitful, that there is not some redeeming feature lurking somewhere, under rags or tinsel? Are there not women, even in Vanity Fair, capable of nobler things than are here set down for them? Are they all schemers or *intrigantes,* world-wise, shuffling, perfidious, empty-headed? With the exception of poor Amelia, there is scarcely a woman in *Vanity Fair* from whom we would not shrink in private life as from a contagion. And Amelia goes but a short way to purify the foul atmosphere. If

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the author has made her patient and good . . . he has also made her a fool. . . .

The *Quarterly Review,* contrary to *Frazer's Magazine,* finds nothing grotesque nor exaggerated in Thackeray's portraitures. In its review of *Vanity Fair* (December, 1848) it says in part:

It is the reality which is at once the charm and the misery here. . . . We almost long for a little exaggeration and improbability to relieve us of the sense of dead truthfulness which weighs down our hearts, not for the Amelias and Georges of the story, but for poor kindred human nature. In one light this truthfulness is even an objection. With few exceptions the personages are too like our every-day selves and neighbours to draw any distinct moral from. We cannot see our way clearly. Palliation of the bad and disappointments in the good are continually obstructing our judgment by bringing what should decide it too close to that common standard of experience in which our only rule of opinion is charity. For it is only in fictitious characters which are highly coloured for one definite object, or in notorious personages viewed from a distance, that the course of the true novel can be seen to run straight—once bring the individual with his life and circumstances closely before you, and it is lost to the mental eye in the thousand pleas and witnesses, unseen and unheard before, which rise up to overshadow it. And what are all these personages in *Vanity Fair* but feigned names for our own beloved friends and acquaintances, seen under such a puzzling cross-light of good in evil and evil in good, of sins and sinnings against, of little-to-be-praised virtues and much-to-be-excused vices, that we cannot presume to moralise upon them—not even to judge them—content to exclaim sorrowfully with the old prophet: "Alas! my brother!"

The *Democratic Review* says in part (October, 1848):

There is no hero to this novel . . . but we have two heroines; sweet, kind, tender Amelia is certainly one; soft, yielding creature, she seems out of place in *Vanity Fair;* yet we do meet once in a while with such an exception. But the other is our favourite; Rebecca Sharp, clever, keen, pliant little Becky. What though she is heartless, selfish, designing, intriguing; we love her because she is talented, energetic—and successful.

The *Knickerbocker Magazine* (September, 1848) begins a review of *Vanity Fair* in this breezy fashion:

For acute observation and perception of the actions and motives of the English world; for humour keen and inexhaustible; for an exquisite sense of the burlesque and the *bizarre;* and for rare ability to portray those "persons and things" in which these characteristics are embodied and developed, commend us to Chawls - Yellowplush - Michael - Angelo - Titmarsh - Jeames - William - Makepeace Thackeray, Esquire, of "London Town," in Old England; and, moreover, commend us to his last work, the one now before us, as the best we have ever seen from his pen."

American Whig Review, October, 1848. Review of *Vanity Fair:*

If we wished to give an idea of Thackeray's writings to a person who had never read them, we should go to France for our first illustration; but it would be to French art, not French literature. No one who has ever been familiar with the pictured representations of Parisian life which embellish that repository of wicked wit, the *Charivari*—no one who knows *Les Lorettes, Les Enfans Terribles,* etc.—would think of applying to the designs of Gavarni and his brother artists the term *caricatures.* He would say: "There is no caricature about them; they are life itself." And so it is with Thackeray's writings; they present you with humorous sketches of real life—literal comic pictures—never rising to the ideal or diverging into the grotesque. Thus, while his stories are excellent as a collection of separate sketches, they have but moderate merit *as stories;* nor are his single characters great as single characters. Becky Sharp is the only one that can be called a first-rate hit. . . . But Thackeray never sets about a story of any length without having a will and a purpose. . . . He assaults all manner of social sham, humbug and flunkeyism, and gives it to them in a way that does you good to hear. . . . But some of the portraits are not fair even to Vanity Fair, and that of Sir Pitt, the elder Crawley, seems to us as positively unjust. . . . He is too bad to be a type of country baronets, or even of country squires; and though the high-life characters have bitter justice done them in most things, there is one point in which the men are a little wronged; *they swear too much.* . . . Becky Sharp is an original creation, not the repre-

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sentative of a class, though there are traits about her that remind you of several classes. . . . Put together a number of things the practice of which is not only allowable, but successful, in Vanity Fair, and what a devil of a woman you will make! Such, at least, is our idea of the *moral* and theory of Rebecca Crawley, *née* Sharp.

The London *Athenæum* took a pessimistic view of the moral effect of Thackeray's books. It said:

Why must Mr. Thackeray be always "going to the Fair?" is a question which will occur to many besides ourselves. His authorship seems in some danger of becoming a performance on one string; an execution of a long *fantasia* with several variations, but all in the same key and all on the same theme of "humbug everywhere." In his preface he claims the character of a plain speaker. Such a one must also be a candid hearer. Thus, as critics who would fain be of use, we must to the utmost urge our objections to such a monotonous crusade against an enemy whose existence every one admits—to such a ruthless insistence on the blemishes, incompletenesses and disappointments which canker every human happiness. . . . There seems to us great need that an alarm should be rung pretty loudly in the ears of one of our most shrewd, vigorous, accomplished and kindly writers—bidding him beware of his own tendencies lest they become organic defects. The denouncer of nuisances, the omnipresent and omniloquent accuser, who cries *"Death in the pot!"* over every morsel that we put into our mouths, becomes himself of nuisances the worst; a perpetual skeleton at the banquet; in his influences nearly as deadly as the vitriols and the sulphates and the rancid particles upon which he is forever pouncing. . . . But while we protest against the soundness, the sense, nay, we must add, the sincerity, of this universal-demolition principle of making dismal effects everywhere in a work professing to give pictures from the world around us—we will willingly do honour to the power and acuteness of the painter.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER I.

THE SOFT SUMMER NIGHT.

Through the soft summer night came the sounds of the silence that is heard only when nature sleeps, imperceptible except as one feels it behind the breath he draws, or perhaps realises it in the touch of an unexpected branch or flower. The stillness of a silence that is not silent; a stillness so dead that the croaking of frogs, the chirping of crickets, the barking of dogs, the hooting of owls, the rustling of leaves are not heard, although the air is heavy with those voices of the night—the stillness of a night in the country. All human activity apparently at an end, all sign of life lost in sombre shadows. The ceaseless croaking, the chirping, the hooting, the rustling themselves make up this unspeakable silence —this sweet, unconscious solitude.

A country lane, dark and gloomy, awaited the moon from the clouded East. Lighted only here and there by the twinkling windows in roadside homes, it lay asleep in its bed of dust. Far off it straggled into a village, but out there in the country it was lost to the world with the setting of the sun.

The faint glow from the window of a

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cottage poured its feeble, but willing, self into the night, as if seeking to dispel the gloom, dimly conscious that its efforts were unappreciated and undesired. Down at the rickety front gate, cloaked in blackness, stood two persons. Darkness could not hide the world from them, for the whole world dwelt within the confines of a love-lit garden gate. For them there was no sound of life except their tender voices, no evidence that a world existed beyond the posts between which they stood, his arm about her, her head upon his breast. They spoke softly in the silence about them.

"And to-morrow night at this time you will be mine—all mine," he murmured. She looked again into his face, indistinct in the night.

"To-morrow night! Oh, Jud, it does not seem possible. We are both so young and so—so—"

"So foolish!" he smiled.

"So poor," she finished plaintively.

"But, Justine, you don't feel afraid to marry me because I am so poor, do you?" he asked.

"Do you think I have been poor only to be afraid of it? We love each other, dear, and we are rich. To-morrow night I shall be the richest girl in the world," she sighed tremulously.

"To-morrow night," he whispered. His arm tightened about her, his head dropped until his lips met hers and clung to them until the world was forgotten.

Far away in the night sounded the steady beat of a galloping horse's hoofs. Louder and nearer grew the pounding on the dry roadway, until at last the rollicking whistle of the rider could be heard. Standing in the gateway, the silent lovers, their happy young hearts beating as one, listened dreamily to the approach.

"He has been in the village," said she, at length breaking the silence that had followed their passionate kiss. Her slender body trembled slightly in his arms.

"And he is going home drunk, as usual," added the youth sententiously. "Has he annoyed you lately?"

"We must pay no attention to what he says or does," she answered evasively.

"Then he has said or done something?"

"He came to the schoolhouse yesterday morning, dear—just for a moment—and he was not so very rude," she pleaded hurriedly.

"What did he say to you—what did he want?" persisted her lover.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, Jud. Just the same old thing. He wanted me to give you up and—and—" she hesitated.

"And wait for him, eh? If he bothers you again I'll kill him. You're mine and he knows it, and he's got to let you alone."

"But it will all be over to-morrow night, dear. I'll be yours and he'll have to give up. He's crazy now, and you must not mind what he does. When I'm your wife he'll quit—maybe he'll go away. I've told him I don't love him. Don't you see, Jud, he has hope now, because I am not married? Just as soon as the wedding's over he'll see that it's no use and—and he'll let us alone."

"The drunken hound! The idea of him daring to love you! Justine, I could kill him!"

The horseman swept past the gate, a swift black shadow amid the thunder of hoof beats, and the lovers drew closer together. Just as he roared past them his whistling ceased and a strong, bold voice shouted:

"Hello, Justine!" He was saluting in drunken gallantry the girl whom he believed to be asleep beneath a counterpane near some black window in the little house. The horse shied; his whip swished through the air and cut across the animal's flank; the ugly snort of the beast mingled with oaths from the rider.

The girl shuddered and placed her hands over her ears; her companion set his teeth and muttered:

"The dog! I wish that horse would throw him and break his neck! He's not fit to live. Justine, if there is a man who will go to hell when he dies, that man is 'Gene Crawley. And he wants you, the hound! The sweetest, gentlest, purest girl in the world! He wants you!"

They forgot the rider, and the clatter of the horse's hoofs died away in the night. The lovers turned slowly toward the house. At the door he stooped and kissed her.

"The last night we are to part like this," he whispered. She laid both hands upon his face.

"Let us pray to-night, dear, that we

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may be always as happy as we now are," she said softly.

She opened the door and the two stood for a moment in the fair light from the cottage lamp. From above him on the door-sill, she laid her fingers in his curly brown hair, and said, half-timidly, half joyfully:

"The last night we shall say good-bye like this."

Then she kissed him suddenly and was gone, blushing and trembling. He looked at the closed door for an instant, and then dropped to his knees and kissed the step on which she had stood.

CHAPTER II.

"LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

The next night they were married. In the little cottage there were lights and the revelry known only in country nuptials. The doors and windows were open, and scores of young people in their best clothes flitted in and out, their merry voices ringing with excitement, their faces glowing with pleasure, their eyes sparkling with the mischief peculiar to occasions of the kind. There were the congratulations and the teasings; the timid jests and the coarse ones; the cynical bits of advice from lofty experts; the blushes of prospective brides; the red-faced denials of guilty beaux; the smiles, the winks and the songs; the feasting and the farewells.

"That boy," Jud Sherrod, and "Cap" Van's daughter, Justine, were to be married. The community would have liked to be glad. Everybody had "allowed" they would be married some day. Now that the day had come, amid the rejoicing there were doubts.

"They's a mighty nice appearin' couple, but dinged 'f I see how they're goin' to git along. Jud ain't got no more bizness workin' on a farm then a hog hez in a telegraft office. Course, his pap was a farmer, but Jud's been off to seminary. He don't give a dodgast fer the farm, nohow, an' I perdict that she'll haf to keep on teachin' school fer a livin'. Course, that little land o' hern might keep 'em goin', but I bet a barrel o' cider 'at Jud won't be wuth a bushel o' corn husks at runnin' it. He's a dern nice boy, though, an' I'd hate like sam patch to see a morgidge put on the place. What she'd orter done wuz to married some big cuss like Link Overshine er Luther Hitchcock. They'd 'a' made somethin' out'n that little eighty up yander, an' she'd never need to worry. Dinged if she ain't purt' nigh the purtiest girl I ever see. Looks jest like her ma. 'Member her? Don't see what she ever could see in Jud Sherrod. He cain't do a dasted thing but draw picters. His pap had orter walloped him good an' made him chop wood er somethin', 'stead o' lettin' him go on the way he did. They do say he kin sketch things powerful fine. He tuck off a picter uv Sim Brookses' sucklin' calves that was a daisy, I've hearn. But that ain't farmin', by a dern sight."

Even Jud and Justine had looked forward to the great day with anxious minds. Both realised the importance of the step they were to take, for they were possessed of a judgment and a keenness uncommon in young and ardent lovers. Justine, little more than a girl in years, knew that Jud was not and never could be a farmer; it was not in him. He knew it as well as she, though he was not indolent; he was far from that. He was ambitious and he was an indefatigable toiler —in art, not of the soil. He was a born artist. By force of circumstances he was a farmer. The tan on his hands and face, the hardness in his palms, had not been acquired unwillingly, for he was not a sluggard nor a grumbler. He ploughed, though his thoughts were not of the ploughing; he reaped, though his thoughts were not of the harvest.

They had been sweethearts from childhood. They had played together, read together, studied together and suffered together. It seemed to them that they just grew up to their wedding day, a perfectly natural growth. Had this marriage come five years earlier, everything would have been different. Instead of the little cottage, clean, cosy and poor, there would have been the big white house on the hill, surrounded by maples and oaks; instead of the simple gown of white lawn, there would have been a magnificent silk or satin; instead of the sympathy and the sombre head-shakings of wedding guests, there would have been rejoicing and approval.

To-night, as the little clock on Justine's

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bureau struck eight she left her room and met Jud in the narrow hall upstairs. Downstairs could be heard the muffled voices of an expectant crowd, an occasional giggle breaking through the buzz. He kissed her and both were silent, thinking of other homes. One remembered the big white house on the hill; the other, the old yellow farmhouse, large and rambling, "over on the pike." To-night they faced the minister in the parlour of one of the lowliest dwellings in the neighbourhood. The boy had not an acre of all his father's lands; the girl was poor, at the gates of the famous Van homestead. They were married not in his house, but in hers. The cottage stood in the corner of an eighty-acre farm that had come to her through her grandmother. This was all, except memories, that the child had to connect her present life with the comfortable days of the past.

Old Mrs. Crane, who lived with Justine in the little cot, met them at the foot of the creaking stairway and threw open the door to the parlour. Before the boy and girl gleamed the faces of a score or more of eager, excited friends. There was hardly a girl in the crowd who was not dressed more expensively than the bride. Justine was proudly aware of the critical, simpering gaze that swept over her simple gown; she could almost read the exultant thoughts of her guests, as they compared her plain lawn to the ridiculous finery that hid their sunburned necks, scrawny arms and perspiring bodies.

Her face was fresh and flushed with happiness, pride—perhaps disdain; their faces had, at least, been washed and lavishly powdered. Most of them wore absurd white gloves over their red arms. Yet they were the *élite* of the county. There were red dresses, blue dresses, yellow dresses, and there were other dresses in which the colours of the rainbow shone, all made to fit women other than those who wore them. The men, old and young, bearded and beardless, were the most uncouth aristocrats that ever lorded it over a country-side. True, they had put on their store clothes and had blackened their boots and shoes; they had shaved, and they had plastered their hair faultlessly; they had cast aside their quids of tobacco and they were as circumspect as they were at church.

Justine and Jud stood with clasped hands before the young minister, listening to his lengthy and timely discourse on the blessedness of matrimony. Then came the vows. Their eyes met. The answers! They breathed them—the yes and the yes and the yes—almost unconsciously. Then the last words, "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder!"

For the next two or three hours they were in a whirl of emotions; everything was hazy, uncertain, misty to them. They had taken up each other's burdens, each other's joys for life; they had begun a new existence. She was no longer Justine Van, he was no longer the thoughtless boy. They were husband and wife. The laughter, the jests, the quips and the taunts of their merry friends were a jangle of discordant sounds, unpleasant, untimely, and kindly as they were meant, unkind. There were aimless hand-shakings, palsied kisses, inane responses to crude congratulations, and it was all over. The guests departed, singing, shouting and laughing. The last to leave was old Mrs. Crane, Justine's companion for four long years. She was going to live with her brother up near the village. Jud and Justine were to live alone.

Down at the tollgate, nearly a mile from Justine's home in the direction of the village, a small and select company of loungers spent that evening. The tollgate, kept by Jim Hardesty and his wife, Matilda, was at the junction of the big gravel pike which led to the county seat and the slim, shady lane that passed Justine's cottage. Here of evenings the "hired hands" of the neighbourhood gathered to gossip, tell lies and "talk ugly" about the farmers by whom they were employed. On the night of the wedding there were five or six slouchy, sweat-smelling rustics lounging on the porch. The wedding formed the only topic of conversation.

They talked of Justine's good looks and how "they'd liked to be in Jud's boots;" and of the days when old "Cap" Van lived and the bride of the night had not had to teach school; of the days when she rode horses of her own and went to the city to make purchases, instead of to the humble village, as now; they talked of her kindly in their rough way. They discussed Jud with enthusiasm. Everybody

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liked him. His two years at college had not "swelled his head." He was "jest the feller fer Justine Van, an' she got him, too, 'g'inst ever' girl in the township—an' ever' one of 'em had set their caps fer him, too, you bet." The loungers agreed it was "too bad that Jud and Justine was so derned pore, but mebbe they'd make out somehow er 'nother."

They laughed about 'Gene Crawley's affection for Justine Van. 'Gene Crawley! A "hand" over at Martin Grimes's place—a plain, every-day hired man, working for eighteen dollars a month for the meanest, stingiest farmer in Clay Township! He was not any better than the rest of the hands on the place, " 's fer as learnin' an' manners wuz concerned." Hadn't no more license to be skylarkin' 'round after Justine Van 'n he had after Queen Willimeny—'s if she'd notice sech a derned cuss as him; allus cussin' an' drinkin' an' fightin'. No 'spectabull girl would want to be saw with him."

About nine o'clock a dark figure approached the tollgate afoot. It was a man, and he came from the night somewhere to the east, probably from the village of Glenville. There was no mistaking his identity. The heavy, swift tread told the watchers that it was 'Gene Crawley long before he came within the radius of light that shot through the open doorway. Some one in the crowd called out:

"H' are ye, 'Gene? Thought you'd be up to the weddin'."

'Gene did not reply. He strode up to the porch and threw himself into a vacant chair near the window. The light from within shone fairly upon his dark, sullen face, his scowling brow and his flushed, unshaven cheeks. An ugly gleam was in his black eyes. He had been drinking, but he was not intoxicated. His hickory shirt, dirty and almost buttonless, was open at the throat, as if it had been torn that its wearer might save himself from choking. He wore no coat, and his faded, patched blue overalls were pushed into the tops of his heavy boots. An old straw hat lay where he had cast it behind his chair. The black, coarse hair, rumpled and unkempt, grew low on his scowling forehead. His face was hard and deeply marked, not unlike that of an Indian. The jaw was firm, the chin square and defiant, the mouth broad and cruel, the nose large and straight, the eyes coal-black and set far apart beneath heavy brows. The arm which rested on the sill was bare to the elbow; it was rugged with cords of muscle that looked like ropes interlaced. A glimpse of the arm revealed, as if he stood stark naked, the strength of this young Sampson. He was not a large, unwieldy man, not above medium height; he might have weighed one hundred and seventy pounds; but with his square shoulders, broad chest and an unusually erect carriage for an overworked farm boy, he looked larger than he really was.

"You ain't got your Sunday-go-to-meetin' close on, 'Gene," commented Jim Hardesty, tilting back in his chair and spitting tobacco juice half-way across the road.

"Did 'n' y' git a bid to the weddin'?" asked Harve Crose, with mock sympathy.

A flush of anger and humiliation reddened the face of Grimes's hired man, but it was gone in a second.

"No; I didn' git no bid," he answered a trifle hoarsely. "Guess they didn' want me. I ain't good 'nough, 'pears like."

"Seems to me she'd orter ast you, 'Gene. You be'n kinder hangin' 'round an' teasin' her to have you, an' seems no more'n right fer her to have give you a bid to the weddin'," said Doc Ramsey, meaningly. "She'd orter done that, jest to show you why she wouldn' have you, don't y' see?"

Crawley's only reply was a baleful glare.

"How does it feel to be cut out by another feller, 'Gene?" asked Crose tauntingly.

"I'd never let a feller like Jud Sherrod beat my time," added Joe Perkins.

"Course, Jud's been to college and learned how to spoon with the girls, so I guess it's no wonder he ketched Justine. She's jest like all girls, I reckon. Smooth cuss kin ketch 'em all, b'gosh! Never seed it fail yit. Trouble with you, 'Gene, is 'at you—"

'Gene sprang to his feet with an oath so ugly that the jesters shrank back. For several minutes he tramped up and down the porch like a caged animal, cursing hoarsely to himself, his broad shoulders hunched forward as if he were bent on crushing everything before them. Finally he came to a standstill in front of

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the expectant crowd. The devil was in his face.

"Don't none o' you fellers ever say anything more to me about this. Ef you do I'll break somebody's neck. It's none o' your damned business how I feel, an' I won't have no more of it. Do y' hear me?" he snarled.

"I on'y ast fer information—" began Crose apologetically.

"Well, I'll give you some, dang ye! You say I'm cut out, eh? Mebbe I am—mebbe I am! But you'll see—you'll see! By God, I'll make him sorry fer it. He's whupped me this time, but I'll win yet! D' y' hear? I'll win yet!"

His face was almost white under the coat of tan, his eyes glowed, his voice was low and intense. The loungers waited in suspense.

"He thinks he's won! But I'll show him—I'll show him! She's like all women! She kin be won ag'in—she kin love more'n once! You say he's cut me out! Mebbe he has, mebbe he has! But this ain't a marker to the way I'll cut him out. I'll take her away from him, I will, so he'p me God! D' y' hear that? She'll shake him fer me some day, sure's there's a hell, an' then! Then where'll he be? She'll be mine! Fair 'r foul, I'll have her! An' she won't be my wife, nuther! God, I won't give up tell I take her 'way from him! An' she'll come, too; she'll come! She'll leave him, jest like other women have done, an' then who'll be cut out? Answer, damn ye! Who'll be cut out?"

He was facing them, and his lips were almost as white as the gleaming teeth beneath them. For a moment no one dared to reply. At last Doc Ramsey scrambled to his feet.

"Consarn ye, 'Gene Crawley," he exclaimed, "you cain't stan' up there an' say that 'bout Justine Van! She's a good girl, an' you're a dern hound fer talkin' like thet! They ain't a bad drop o' blood in her body—they ain't a wrong thought in her head, an' you know it. You kin lick me, I know, but dern ef you kin say them things to me. She won't look at you no more'n she'd look at that dog o' Jim's over yander."

'Gene Crawley's arm struck out and Doc Ramsey crashed to the floor of the porch. He lay motionless for a long time. The dealer of the blow stood over him like a wild beast waiting for its prey to move. Not another man in the group lifted a hand against him.

At last he stooped and picked up his hat.

"That's what you'll all git ef you open your heads," he grated. "What I said about her goes!"

He fixed his hat roughly on his head and swung away in the darkness.

In the open door of the cottage down the lane Jud and Justine stood side by side, her hand in his, long after the last guest had departed. It was near midnight, and behind them the lamps flickered and sputtered with the last gasps of waning life. Silhouetted in the long, bright frame of the doorway the silent lovers presented a picture of a new life begun, youth on the threshold of a new world.

His arm drew her to his breast, and her fluttering hands went slowly, gently to his cheeks. He bent and kissed the upturned lips. Then the door closed and the picture was gone.

Across the road, beside the great oak that sent its branches almost to the little gateway, a man fell away from the fence upon which, with murder in his heart, he had been leaning. His hands were clasped to his eyes, his strong figure writhed convulsively in the damp grass; his breath came almost in sobs. At last, taking his hands from his hot eyes, he raised his head and looked again toward the cottage. One by one the bright windows grew dark, until at last the house was as black as the night about it. Then he sprang to his feet, clutching blindly at the darkness, uttering inarticulate moans and curses. For the first time in his life he knew a sense of loneliness and despair.

He turned his back to the cottage and fled across the meadow.

CHAPTER III.

JUD AND JUSTINE.

Dudley Sherrod was the only son of John Sherrod, who had died about four years before the marriage. Up to the day of his death he was considered the wealthiest farmer in Clay Township. On that day he was a pauper; his lands were no longer his own; his wife and his son

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were penniless. In an upstairs room of the great old farmhouse, built by his grandfather when the country was new, he blew out his brains, unable to face the ruin that fate had brought to his door.

His father had been a member of the legislature and the boy had spent two years in the city, attending a medical college. When the diploma came he went back to the old home and hung out his shingle in quaint little Glenville. In less than a year he brought a bride to the farm, Cora Bloodgood, the daughter of a banker in the capital city of his State. Before the end of another year he was, as heir, owner of all his father's acres. So it was that John and Cora Sherrod began life rich and happy. Their boy was born, grew up a bright and sprightly lad, and was sent to college. From the rude country school-house and its simple teachings he was sent to the busy university, among city boys and city girls, miserable in ungainly self-consciousness, altogether out of place. He left behind him the country lads and lasses, the tow-heads and the barefoots, and his heart was sore. But in the beginning of his second year the simplicity of his rural heart showed signs of giving way to urban improvements. His strength won for him a place on the football team, and the sense of dignity of this position displaced his self-consciousness and taught him to be interested in the world beyond his home. He began to know something besides the memory of green fields and meadows and clear blue skies.

All these months he was faithful to a slip of a girl down in the country, to whom he had feared to utter a word of love. She knew she loved him because she had cried when he went away and had cried when he came back. Letters, stiff and painfully correct as to spelling and chirography, came each week from dear little Justine Van. To her his long letters, homesickness crowding between the lines, although she could not see it, were like messages from paradise. A dozen times a day she read each letter as she sat in her room, or in the hated school-room at Glenville, or in the shady orchard, or in the lonely lane. She longed to have him back at home, to hear his merry laugh, to romp with him as they had romped before we went away to school—but here she blushed and remembered that he was tall now and dreadfully old and grand, and she was—she was fifteen! Jud thrashed a fellow-student one day because he poked fun at an old tintype of Justine that he happened to see in the boy's room. The victim had laughed at the green bonnet, the long pigtails and the wide eyes of the girl in the picture—"just as if they were looking for the photographer's bird, you know."

Near the middle of his second year at college the crash came and the half-dazed boy hurried home. His father was dead, and the whole country was telling the stories of his great financial losses. Every dollar, every foot of land, had been swept away by reverses rising from investments in Arizona mines. Captain James Van went down in the same disaster. When word reached his home of the suicide of John Sherrod he was on his way to the barn with a pistol hidden over his heart. Horror and the awakening of courage made him cast the pistol aside and turn to face the blow as a brave man should, with his wife and child behind his back.

Jud and Justine could not at first, and did not for many days, realise the force of the blow. One had lost father as well as home, the other had lost home and had sunken to a depth of poverty that grew more and more appalling as her young mind began to understand. The boy, when he finally grasped the situation, bared his arms and set forth to support himself and his mother by hard work. The shock of the suicide was too great for Mrs. Sherrod. Her reason fled soon after her husband was laid in the grave, but it was a year before death took her to him. During that last year of life she lived in the old place, a helpless invalid mentally and physically, although the property belonged to another. David Strong held a mortgage on the home place, but he did not foreclose it until she was gone.

For a year Jud cared for his mother and worked in the fields with David Strong's men at wages of twelve dollars a month. Half of the year's crop Strong gave to the widow of John Sherrod, although not a penny's worth of it was hers by right. After her death Strong and his family moved into the big old house, and Jud Sherrod lived in a room in what had been his house.

Justine Van's grandmother, in her will,

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left to the girl an eighty-acre piece of ground, half timber, half cultivated, about a mile from the white house in which the beneficiary was born, and which was swallowed up by the great disaster. Bereft of every penny, James Van took his wife and daughter to the miserable little cottage. The girl shouldered as much of the burden of poverty as her young and tender shoulders could carry. She begged for an appointment as teacher in the humble school-house where her a-b-abs had been learned, and for two years and a half before her marriage she had taught the little flock of boys and girls. Especially necessary did this means of earning a livelihood become when, two years after the failure, her father died. Then Mrs. Van followed him, and Justine, not nineteen, was face to face with the world, a trembling, guileless child.

Her wages at the school-house were twenty-five dollars a month for six months in a year, and the yield of grain from her poorly tilled farm was barely enough to pay the taxes and the help hire. Old Jim Hardesty farmed the place for her, and he robbed her. For six months after the mother's death she lived alone, in the cottage; and then the neighbours finally took the matter in hand, insisting that she be provided with a companion, and her old nurse, Mrs. Crane, came to the place. She was shrewd from years of adversity and persuaded Justine to send Jim Hardesty packing—and that was the hardest duty Justine had ever had to meet.

The discouraged boy over on David Strong's place, worn thin with hard work and sickness, deprived of every chance, as he thought, to realise his ambitions, found in the girl a sympathetic comrade. Of all the people in his world, she was the only one who understood his desires and could, in a way, share with him the despair that made life as he lived it seem like a narrow cell from which he could look longingly with no hope of escape. Tired and sore from misfortune, these two simple, loving natures turned to each other. His first trembling kiss upon her surprised, parted lips was a treasure that never left her memory. The bloom came to her cheeks, lightness touched her flagging heart, happiness shone through the gloom, and the whole countryside marvelled at her growing beauty. This slim, budding maid of the meadow and wood was as fair a bit as nature ever perfected. The sweetness and purity of womanhood undefiled dwelt in her body and soul. No taint of worldliness had blighted her. She was a pure, simple country girl, ignorant of wile, sinless and trustful.

Justine was like her father, fair-faced and straight of form. Her hair was long and reddish-brown, her brow was broad and full, her eyes big and brown and soft with love, her cheeks smooth and clear. A trifle above the medium height, straight and strong, of slender mould, she was as graceful as a gazelle. Health seemed to glow in the atmosphere about her.

With Jud, too, the realisation of love and the feeling that there was something to live for brought a change. His stooping shoulders straightened, his eyes brightened, his steps became springy. He whistled and sang at his work, took an interest in life, and presently even resumed his drawing. The country-folk winked knowingly. The two were constantly together when opportunity afforded, so it soon became common report that he was her "feller, fer sure," and she was his "girl."

One evening, as they sat in the dusk down by the creek which ran through her bit of pasture land, Jud drew his mother's plain gold ring from his little finger and slipped it upon Justine's third. They were betrothed.

Never were such sweethearts as Jud and Justine. They were lovers, friends, comrades. Her sweet, serious face took a new life, new colour at his approach, her dreamy eyes grew softer and more wistful, her low voice more musical. Her soul was his, her life belonged to him, her heart beat only for him. Jud's famished hopes of something beyond the farm found fresh encouragement in her simple, wondering praise. She was his critic, his unconscious mentor. Beneath her untrained eye he sketched as he never sketched before. Looking over his shoulder as he lay stretched upon the grass, she marvelled at the skill with which his pencil transferred the world about them to the dearly bought drawing pads, and her enthusiastic little cries of delight were tributes that brought confidence to the heart of the artist.

The girl had scores of admirers. Every boy, every man in the township, longed to

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"make up" to her, but she gave no thought to them. Half a dozen widowers with children asked her to marry them. She and Jud laughed when Eversole Baker besought her to become mother to his nine children, including two daughters older than herself.

But there was one determined suitor, and she feared him with an uncanny dread that knew no rest until she was safely Jud's on the wedding night. That one was Eugene Crawley, drunkard and blasphemer.

Crawley was born in the dense timberland north of Glenville. His father had been a wood-chopper, hunter and fisherman. Hard stories came down to town about Sam Crawley. Of 'Gene, the boy, nothing against his honesty, at least, could be said. He was a vile wretch when drinking, little better when sober, but he was as honest as the sun.

He had gone to school with Jud and Justine when they were little "tads," and his rough affection for her began when they were mastering the "first reader." He and Jud had fought over her twice and each had been a victor. The girl despised him from childhood, and he knew it. Still he clung to the hope that he could take her away from his rival. He dogged her footsteps, frightened her with his mad protestations, and finally alarmed her by his threats. The day before the wedding he had met her as she left the school-house and had sworn to kill Jud Sherrod. She did not tell Jud of this, nor did she tell him that she had pleaded with Crawley to spare her lover's life. Had she told Jud all this she would have been obliged to tell him how the brute had suddenly burst into tears and promised he would not harm Jud if he could help it.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. HARDESTY'S CHARITY.

For many days after their marrige Jud and Justine were obliged to endure coarse jokes, kindly meant if out of tune with their sensitive minds. Happy weeks sped by, weeks replete with the fulness of joy known only to the newly wedded. Days of toil, that had once been long and irksome, now were flitting seasons of anticipation between real joys. At dusk he came home with eyes glowing in the delight that knows no fatigue, with a heart leaping with the love that is young and eager, and blood carousing under the intoxication of passion's wine. In the kitchen door of the little cot, no longer dismal in its weather-worn plainness, there always stood the slim, supple girl, her heart leaping with the eagerness to be clasped in his arms. She was growing into perfect womanhood, perfect in figure, perfect in love, perfect in all its mysteries. Her whole life before now appeared as a dreamless sleep to her; the present was the beginning of a divine dream that softens the rest of life into mellow forgetfulness.

She walked with him in the hayfield from choice, delighted to toil near him, to breathe the same air, to endure the same sun, to enjoy the same moments of rest beneath the great oaks, to drink from the same brown jug of spring water, to sing, to laugh, to play with him. It was not work. Then came the harvesting, the threshing and the fall sowing. Six months were soon gone, and still these children played like cupids. Other married people in the neighbourhood, whose honeymoons had not been more than a week old before they began to show callous spots, wondered dumbly at the beautiful girl who grew prettier and straighter, instead of turning sour, frowsy and bent under the rigours of connubial joy—as they had found it. They could not understand how the husband could be so blithe and cheery, so upstanding and strong, and so devoted. The wives of the neighbourhood pondered over the latter condition. The husbands did not deem it worth while or expedient to wonder—they merely called Jud a "dinged shif'less boy, that'll wake up some time er 'nother an' understan' more'n he does now." Yet they had to admit that Jud was conducting the little farm faultlessly, even though he did find time to moon with his wife, to bask in the sunshine of her love, to wander over wood and field with her beside him, sketching, sketching, eternally sketching.

Rainy days and Sundays brought hours of sweet communion to the happy, simple young couple. So thoroughly were they devoted to each other that their lack of

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attention to the neighbours was the source of more or less indignation on the part of those who "knowed that Jud and her hadn't no right to be so infernal stuck up." And yet these same discontents were won over in the briefest conversation with the pair when they chanced to meet. Even the most snappish and envious were overcome by the gentle good humour, the proud simplicity of these young sweethearts, who saw no ugliness, who knew no bitterness, who found life and its hardships no struggle at all.

They were desperately poor, but they made no complaint. The vigour of life was theirs and they sang as they suffered, looking forward with bright, confident eyes to the east of their dreams in which their sun of fortune was to rise.

Justine was to have the school another year, beginning in October, after a six-months' vacation. Jud's pride revolted at first against this decision of hers, but she overcame every argument, and he loved her more than ever for the share she was taking in the dull battle against poverty. The land he tilled was not fertile; it had been overworked for years. The crops were growing thinner; the timber was slowly falling beneath the stove-wood axe; the meadow plot was almost barren of grass. It was not a productive "eighty," and they knew it. There was a bare existence in it when crops were good, but there was, as yet, no mortgage to face. Jud owned a team of horses, and Justine two cows and a dozen hogs. They had no other vehicle than a farm wagon, old and rattling. When they went to the village it was in this wagon; when to church, they walked, although the distance was two miles, so tender was their pride.

Little Justine was the politic one. Jud was proud, and was ever ready to resent the kindly offices of neighbours. Had it been left to him, young Henry Bossman would have been summarily dismissed when he offered to help Jud stack the hay, "jes' fer ole times' sake." It was Justine who welcomed poor, awkward Henry, and it was she who sent him away rejoicing over a good deed, determined to help "Jud and Justine ever' time he had a chanst."

It was she who accepted the proffer to thrash their thirty acres of wheat free of charge from David Strong, stopping off one day as his separator and engine passed by. She thanked him so graciously that he went his way wondering whether he was indebted to them or they to him. And when Harve Crose offered to get their mail at the crossroads post-office every day and leave it at the cottage gate as he rode by, she thanked him so beautifully that he felt as though she ought to scold him when he was late on rare occasions. Doc Ramsey, the man who was knocked down by 'Gene Crawley at the tollgate one night, helped Jud build a rail fence over half a mile long, and said he "guessed he'd call it square if Jud 'd give him that picter he drawed of Justine summer 'fore las'. Kinder like to have that picter, 'y ginger; skeer the rats away with," ending with a roar of apologetic laughter at his homely excuse.

'Gene Crawley was never to be seen in the little lane. Sullen and savage, he frequented the tollgate, but not so much as formerly. He drank more than ever, and it was said that Martin Grimes had taken him out of jail twice at the county seat, both times on a charge of "drunk and disorderly conduct." It seemed that he avoided all possible chance of meeting Jud and his wife. Curious people speculated on the outcome of his increasing moroseness, and not a few saw something tragic in the scowl that seldom left his swarthy brow.

For many weeks after her marriage Justine dreamed of the fierce eyes and the desperate threats of this lover, and the only bar to complete happiness was the fear that 'Gene Crawley would some day wreak vengeance upon her husband. As the weeks wore away this fear dwindled, until now she felt secure in the hope that he had forgotten her. And yet, when his name was mentioned in her presence she could not restrain the sudden leaping of her heart or the troubled look that widened her tender brown eyes. When Jud bitterly alluded to him and assured her, with more or less boyish braggadocio, that he would whip him if he ever so much as spoke to her or him again, she felt a dread that seemed almost a presentiment of evil. She did not fear Crawley for herself, but for Jud.

'Gene's boast before the men at the tollgate created a sensation in the usually unruffled community. The blow that felled Doc Ramsey was universally condemned,

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yet no man had the courage to take to task the man who delivered it. The story of his mad declaration concerning Justine spread like wildfire. Of course, no one believed that his boast could be carried out, or attempted, for that matter; but as gossip travelled the substance of his vow increased. Within a week the tale had grown in vileness until Crawley was credited with having given utterance to the most unheard-of assertions. Black and foul as his actual words had been, they were tame and weak in comparison with the things the honest farmers and their wives convinced themselves and others that he had said.

In the course of time the incident which made historical her wedding night reached the ears of Justine Sherrod. She had seen 'Gene but two or three times in the four months that intervened between that time and the day on which she heard the wretched story from Mrs. Hardesty—an honest soul, who had heard 'Gene's words plainly, and was therefore qualified to exaggerate if she saw fit. Once the girl passed him in the lane near the tollgate. He was leaning on the fence at the roadside as she passed. She had seen him looking at her hungrily as she approached, but when she lifted her eyes again his broad back was toward her and he was looking across the fields. There was something foreboding in the strong shoulders and corded brown arms that bore down upon the fence in an evident effort at self-control. She felt the panic which makes one wish to fly from an unknown danger. Not daring to look back, she walked swiftly by, possessed of the fear that he was following, that he was ready to clutch her from behind. But he stood there until she turned into the gate a half mile down the lane.

It remained for Mrs. Hardesty to tell Justine the story. The bony wife of the tollgate keeper carried her busy presence up to the cottage one afternoon late in September, and found the young wife resting after a hard, hot ironing. Her pretty face was warm and rosy, her strong arms were bare to the shoulder, her full, deep breast was heaving wearily beneath the loose blue-and-white figured calico. As Mrs. Hardesty came up the path from the gate she could not resist saying to herself as she looked admiringly, but with womanly envy, upon the straight figure leaning against the door casing, fanning a hot face with an old newspaper:

"I don' blame 'Gene Crawley er enny other man fer wantin' to have her. They ain't no one like her in the hull State, er this country, either, fer that matter."

Justine greeted her cordially.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hardesty? Aren't you almost baked in this sun? Come into the shade and sit down. I'll get you a dipper of water and a fan."

"Don't put yourself out enny—don't trouble yourself a bit now, Jestine. Jes' git me a sup o' water an' I'll be all hunky-dory. I don't mind the sun very much. My, I'm glad to set down in the shade, though. Never saw the roads so dusty, did you? Thank ye, Jestine—much obliged. You must have a grand spring here to git such fine water. It's as cold, purt' nigh, as the ice water you git up to town. Set down, my dear; you look hot an' tired. I know you look nice standin' up like that, but you'll be a heap sight more comfortable ef you set down an' rest them tired legs o' yourn. Where's Jed?"

"He's gone over to Hawkins's blacksmith shop on the pike to have Randy shod. She cast two shoes yesterday," explained the girl, sitting on the doorstep. "Do you want to see him about anything in particular, Mrs. Hardesty? He said he'd be home by six."

"No; I jes' ast. Thought ef he was aroun' I'd like to see his good-lookin' face fer a minnit er two. I reckon, though, he don't look at other women when you're aroun'," tittered the visitor, who was not a day under sixty.

"Oh, yes he does," laughed Justine, turning a shade rosier. "He's getting tired of seeing me around all the time. You see, I'm an old married woman now."

"Good heavens, child! wait tell you've been married thirty-nine years like I have, an' then you kin begin to talk about gettin' tired o' seein' certain people all the time. I know I could see Jim Hardesty ef I was as blind as a bat. I kin almost tell how menny hairs they is in his whiskers."

"Well, how many, for instance?" asked Justine gaily.

"Two hundred and ninety-seven," answered Mrs. Jim promptly and positively. She regaled the young wife with a long

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and far from original dissertation on married life as she had encountered it with James. Finally she paused and changed the subject abruptly, leaping to a question that had doubtless been on her mind for days.

"Have you saw much of 'Gene Crawley lately, Jestine?" The question was so unexpected that the girl stared, and stammered in replying.

"No; very little. I don't believe I've seen him more than twice in several months. Is he still working for Martin?"

"Oh, yes. They was some talk o' his goin' over to Rumley to work in a sawmill, but seems as though he can't leave this part o' the country." After a moment's hesitation she went on boldly, smiling with the awkwardness of one who is determined to learn something at any cost. "I s'posed he'd been comin' 'roun' here quite a little."

"Coming here, Mrs. Hardesty?" cried the girl in surprise. "Why, he'll never come here. He and Jud are not friends, and he knows I don't like him. Whatever put that into your head?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Mrs. Hardesty evasively. "I heered somethin' 'bout his sayin' he was a great frien' o' yourn, so I thought, like as not, he was—er—that is, he might 'a' drapped in onct in awhile, you know—jes' like fellers will, you know."

"Well, you may be sure 'Gene will never come here."

"He wouldn't be welcome, I take it."

"I don't like to say that anybody would not be welcome, Mrs. Hardesty. I hardly think he'd *care* to come," said the girl nervously.

"Him an' Jed have had some words, hain't they? Never been friends sence they was boys, I've heered. Do you think he's afeared o' Jed?"

"Why should he be afraid of Jud? So long as each attends to his own business there is nothing to be afraid of. They're not good friends, that's all."

"Well, 'Gene's been doin' some ugly talkin'," said the visitor doggedly.

"What do you mean?" asked Justine. A strange chill seized her heart—a fear for Jud.

"He's been very unwise to say the things he has. I tole Jim Hardesty ef they ever got to Jed's ears 'Gene 'd pay purty dearly fer them. But Jim says 'twouldn't be good fer Jed ef he tackled 'Gene. He's wuss 'n pison."

"Why, Mrs. Hardesty, I don't—I don't know what you're talking about," cried the poor girl. "What has 'Gene been saying?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be right fer me to git mixed up in it. It's none o' my funeral," said Mrs. Hardesty, now in the full delight of keeping a listener tortured with suspense. It was a quarter of an hour before she could be induced to relate the very tales she had come to tell in the first place.

"'Gene tole the boys that night that he'd made love to you ever sence you was childern, and that he could tell Jed Sherrod some things ef he was a mind to. He said he could take you away from him any time, an' that Jed 'd have to stay 'roun' home purty close ef he wanted to be sure o' you."

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned the dumbfounded girl.

"An' then he went on to say that you'd promised to—to—well—well, to leave Jed some time an' go away with him. That's the mildest way to put it. I couldn't say it the way 'Gene did. Don't look so put out about it, Jestine—really, you look like you want to faint. Shell I git you some water?"

"Did—did he say all of that?" Justine whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, he did. I heered him. I was in the house, an'—"

"Mrs. Hardesty, don't tell me any more. I cannot bear it. How could he have said it—how could he have been so mean?" she wailed, struggling to her feet.

"Of course, they wasn't any truth in what 'Gene said," Mrs. Hardesty volunteered, but the declaration bore distinct marks of a question. Justine's eyes blazed, her body trembled, her lips quivered. Never had any one seen such a look upon that sweet, gentle face.

"No!" burst from her lips so fiercely that Mrs. Jim's eves wavered and fell. "No!" And everybody knows it! How can you ask?"

"I didn't ast—you know I didn't, Jestine," stammered the guest.

"You *did* ask! God forgive 'Gene Crawley for those awful lies—God forgive him! Oh, Matilda, how could he—

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how could he have said such things? I never did him any wrong—"

"Jed ought to kill him—the mean snake! He ought to go right over to Martin Grimes's an'—" began Mrs. Hardesty excitedly.

"No, no! He must not know!" cried Justine with a new terror. She clutched Mrs. Hardesty by the shoulders so that the old lady winced. "Jud must never know! Don't you see how it would end? There would be a murder—a murder! Jud would kill him. Let it be as it is; I can stand it—yes, I can! We must keep it from him. You will help me, won't you? You will see that nobody goes to Jud with this awful story—I know you will! Oh, God! They would fight and —one of them would be killed. How can we keep Jud from hearing?"

Mrs. Hardesty stared up at her, and after a moment laid a hard hand upon the clinging one upon her shoulder.

"You are right," she agreed. "Jed mus' never be tole. Him an' 'Gene would settle it, an' I'm afeared fer Jed's sake. 'Gene's so vicious like."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN THE CLASH CAME.

Despite her apparent cheerfulness, Jud could not but note the ever-recurring look of trouble in her eyes. Those wistful eyes, when they were not merry with smiles, were following him with an anxious look like that of a faithful dog. Sometimes he came upon her suddenly and found her staring into space. At such times he saw indignation in the soft brown eyes, or wrath, or terror. He wondered and his soul was troubled. Was she unhappy? Was she tired of him? He thought of asking her to confide in him, but his simple heart could not find courage to draw forth the confession he feared might hurt him endlessly.

Early in October she resumed her work in the school-house. There was not an evening or a noon that did not see her hurrying home, dreading that 'Gene and Jud had met. One day when she saw 'Gene gallop past the school-house, coming from the direction of the farm, she dismissed the school early and ran almost all the way home. When Jud met her near the gate she was sobbing with joy. He never forgot the kisses she burned upon his lips.

How she loathed and feared 'Gene Crawley! She had dismal nightmares in which he was strangling her husband. In her waking hours she dreamed of the dreadful boast he had made. One night she was startled by the fear that people might believe the words the wretch had uttered.

One Friday evening they were coming home across the meadows from the Bossman farm. The sun was almost below the ridge of trees in the west and long shadows darkened the edges of the pastureland. The evening was cool and bright and they were as happy as children. Reaching the little creek which ran through a corner of Justine's land, not far from the house, they sat down to watch the antics of two sportive calves. Peace was in their hearts, quiet in the world about them. She was like a delighted child as she laughed with him at the inane caperings of the calves, those poor little clowns in spots and stripes. He looked more often at her radiant, joyous face than at their entertainers, and his heart throbbed with the pride of possessing her.

Suddenly she gasped and he felt her hand clasp his arm with the grip of a vise. A glare of horror drove the merriment from her eyes.

"It's 'Gene Crawley!" she whispered. "He's coming this way. Oh, Jud!"

"What's the matter, Justine? He won't hurt you while I'm here. Let him come. Good Lord, dear, don't look like that!" he laughed. Crawley was approaching from down the creek, walking rapidly and glancing covertly toward the house. It was evident he had not seen the couple on the bank.

"Let us go in, Jud. *Please* do! I don't want to see him," she begged.

"I'd like to know what in thunder he's doing in our pasture," growled Jud, with a sudden flame of anger.

"Maybe he's drunk and has lost his way. He'll find the way out, Jud. Come to the house—quick!" She was on her feet and was dragging him up.

"You go in, Justine, if you want to. I'm going to find out what he's doing here. This isn't a—"

"No, no! You must not stay—you must not have words with him. If you

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stay, I'll stay! Won't you please come in, Jud?" she implored, but his eyes were not for her. They were glaring angrily at the trespasser, who, seeing them, had stopped in some confusion twenty feet away.

"Do you think I'm afraid of the derned scoundrel?" he demanded, loud enough for 'Gene to hear. The man down on the bank put his hand out and steadied himself against a sapling. For an instant his black eyes shot fire toward Sherrod, but turned away when they met the wild, dark eyes of the girl. He had not been drinking and he was truly surprised by the meeting. There was a stillness for a moment. The two men again glared at each other, all the hatred in their hearts coming to the surface. The girl was suffocating with the knowledge that she could do nothing to stay the catastrophe.

"Get off this place and don't you ever step your foot on here again," said Jud savagely. Justine's hand fell tremblingly from his rigid arm and she looked a mute appeal to 'Gene, who, still holding to the sapling, was trying to control his rage.

"I was jest takin' a short cut to Bossman's," he began hoarsely through his teeth. "I'll git off yer place, if you say so. I didn't think you'd mind my cuttin' off a mile er so. Mrs. Grimes's baby's sick an'—"

"You needn't explain. Get out! that's all!"

"Oh, Jud," moaned the girl, helplessly.

"Don't be afraid, Justine. I won't hurt your doll baby. I'll git off yer place. If it wasn't fer you, though, I'd pund his head into dog meat," sneered 'Gene.

"You would, would you? You're a liar, dem you! A liar! Are you coward enough to take that?" cried Jud, taking a step forward. She threw her arms about him and tried to drag him away.

"Let go, Justine!" he shouted. "How can I protect myself with you hanging—let go, I say!" She was stunned by the first angry words he had ever spoken to her. Her arms dropped and she staggered back.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" she half whispered. "Jud, Jud, don't! He will kill you!"

"Let him try it! Justine, dear, I'm no coward, and I owe him a licking, anyhow. Now's as good a time as any other. Go to the house, dear—it won't do for you to see it," said her husband, very pale and breathing heavily. He was throwing his coat to the ground, where his hat already lay.

"You must not—you shall not fight, Jud! Do you want to kill me? Mrs. Hardesty says he is a devil! Don't, don't, don't Jud! If you love me, don't fight him, Jud!" she threw herself between the men. Crawley had not moved from his tracks, but the wild glare of the beast was fighting its way to his eyes. He was fast losing control. Try as he would he could not retreat; he could not turn coward before his old enemy.

"Will you fight, 'Gene Crawley?" demanded Jud over her shoulder. "Or will you run like a whipped pup?"

In a second Crawley's coat was off and he was rolling up his sleeves. Jud pushed Justine aside.

"You'd better go to the house," 'Gene said to her. "It ain't right fer you to see us fight. I didn't want to, remember, but, dern him, he can't call me a coward. I'll fight him till I'm dead."

"We'll settle up old scores, too," said Jud. "You've annoyed Justine and you ain' fit to breathe the same air as she does."

"Damn you, Jud Sherrod, I keer as much fer her as you do. I'd die fer her, if she'd let me. You took her from me an' we've got to have it out now. You kin kill me, but you cain't make me say I don't love her!"

"I despise you, 'Gene Crawley! Oh, how I hate you!" cried the girl. "I've always hated you."

"I know it! I know it! You needn't throw it up to me! But I'll make you sorry fer it, see if I don't—"

"Stop that! Don't you talk that way to my wife! Are you ready to fight?" cried Jud, advancing. She made a clutch at his arm and then sank back powerless, against the great oak.

"As soon as she goes to the house," replied the other.

"Go to the house, Justine," cried Jud, impatiently, but she did not move.

"I'll stay right here!" she said mechanically. "If he murders you, I'll kill him!"

Crawley ground his teeth and backed away.

"I won't fight before her. 'Tain't

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right, Jud, 'n you know it. Le's go over to the lane," he said.

"If she's bound to stay, let her stay. And I want her to see me lick you! She's a brave girl; you needn't worry so dern much. Why don't you want to fight before her?"

" 'Cause I'll git mad an' I'll say things she ortn't to hear. I don't want her to hear me cuss an' go on like that. I cain't help cussin' an'—"

"Oh, you're backin' out!" sneered Jud, and he made a rush at his adversary. Before 'Gene could prevent it, a heavy blow landed on his neck and he went to the ground. Justine saw and her heart throbbed with joy. As the man fell she turned her back upon the thrilling scene, insanely throwing her arms about the oak as if to claim its protection.

But Crawley was not conquered by that blow. He was on his feet in an instant, his face livid with rage, his mouth twitching with pain. There were tears in his black eyes, but they were tears of fury. With a bull-like rush he was upon Sherrod. The girl heard the renewed struggling and turned her face in alarm, still clinging to the tree. Fascinated beyond the power of movement, she watched the combat. Her eyes never left Jud's white, convulsed face, and she prayed, prayed as she had never prayed in her life.

Jud was the taller, but 'Gene was the heavier. Almost at the beginning of the hand-to-hand struggle their shirts were stripped from their bodies. Both were well muscled—one clean, wiry and like a tiger, the other like a Greek Hercules. One had the advantage of a quick brain and a nimble strength, offsetting the brute-like power and slower mind of the other. Never in her life had Justine seen two strong men fight.

Sherrod's coolness returned the instant he dealt the first mad blow. Neither knew the first rudiment of the boxer's art, but he was the quicker witted, the more strategic. He knew that 'Gene's wild swings would fell him if he allowed them to land, so he avoided a close fight, dodging away and rushing in with the quickness of a cat. He was landing light blows constantly on the face of his foe, and was escaping punishment so surprisingly well that a confident smile twitched at the corners of his mouth. Crawley, blinded by anger and half stunned by the constant blows, wasted his strength in impotent rushes. Jud was not in reach when he struck those mighty, overbalancing blows.

"Don't be afraid, Justine," panted Jud; "he can't hurt me."

"I can't, eh?" roared 'Gene savagely. "You'll see!" And there followed a storm of oaths.

In spite of herself, the girl could not turn her eyes away. The fierceness, the relentless fury of the fighters, fascinated her. They were so quick, so strong, so savage that she could see but one end—death for one or the other. Their panting sounded like the snarl of dogs, their rushing feet were like the trampling of cattle; in their faces murder alone was dominant. She prayed that some one might come to separate them. In her terror she even feared that her husband might win. Jud the victor—a murderer! If only she could call for help! But her tongue was like ice, her voice was gone. Murder came into her own heart. Could she have moved from the tree she would have tried to kill 'Gene Crawley. Rather be the slayer herself than Jud. She even thought of the hanging that would follow Jud's deed.

Gradually 'Gene's tremendous strength began to gain ascendency. His face was bleeding from many cuts, his white shoulders were covered with blood from a lacerated lip, but his great muscles retained their power. Jud was gasping. The girl began to see in his dulling eyes that the tide was turning. An unconscious shriek came with the conviction that her loved one was losing. She saw the triumphant gleam in 'Gene's eyes, recognised the sudden increase of energy in his attack.

" 'Gene! 'Gene!" she tried to cry, but her throat was in the clutch of a terror so great that the appeal was no more than a whisper.

An instant later Crawley succeeded in doing what he had tried to accomplish for ten minutes. He clinched with his tired antagonist and all Jud's skill was beaten down. The big arms closed about his shoulders and waist, and a strong leg locked the loser's knee. Jud bent backward. They swayed and writhed in that deadly embrace, Jud striking savagely upon the unprotected face of his foe, 'Gene forcing a resolute hand slowly tow-

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ard Jud's throat. Jud's blows made no impression upon the brutal power of the man whose burning, wide-staring eyes saw only the coveted throat, as a beast sees its prey.

A strangling cry came from Jud's lips as the fingers touched his throat. He knew it was all over. He was being crushed—he was helpless. God! If he could only escape that hand! The fingers closed down upon his neck; the hot breath of his foe poured into his face; the big tree in front of him seemed suddenly to whirl upside down; something was spinning in his head. As they turned he caught a glimpse of Justine still standing at the tree. He tried to call out to her to help him—to save him—help! But there was no sound except a gurgle. His hands tore at the merciless thing in his throat. He must tear it away quickly or he would—he was suffocating! He was blind! He felt himself crashing for miles and miles down a precipice.

Justine saw them plunge to the foot-torn turf, 'Gene above. Beneath she saw the agonised face of her husband, her life, her world. With a rush those awful dreams came back to her and she screamed aloud.

" 'Gene!"

Her voice roused the reason of the man, and his blood-shot eyes for the first time sought the object that stood paralysed, immovable against the tree.

"I'll kill him!" he panted malignantly.

"Oh, God! Mercy, 'Gene! Mercy! For my sake!" she moaned. She tried to throw herself upon her knees before him, but her forces were benumbed. The look in her eyes brought the conqueror to his senses. His eyes, still looking into hers, lost their murderous glare and his knotted fingers drew slowly away from the blue neck.

He moved his knee from the other's breast and sank away from him, half lying upon the grass, his heaving body clear of her loved one. The action brought life to the girl.

With a cry she threw herself beside Jud's rigid figure.

"He is dead! Jud! Jud!" she wailed. "Don't look like that!"

Crawley raised himself from the ground, bewildered and dumb. To his brain came the knowledge that he had killed a man. Terror supplanted fury in his closing eyes, a pallor crept over his swarthy face. For the first time he looked into the wide eyes in the strangled face. He did not hear the cries of the woman; he heard only the gasping of that throttled man as they had plunged to the ground.

"I hope I haven't—haven't killed him," struggled through his bleeding lips, tremulously. "God a'mighty! He's dead!" Like a hunted beast he looked about for some place in which to hide, for some way to escape. "They'll hang me! They'll lynch me!" He leaped to his feet and with a yell turned to plunge across the fields toward the woods.

But the reaction had come upon him. His strength was gone. His knees gave way beneath him and he dropped helplessly to the ground, his eyes again falling upon the face of his victim. Trembling in every nerve, he tried to look away, but could not.

Suddenly he started as if struck from behind. His intense eyes had seen a quiver on Jud's lips, a convulsive twitching of the jaws; his ears caught the sound of a small, choking gasp. The world cleared for him. Jud was not dead!

"He's alive!" burst from his lips. He flung the convulsed form of the girl from the breast of the man who was struggling back to life.

As he raised the prostrate man's head, overjoyed to see the blackness receding, to hear the gasp grow louder and faster, a heavy body struck him and something like a steel trap tightened on his neck. Writhing backward he found the infuriated face of the girl close to his. Her hands were upon his throat.

"You killed him and I'll kill you!" she hissed in his ear, and he knew she was mad! It was but a short struggle; he overpowered her and held her to the ground. She looked up at him with such a malevolent glare that he cowered and shivered. Those tender eyes of Justine Van!

"He ain't dead!" he gasped. "Be quiet, Justine! For God's sake, be quiet! Look! Don't you see he's alive? I'll help you bring him to—I won't tech him again! Be quiet an' we'll have him aroun' all right in a minute! Lookee! He's got his eyes closed! I'll git some water!"

He released her and staggered down

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the bank to the little stream. He heard her scream with the discovery that her husband was breathing. In his nervous haste, inspired by fear that Jud might die before he could return, the victor made half a dozen futile efforts before he could scoop up a double handful of water from the creek.

When he reached Jud's side again, he found that she was holding his head in her lap and was rubbing his throat and breast. The purple face was fast growing white and great, heaving gasps came from the contracted throat. 'Gene dashed the water in his face, only to receive from her a cry of anger and a look of scorn so bitter that it made her face unrecognisable. He shrank back and in rebellious wonder watched her dry the dripping face.

For many minutes they remained as a tableau, she alone speaking. All her heart was pouring itself out in the loving words that were meant for Jud's ears alone. His ears could not hear them, but 'Gene Crawley's did, and his face grew black with jealousy. He could not tear himself away; he stood there, rigid, listening to phrases of love for another that mingled with words of hatred for him. He could not believe it was gentle Justine Van who was pouring out those wild words. At last he passed his unsteady hand across his eyes and spoke .

"I—I guess I'll be goin', Justine. Hope Jud'll not—" he began nervously. She turned upon him.

"You! You here? Why don't you go? For God's sake, go, and don't let me see your face again as long as I live!" she cried. "Don't stand there and let him see you when he comes to. The blood is terrible! Go away!"

He wiped the blood from his face, conscious for the first time that it was there. Then he tore down to the brook and bathed his swollen face, scrubbing the stains from his broad chest and arms. Going back, he quickly put on his coat, ashamed of his nakedness. Then he picked up Jud's coat and threw it to her, feeling a desire, in spite of all, to help her in some way. She did not glance toward him, and he saw the reason. Jud's eyes were conscious and were looking up into hers, dumb and bewildered. With a muttered oath, 'Gene started away, taking a dozen steps down the creek before a sudden reversal of mind came over him. He stopped and turned to her, and something actually imploring sounded in his voice.

"Cain't I carry him to the house fer you?" he asked.

"Oh!" she cried, turning a terrified face toward him and shielding Jud with her body. "Don't you dare come near him! Don't you touch him! You dog!"

A snarl of rage escaped his lips.

"I s'pose you'll try to have me arrested, won't you? He'd 'a' killed me if he could an' I didn't kill him jest because you ast me not to. But I s'pose that won't make no difference. You'll have the constable after me. Well, lookee here! All the constables in Clay Township cain't take me an' I won't run from 'em, either. I'll kill the hull damn crowd! Go on an' have me arrested if you want to. You c'n tell that husband o' yourn that I let him go fer your sake, but if he ever forces me into a fight ag'in all hell cain't save him. You tell him to go his way an' I'll go mine. As fer you—well, I won't say what I'll do!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you!" she cried defiantly. He strode away without another word. From afar, long afterward, he saw her assist Jud to his feet and support him as he dragged himself feebly toward the house.

(*To be continued.*)

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EMERSON THE INDIVIDUALIST

The individual is God differentiated. Mankind is One reduced to fractions. Each soul is a segment of the primal circle—an arc curved over the deeps of Being. The roots of the soul, like the roots of islands, meet and conjoin in the depths where individual differences cease. The individual mind is a gaunt, isolated peak that rises sheer and stark from the unplumbed abysses of the divine. And, like mountains that crumble to the sea to lay the foundations of future ranges that shall and shall not be the same, so does the individual return atom by atom to its source. Those emotions, desires, thoughts, that make us what we are shall drift back silently and inevitably to the great spiritual reservoir, and the many-tongued soul is at last resumed in God, whence it sprung. Difference is shrouded in like, and like undulates to difference in perpetual circles. Such, in brief, is the metaphysics of individualism as expounded by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The greatest thing in the world is self-love. Love yourself, reverence yourself, and it must inexorably follow that you can then hate no man. He loves himself best who hates himself most. You must learn to detest the petty that battens on your soul like maggots on rotten fish, and the gnawing envies that dart through your veins like hungry rats in a wall, and the furtive-eyed insincerities that shape the soul to obscene curves and amble after place and power like a crétin begging alms. Self-love is not selfishness, but self-ishness. He who loves another loves the best in himself. He who hates another loves the worst in himself.

We hear much of altruism. Altruism is Envy turned saint. It is the creed of soggy souls and sultry moralists. Altruism is a subtle form of egotism. It aims at self-expansion by denying self. Altruists are moral smugglers, and they have the contraband in their cellars. They do good that they may receive good in return. The absurdest thing in the world is the story of how Adam named the animals; almost as absurd is the doctrine of disinterested motives. It is easier to balance Sirius on a hair than to conceive of an action that is not motived in self-love. The tops and bottoms of being cannot reach beyond the Self, in which we are shrouded like the sun in its fires. Except a thing tend to glorify you it is worthless.

The sublimest sacrifice that the world has ever seen was but the immolation of the lower on the higher, of the mortal individual on the cosmic individual. On the pyres of aspiration, Christ burned His lower nature. Hence we call Him the perfect man.

It was Emerson who first gave us leave to worship ourselves. In his high northing he skirted the open polar seas of the spirit; and his eye at least beheld the spot where all lines meet. The forked lightnings of his soul struck steeple and capitol, and the thunders that reverberated from Self-Reliance rumbled around the world. The prim proprieties that feed on shredded wheat, and mediocrity that lives by oatmeal alone were set a-crooning, and the "home virtues"—parlour magic for children—were scared into a death-chatter. The sham gods that dwell in their tinselled social padogas were rocked from their embossed pedestals, and the shrivelled souls of a manikin mankind—all neatly wrapped in the tinfoil virtues—were set a-squeaking and a-gibbering with horror. All the essays and poems are, in the last analysis, a celebration of Emerson. His own soul was the most important fact in his life. He knew nobody worthier than himself. Revolutionist, transcendentalist, sage, stoic, bond-servant to the Spirit that dwells in the unlimned spaces of the Oversoul, he flung the age-long cadavers that had staled in his doorway over the parapets of his castle, and sounded a clarion-blast of defiance to the worm-eaten faiths of the world.

It is the hardest thing in the world to preserve your individuality. All things tend to absorb you. The world is avid of your soul. The very stars are wolves upon your trail. Society is an unkennelled bloodhound that roams our cities seeking whom it may devour. Time is shod in rubber, and its ferret eyes leer with delight as it watches your soul crumble to the common level. Threatening missives are borne to you upon

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the winds, and the hint of penalties falls on your ear like rain-patter on a tin roof. Fear—that "obscene bird," Emerson calls it—circles over your soul like a kite amorous of carrion. The cabals of Doubt are always in session, and your tiny spirit flutters and flickers like a candle set near a wind-swept chimney. The whispering negations play over your soul like lambent flames on troubled waters. All things conspire against you. The thongs of habit rib your soul. You are striated with elemental slime. The life of man from bib to coffin is a vicarious atonement; he does daily penance for the sins of his ancestors. The insinuating imps of temptation swarm in and out of your clay like worms in a corpse. If you rise to the level of your instincts, you will be pelted by pebbled epithets, and senile old women, of both sexes, will run into the highway and fling at you the "Nay!" "Nay!" from the slungshots of their hatred. And there are those who will crouch behind the hedges of humility and fling their dirt at the traveller along the Open Road. The man who dares to be himself is a wild hair blown into the eye of his generation.

"Let us have done with conformity!" cries Emerson. Were the mighty currents of Being set in motion merely to float bloated bladders? He who can walk the waters of life is truly a saviour—at least, of himself. We amble and shamble through life. Walking is a lost art. We pay court here, we doff our hat there; we crook the knee to that senescent lie and fawn upon this pimpled villainy; and our backs grow round, and, like pigs with snout to the ground, are our senses riveted to smut. Conformity is cowardice, and all concessions are made to the devil. It is better to die on the Horeb of isolation, knowing that you have been true to yourself, than to rot away inch by inch in the mephitic alleys of the commonplace. It is better to go *your* way among men, defiant of their scorn, than to go men's ways and scorn yourself. The cerebral activity of the average man consists of a series of apologetic molecular movements that discharge shrimp-like impressions which he dignifies by the name of thought.

Action is thought tempered by illusion. Most of our actions are cowardly. They aim at something the world prizes—fame, honour, riches. No man dares to act from himself. He borrows his light. If he has an original thought he conceals it. It is his; hence it is unworthy. His humility is cowardice. His apologies are the dry cough of a consumptive soul. He yawns and gapes when the world is not by. His life is as artificial and as useless as civilisation. His body is but the inflated bladder of a dead ego. "Don't be a mush of concessions," Emerson admonishes us. Dare to affirm—or to deny. There *is* a negative bravery. There is a courage that is immobile. A pygmy may do and dare. It takes a Hercules to achieve inaction. Dare not to do, and you will find it harder than daring to do. The man who aims at nothing, whose heart is set upon nothing, whose eye lusteth not, whose soul floats with the endless currents of being in a joyful, willing willessness, has achieved that calm and repose that are the basic motives of the strenuous act—the act that confuses means with ends and subsists *en passant*. Emerson's soul stood poised in a measureless calm—like a shaft of alabaster towering to the multitudinous stars. His mind was an Alhambra of beauties, and his head wore the turban of dreams. God stole on tiptoe to his soul and messaged to the world the great Saga of Self.

"Trust thyself." Why should I make believe that I like the world-famed book I am reading if it run counter to my deepest convictions? Why am I bound to believe what is said in any book, though it come with the imprint of Mount Sinai? Why should I hold to any law, church, institution, if there is that within me which spurns it? Each man is unique. He may live again, but under other masks. My thoughts are best because they are my own. Each of us is a relative absolute—relative in his qualities, absolute in his unique potentialities. The man firmly mortised in the granite of Self must spurn gifts merely because they are gifts. What can I use?—not What can I get?—is the question the egoist asks himself. Each thought, however humble, that is rightfully ours, is of use. The despised trivial is often the crumbling fragment of ancient buried sublimities. The carrion hours gorged with the filth of decayed cycles spit their bribes at our feet. But your great man will have none of them. Time is a rhymed undula-

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tion. The things he needs will flow to his feet. Let the social hucksters peddle their wares. The man who drinks his own spirit will no longer harpoon sardines; he baits for Eternity.

In so far as a man concedes and takes is he weak. In so far as he resists and refuses is he strong. Shall we be affronting reefs in this wild, unsounded sea of lawless law, or corks swirling anywhither? That flowering differentiation which is called individuation was begun in the affirmation of a denial—the affirmation of the rights of the single over the many and the denial of the power of environment. Things develop in inverse ratio to their likenesses. Life is conditioned on contention. At bottom there is war. Whether the battle for the preservation of self is carried on in the open or in the midnight silences of the soul—it is one and the same. It is the soul's demand for breathing space. It is the battle for the redemption of the self from the slavery of limitation. The law of self-preservation is the law of salvation. To preserve yourself at the expense of your neighbour is Nature's first ordinance. Attraction is secondary—an afterthought. Love is an efflorescence. Resistance is the primal law. Your molecules are surrounded by an impenetrable sphere of force. Your soul was made to withstand impact. Emerson never tires of emphasising this truth. In "Self-Reliance" he says: "I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions." He will not sell his liberty and power to save other men's sensibilities. It is better to wound than play the hypocrite. "I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life." It is the weak man who smilingly weaves his silken threads of craft around the strong man. But the strong man has need for neither craft nor apology. He slashes his way to liberty.

"Behold! I teach you the Overman," might have been enunciated by Emerson. The Overman of Nietzsche aimed at a beyond-man. The Overman of Emerson is to be evolved in man. Nietzsche sought to manufacture a God; Emerson sought to fabricate a man. Nietzsche conceived power as something that primarily flowed out of man; Emerson conceived it as something flowing into man from the Oversoul—the shoreless sunken seas of the potential.

There is a conspiracy among the underfed to palm off the emaciated for the ethereal. We cringe to words; we fawn before proverbs; we are the paid sycophants of Mumbo-Jumbo. We are ruled by the senescent and the obsolescent. Men are afraid to violate. Virtue is a papier-maché monument that Impotence has erected over the grave of Hope. At most there is a thin, piping "No," and a scamper to cover. Men seek to do the "proper thing"—which is generally the improper thing. Most laws are obeyed through fear—and presto! we have the "virtue" styled obedience. The Ideal is the Cockayne of the lost. The weak man dreams his darling sin, and calls it "Heaven." The strong man enacts his darling sin, and the world cries "Bravo!"—sometimes—and another "virtue" comes to being. "Do the thing you are afraid to do," Emerson tells us. Shock the decorous. Defy the customary, and let us raise altars to the rebels! It is inability that wears the mask of patience, and we are ruled by the unfittest. Conscience?—the tribute that weakness pays to capacity. Strong men and their consciences must part. Each original act smashes a scruple. The highest Man is not a moral being, but an æsthete. Life for him is a spectacle, not an aspiration. What we call progress is but the primitive love of the novel. We are dying of an overdose of "moralic acid."

At bottom we reverence power. We have an instinctive love for the heroic. And we twist moral values to suit our desires. We love might more than right. The bandit Bonaparte has dazzled the world; we love him for his strength. He was a good animal. We secretly admire the great law-breakers and build private fanes to the great Anarchs,—witness Musolino.

The Greek Prometheus is the soul of man in eternal rebellion. We like to linger over the image of Ajax defying the lightning. The Byron legend will fascinate the world when *Childe Harold* shall no longer be extant. And America shall one day count Ralph Waldo Emerson her chiefest rebel and her greatest glory.

Benjamin De Casseres.

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THE AVATAR OF THE EPIGRAM

France was once described as an absolute monarchy tempered by epigrams. This was in the days (not yet ended even in republican France) when every melodramatic incident, real or invented, must be accompanied by a phrase to match. *A chaque coup son mot:* "To every deed its word." The equipment of a hero demanded a trumpet as well as a sword. Even when he sheathed or surrendered the sword, he must needs blow a simultaneous fanfaronade upon the trumpet. Hence General Cambronne's fabled reply—"The Old Guard dies but never surrenders,"—to the English demand at Waterloo that the remnants of his veterans should yield. In vain he protested in after life that he had never used the phrase. In vain he pointed out that the excellent body of men to whom he referred did not die, but did surrender. French history insisted on being invented. To this day, in his native town of Nantes, a "tall column lifts its head and lies," for the *mot* is engraved on a commemorative shaft raised to General Cambronne by his fellow citizens in the year 1835.

Kings found it as difficult as generals or commoners to discard the popular *mots* attributed to them. Francis I. has come down to us as the author of the gallant phrase, "All is lost save honour," although he merely wrote something analogous to this in a letter to his mother. To Louis XIV. is still ascribed the Louis-like saying, *"L'etat, c'est moi!"* although there is no evidence to support the ascription. Even when the Comte d'Artois rose to be Charles X., he found that nobody would accept his denial of a famous epigram attributed to him during his countship. The story of how this epigram was begotten and brought forth has been told by witnesses who were in at the birth, and is so full of illumination that it is worth pausing over.

Monsieur le Comte d'Artois had been deputed to make a public address on the occasion (April 12th, 1814) of the restoration of his brother, Louis XVIII., to the throne of the Bourbons. Unaccustomed to speaking, he succeeded only in murmuring a few confused sentences. That evening Talleyrand assembled a brilliant company at his hotel. "What did the Prince say?" he asked.

"Nothing at all," was the disappointing answer.

"Oh, but he must have said something," cried Talleyrand; and turning to Minister Beugnot of the Interior, a man famous for impromptu wit, he said, "Beugnot, go into my closet and make a *mot.*" After three attempts had been voted down by the company, Beugnot reappeared for a fourth time with this apt and pithy saying, "There is nothing changed. There is only one Frenchman more." A hearty round of applause followed. A speech was built up around the epigram. Next morning it appeared in the *Moniteur.* The speech was soon forgotten. The epigram remained. It was quoted, admired, sneered at, parodied. It had a powerful effect on public opinion.

Such was the France of yesterday. Such to a certain extent it is to-day. But France has gallicised the United States. She has inoculated us with her own *esprit.* Columbia on her part has recently started out on her mission to Americanise the world, including all Gaul. She has carried coals to Newcastle as well as to other ports. She has instructed her grandmother of Britain to suck French eggs. To-day the epigram has, through American influence, achieved a new birth of astonishing vigour throughout Anglo-Saxondom, even where it was formerly a mere moribund reminiscence from classic antiquity.

As far back as the Revolution, America had her phrase-makers. The Declaration of Independence scintillates with verbal brilliants. It is true that Rufus Choate once denounced them as "glittering generalities;" but a greater than Choate—the serene-minded Emerson—retorted by calling them "blazing ubiquities." In the phrase "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," an American ambassador summed up America's answer to France's complaint against the Anglo-American treaty of 1796. In another phrase, "Our country: may she always be in the right; but right or wrong, our country!" an American admiral in 1816 minted an argument that

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has decided the laggard and recalcitrant citizen in many a sequent emergency.

But despite occasional precursors, it was Lincoln who first forged the epigram into an ever-present weapon of offence and defence. His speeches were bundles of barbed shafts. His occasional sayings were pointed with a wit that was venom to the wrong and balsam to the right. The cardinal feature of his administration, in short, was military law, tempered by epigram.

To make the Gallic analogy complete, phrases were invented for him. It is said that the *mot* about Grant and whiskey—"Tell me what brand he drinks and I'll give it to my other generals"—was put imaginatively into Lincoln's mouth by Charles G. Halpine ("Major Miles O'Reilly"), in a burlesque report of a Delmonico banquet in 1863. It was certainly anticipated by a jest of George II., who, on being told that General Wolfe was mad, expressed a hope that he "would bite some of my other generals."

Our Civil War, indeed, occurred at a period when America was coming into a peculiar birthright of fun-making, which, though original in most of its aspects, had, none the less, hereditary affiliations on the one hand, with the grotesque qualities of Rabelais, and, on the other, with the *finesse* of Rochefoucauld. It therefore doubly derives from the French. In turn, Artemus Ward and our Mark Twains have inspired imitators in the Jerome K. Jeromes and W. W. Jacobses of England, while our Howellses and Jameses have by their own example stimulated their British contemporaries to a like study of the finer French models.

It is wit rather than humour of which the French are masters (in humour the British are preëminent), and the essence of wit, as we know, is brevity. Now the essence of brevity distils itself into the epigram. What is an epigram? Etymologically it means "an inscription." In classic usage that term was confined to something written in poetry. In the larger use of to-day it occupies the same place in written literature that the proverb occupies in the unwritten. Both depend for their acceptance and popularity upon a single shaft driven right home, and eliciting the spontaneous exclamation, "How true! How well hit!" Hence it may always be divorced from its context. It is this feature that has made it so peculiarly adapted for advertising an author or his work—even in the gross commercial sense.

Thus a happy phrase of this sort has frequently helped to make the fortune of a play or novel. It need not be original. It need not be new—provided always it is old enough to have been forgotten. Fifteen years ago, in Philadelphia, a friend of mine, a peripatetic encyclopedia of current humour, told me as the latest in his repertoire the following: "Fleas are a good thing for a yellow dog. They make him forget he is a yellow dog." I jotted the phrase down in my notebook at the time. Ten years later the same jest made the rounds of the press as the most characteristic of all the sayings of David Harum. Mr. Westcott, also, had jotted it down into his notebook and made an (entirely legitimate) use of it before I had my chance.

Novelists and dramatists, in short, have all learned the value of the epigram. Book reviews and dramatic critics pounce upon every good thing of this sort and exploit it. Newspapers and periodicals vie with one another in printing columns headed "Flashes from the Footlights," or "Scintillations from the Novelists." The public seems avid for this sort of literary food. Caterers to the public are anxious to supply it. Our E. B. Bensons, our Gertrude Athertons, our Harlands, our Edith Whartons, our Merrimans, our John Oliver Hobbeses, our Hichenses (not to mention our Henry Jameses and our Howellses), fairly bristle with these single shafts ready at any time to be fitted to the journalistic bow.

The great protagonist of this sort of thing may be said to have been Oscar Wilde. He is the English epigrammatist, par excellence, if we estimate by quantity rather than quality. Nor was his quality inconsiderable. He had not the wholesomeness of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who was, in a sort, his pioneer; but even the toxic properties of his wit possessed their anti-toxic value:

> One fire burns out another's burning.

The air was full of cant. Oscar Wilde's grapeshot, like Mr. Gilbert's shells, were levelled against the British Philistine, and the portentous platitudes

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wherewith he buttressed his chubby conservatism. Wilde's favourite trick was to take the worn-out proverbs—the so-called axioms and truisms which Philistine respectability accepted as portions of eternal verities—and, by inverting them, to show that they sounded as smart and as wise in one way as in the other. So far, so good. The aim was an artistic one. But the Wilde method lacked spontaneity and variety. In the end it became almost as tiresome as the thing he satirised. And he often lost sight of any true satiric aim in the mere effort to raise a laugh at all hazards.

For example, here are two good old sayings that have degenerated into what is currently known as the stage of banality: "Marriages are made in heaven." "Two is a company, three is a crowd." Wilde took these and twisted them as follows: "Divorces are made in heaven." "In married life three is a company, two is none." These, it must be admitted, are extreme instances. We see the epigram machine at work here, and recognise the simplicity and even crudeness of the mechanism. But even in his better jests (those that never failed to set an audience in a roar), the same system is utilised, with only an additional cog or wheel brought into play. I take at random from *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *The Importance of being Earnest* a few illustrative examples: "There is nothing like the devotion of a married woman when you are not married to her." "The conduct of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public." "You must realise, dear doctor, that by persistently remaining single, a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation. Men should be more careful; this very celibacy leads weaker vessels astray." "Who was your father? He seems to have been a man of wealth. Was he born in the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?"

Now in these epigrams there is something of the topsy-turvy method, in which Gilbert was the precursor of Wilde and remained the master. Compare the last one, for example, with that admirable bit of wit in *Iolanthe:*

> Blame not the highly-born,
> Nor treat with lofty scorn
> The well-connected.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Hearts just as pure and fair
> May beat in Belgrave Square
> As in the lowly air
> Of Seven Dials.

In short, Wilde may have been more phosphorescent; but Gilbert had a more serious satiric meaning beneath his external brilliancy. Was it of Gilbert, by the way (or of Whistler), that the story is told: Wilde applauding a *mot* of the other, exclaimed, "Ah, I wish I had said that!" "Never mind, Oscar, you will!" was the ready retort. And while asking questions, I should like to know the name of the New York politician who, long before Wilde's time, turned out one of the best epigrams ever made by the process which the late playwright subsequently mastered,—"We must pander to the moral sense of the community."

William S. Walsh.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

The most stirring event of the month was the turning of the successful playwright, Mr. Jones, upon his oppressor in the London *Times*. The *Times* critic has for some years been finding fault with Mr. Jones's plays and delicately chaffing their author. To legitimate criticism Mr. Jones said he did not object, but this kind of thing was persecution, for the man went out of his way to make personal insinuations, and instead of judging him as a playwright jeered at him as Jones. So he wrote an indignant letter to the editor of the *Times,* and excluded the critic from his theatre on a first night. Yet when it came to citing instances, Mr. Jones could find nothing worse to say than that his tormentor had once called him a *viveur*. In fact, the critic had not transgressed even a rule of etiquette, yet here was Mr. Jones almost on the point of calling in the police. It led to much discussion of the proper bounds of criticism.

To people of the Jones way of thinking, legitimate criticism is a high and dry body of rules judicially applied by a colourless man to the bleached bones of the drama. The author should be long since dead and the critic should be as nearly dead as possible; for the more there is of life, the greater the danger of being personal, and the stronger the pulse the deeper the human prejudice. If the author lives, he must remain to you as impersonal as a polygon. It is beyond us all. A play is an intensely personal affair. If Jones wrote it you cannot poke into it anywhere without disturbing him, and if the pokes do not go as far as Jones they are not thorough. After all is said, a play is more than mechanism or plot or problem or picture of life or moral lesson and deeper than any element of fact or form is the personal element—the ineffable element of Jones, substratum of Smith, essence of Robinson. The most interesting part of any play is the man who wrote it. Even as an imitator he betrays himself by his selection, and the thing you really like or dislike is his particular kind of mind and not the tools he uses. To the *Times* critic, seared by long play-seeing, the amusing thing in Mr. Jones's plays was the glimpse he got of Mr. Jones. So those are Mr. Jones's standards, and that is how he must have been brought up, and this is the way the world looks to him, and here is a sample of what he thinks sublime and there his notion of the humorous. And lo! for him there is a Jones *ex machinâ*. It is the dearest pleasure of a critic's life.

Or take, for example, *The Taming of Helen,* by Richard Harding Davis. The critics have condemned it as false and ill-made, though it is technically a better play than a dozen others they have praised to the skies. The interest does not lag and the action does not go to pieces toward the end, and it is no further away from life than the majority of the successful plays this season. There is nothing whatever the matter with it but the exhibition of Mr. Davis himself. The critics happen not to like him. Perhaps if they did like him, they would not say so, for a taste for Mr. Davis is not considered a manly taste just now—so much has been said about the matinée girl. If the play fails, it will simply mean that it has not had a chance with the public, whom Mr. Davis is very well qualified to amuse in spite of the fact that he has mistaken a prig for a hero. Spectacular magnanimity, with a punctual reward, concealed merits that other people always detect, manners dramatically good, character conspicuously noble, every quality paid for in the end with a handsome profit—the Davis heroes are all so much alike, that we know they are his day-

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dream of himself or of what he would like to be. "Philip, your love is splendid," said Helen's chaperon to the hero of the play, and Philip, who was doing the modest gentleman just then, promptly deprecated it. Nothing can match a Davis man for modesty, when modesty is the proper play. But in a few minutes Philip was telling Helen not only that his love was splendid, but that it was the grandest thing she would ever get, and that if she did not take care he might never let her have it. In fact it was going, going, gone—he was eloquent as an auctioneer—and finally in a terrible voice he warned her that no matter how much she wanted it, he would never offer it to her again, but that one day of her own accord she would come and place her hand in his and tell him she loved him. And it all worked out as it always does in Mr. Davis's paradise—a paradise of conceited men where there is never a discerning friend to whisper, What an idiot! And why not? What lovelier dream than the sweet equation between self-esteem and the world's approval? Mr. Davis adores his men, and has not the slightest sense of his and their absurdity. But how long since have people ceased to be interesting because they are absurd? And what humbug there is in those stale allusions to marshmallows and the matinée girl when there are hundreds of old codgers with the hearts of matinée girls and a sweet tooth lingering among the few that survive. To some Mr. Davis is as grand as he means to be, to others he is far more amusing than he dreams. Counting both classes, the area of entertainment is considerable, and this play is as good as his books.

In the hurried reviews of plays there is no time to pick out the little things that make the difference. For instance, *The Billionaire* has been lumped with half a dozen musical comedies, undistinguishable slot-machine affairs like the *Chinese Honeymoon* (which subsists only by a song or two and by a portion of Mr. Seabrooke's activities); whereas part of it, especially the second act, is the best farce that has been seen here in many months, better than anything in Weber and Fields or the best of the old Hoyt farces. Between good nonsense like this, spontaneous and unexpected, and the formulated sallies of Mr. George Ade or the usual compound of newspaper jokes and horseplay there is all the difference in the world. But the writer ventured it only half the time; the other half was given up to the safe old devices which he could count on for drawing a laugh because they had always done so. He interspersed the things that he liked himself with the things that he thought we needed.

A play has at least done something if it has put you in a combative mood. You may enjoy a play in the full knowledge that it is ridiculous. It is possible to pish and pshaw and still be happy. Somebody's hero may be your clown, but the main question is not whether the effects were those which the author intended but whether there are any effects at all. The blanks are the real misfortunes. In a play like *Cynthia* there is no sign of life anywhere—not a living being either beneficial or noxious to man on the premises. It is not that it was merely improbable. The spendthrift wife who did not know that ten per cent a month was a high rate of interest was not half so preposterous as dozens of delightful stage-people. It invited none of the withering scorn that the true manhood of the press felt for *The Taming of Helen*. There was simply no sport in the making of it. The author wrote it without zest and there was no spirit in the lines. In constituting the heroine's charm he followed the old declarative method of making the other characters say how bewitching she was, but giving her no lines to prove it. The same thing happened in *Pretty Peggy*. In each play the heroine had to struggle with a deficit of fascination. In neither of these productions did the author count for anything, and such effects as they had were due to the players or the stage management. Yet authors there must have been, flesh-and-blood beings, with eyes of their own and the whole world to choose from, but preferring to anything they had felt or seen themselves the stuffy old traditions of the theatre.

It would have been a wonderful coincidence if so good a novel as the *Resurrection* had fallen into the right hands for a stage version. It was not pleasant to think of its being chopped and telescoped into a play, and the old man's fiery humanity toned down into what the paragraphers call the "heart interest." It is

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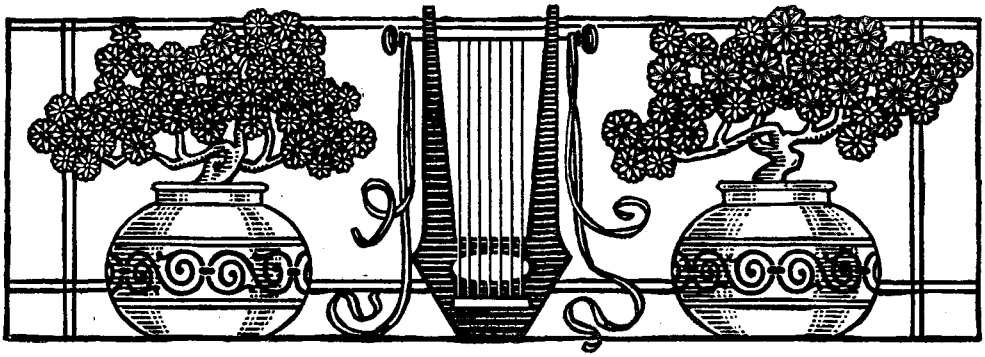
always a pity to see such books go into the mill. Ouida's are the things to dramatise, and Hall Caine's and Augusta J. Evans's, if need be. For Thackeray or Tolstoy, one must brace himself against the shock. But *Resurrection* on the stage was far better than might have been expected. Naturally there was little plot and time was lacking for the development of character, but the dialogue was mainly Tolstoy's, and Prince Nekhlúdoff in his syncopated form was recognisable. So was Katusha in her fallen state, but in her innocence and after her redemption she was not realised either by the playwright or by Miss Walsh. When the Prince was first seized with remorse, Mr. Haworth's sobs could have been heard on Broadway; but apart from the physical violence of the first act his Nekhlúdoff was very good. The play was interesting—ten pages of the book picked out anywhere would be interesting—and better than the general run of dramatisations.

F. M. Colby.



STEWART EDWARD WHITE

What a young man of twenty-nine would like to do is of no particular consequence except to himself. But when he has begun to prove that he can do the things he would like to do, his work is certainly worth consideration. Aboyhood spent in the untracked woods of the Northwest, where the advance guard of our civilisation has been groping its way forward, convinced Stewart Edward White that there is still a frontier, and that the conflict between things as they were in the beginning and things as they are to be in time to come is still throwing out in high relief the national qualities which we have rather come to believe have been averaged down to a flat dull grey since the days of Fenimore Cooper and Bret Harte's California. Mr. White, saturated with the conviction that the American pioneer has not yet faded into a romantic memory, began some four years ago to write it out. He had no training as a writer. He had none of that sort of inspiration which leads a man to compose pretty things as practice against the day when he shall hope to find a subject worthy of his ability. He began writing because his subject made him write.

Along in 1897, Brander Matthews had Mr. White in a graduate class at Columbia. Professor Matthews liked the truthfulness and the ring of Mr. White's exercises; he advised his student, as he has advised many another, to attempt publication. Since then Mr. White has had published three novels and thirty-one short stories; there is a fourth novel almost ready for publication. His controlling impulse or inspiration, or whatever else we may choose to call it, has been justified not only by the success of his books, but by the warmest expressions of appreciation by men to whom the mere fact of the ready sale of a book means nothing at all, but to whom the ring of truth and the breath of free open air through a written page mean everything. One of the first approving letters received by Mr. White after the publication of *The Blazed Trail* was from Theodore Roosevelt. The President did not know Mr. White, but he could not help

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speaking out for a book that seemed to him to handle so well the life of the big, open West which has meant and which means so much to him.

Mr. White began his explorations of all outdoors at the tender age when kilts give way to the dignity of "short pants." His father had been a land-looker, a man who lived in the woods on his own resources, with ouly such baggage as he could carry on his back. Later, as a lumberman on a big scale, he still spent months at a time in the forests. He took the small Stewart with him on many excursions, so that before he was ten years old the boy knew much more of woodcraft and wood creatures than is given to most men in a lifetime. Then came four years of outdoor living in California, where his father had another home, and four years more of travelling all over the West. As a boy, Mr. White made his outdoor living the means of a very earnest study of birds. Before he entered the University of Michigan he had made a collection of fourteen hundred bird skins, and had written a pamphlet on the birds of Mackinac Island, which was published by the American Ornithologists' Union. What school-book studying he had was done at home in the evenings, until by special arrangement he was allowed to take a half-day course in the public high school, so that he could spend the rest of his time in the woods. The University of Michigan was not quite as flexible in its requirements of attendance as the High School

STEWART EDWARD WHITE BREAKING THROUGH THE BRUSH.

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had been, and Mr. White's roamings were for a time restricted to the summer vacations. Part of his academic training, however, was the learning of the ways of sailboats, and he explored hundreds of miles of nooks and corners of North Country lakes and rivers where white faces had very seldom been seen before.

It is believed by some of Mr. White's friends that his first step after leaving college was the result of a difference of opinion between himself and his parents as to the lengths to which indulgence in outdoor living should be carried. He has

MR. WHITE CROSSING THE PLAINS.

not said so directly, but there are grounds for inference that "it was thought best" that he should settle down in Grand Rapids to a desk in his father's great establishment and to the tyranny of an office boy and a stenographer. He did not. He took a gun and a pack and one hundred dollars in money, and struck out into the Black Hills of South Dakota.

As a miner of gold, the young man had only moderate success; he did indeed succeed in seizing upon a very valuable water right that the owners of a promising mining claim had overlooked, but a freshet came along just about as he was about to sell out and changed the course of his stream, so that it was valueless. He undertook some financial diplomacy in settling up the affairs of a "busted" Eastern mining company, with the interesting result of being mounted on a stump by a number of disappointed creditors who put a noose around his neck and asked what word he would like to send home to his folks. Mr. White has never been otherwise known as an orator, but it is recorded that he poured out such a convincing flood of eloquence on this occasion that he convinced his audience that their only chance for further payment by the Eastern capitalists lay in the sparing of his life. It is pleasant to add that their faith in the oration was subsequently verified. He likewise encountered a person with a mask and a gun who expressed a desire for his money or his life, or both; in his hurry to oblige the stranger Mr. White dismounted from his horse in such peculiar fashion that the robber thought he had encountered a lunatic and fled incontinently. Amid such inspiring incidents as these, including a term during which he made his living by shooting game for a mining-camp grub joint, Mr. White came to feel that he had at least an understanding acquaintance with the course of life in the Black Hills mining country, where, to quote my friend Captain Seth Bullock of Deadwood, "God had elbow room to make men full size."

In all this time there was no writing. Mr. White had not gone about with a spatula and a palette collecting local colour. He had been doing things because he liked them. When the impulse came to express the experience, he found that he needed something that the woods had not taught him. He came to Columbia, entered the Law School and took a special course in the English department of the college. He spent a year and a half in Paris with his brother Gilbert, the painter, and was for a time in the book department of A. C. McClurg and Company in Chicago. He was studying the machinery of expression.

As readers of his books know, he has not even yet the complete confidence in his ability to tell things as he sees them which characterises the man whose impulse to write comes first and who fills up with his subject afterwards. Without in any other way comparing the two

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books, one finds himself vaguely conscious of the same feeling about the merely literary form of *The Westerners* that he has about *David Harum.* There are places where putty has been used to fill crudely fitted joints.

It is extremely good that Mr. White knows that he has not attained the highest literary grace, and that he is constantly studying and working to make his work better and to earn more confidence in his style. He is too much in earnest with his setting forth of the later pioneer to falter. It is altogether certain that each book that comes from him will mark a long step ahead—so far as mere finish goes—of the book before. Mr. White takes his work seriously; but he lacks the unpleasant trait so common to self-serious persons of climbing a pedestal to invite the public to join him in realising the significance of his labours. I know a hearty admirer of Mr. White's novels and short stories, a newspaper reporter (and consequently one trained to intuitions and quick inferences), who met Mr. White and talked to him for two hours about the Northwest and books and writers of books, but who did not learn until two weeks later that he had been conversing with the author of *The Claim Jumpers, The Blazed Trail* and *The Westerners.*

Mr. White accepts criticism with cheerfulness, if not with pliability. He inclines to the belief that when he has put into a book, with great labour and pains and thought, the elements which he thinks make that book complete, no one has the right to insist that those things ought to be radically altered or removed. He will bear the critic's suggestion in mind when he writes the next book, but the story under consideration is done. It is finished as he meant it to be finished. Let it stand. An instance is the interpolation into the plot of *The Blazed Trail* of Helen Thorpe, the hero's sister. Helen had her uses in throwing into relief the character of Thorpe. But many readers of the manuscript of the book told Mr. White with much unanimity that she and her affairs were a clog on the free running of the main story. Helen stayed in the book, nevertheless.

Mr. White's life to-day is one that very nearly justifies the breaking of the Tenth Commandment. For three years, except for short excursions to the Eastern seaboard and to Europe, he has been tramping through the unmapped parts of Canada, living with fur-traders and with wild animals, getting the material for *Conjuror's House,* his coming novel. He has ample assurance that he may profitably continue such living to the top of his bent, for as long as he cares to. He is not only chronicling the frontiersman of to-day for posterity, and making more than his own keep, but he is having a very good time.

Lindsay Denison.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

A great many protests have come to us during the past few months, some of them expressing surprise and some of them expressing dissatisfaction, over the temporary omission from these pages of the Letter-Box. This dissatisfaction we regard as a high compliment; but we do not see why any one should feel surprised. We announced last January that Miss Carolyn Wells was going to present the Editors of THE BOOKMAN with her entire collection of detective literature. Well, the books arrived with great promptness to the number of sixty-eight, all in good order. Under these circumstances, we think that instead of being surprised because the Letter-Box did not appear, our readers ought rather to wonder that THE BOOKMAN came out at all. There are detective stories in this collection of which neither the Senior Editor nor the Junior Editor had ever heard before; so the for-

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mer forgot his meals and the latter left his golf-sticks in the cellar, and both of them buried themselves in large, comfortable chairs, after locking the office door and leaving word that they had gone into the country. The proceedings of the two Editors, however, will have little interest for our readers when compared with the detective library itself. First of all, let us show it to you neatly displayed in front of one of the chairs already mentioned. Here it is:

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Miss Wells has a very pretty taste in crime and its detection. Twenty-five of the volumes are by Du Boisgobey; eight are by Gaboriau; and nine by Fergus Hume. Among the others is a book by Conan Doyle, entitled *Strange Secrets,* of which we are ashamed to say that we knew nothing. We were also unaware that Maarten Maartens had ever written a detective story; but Miss Wells got hold of it. It is called *The Black Box Murder.* Some of these titles, by the way, are almost sufficient in themselves for the satisfaction of the reader. For instance, there is *The Cry of Blood.* We should like a photograph of Miss Wells reading *The Cry of Blood.* There is also a book by Archibald Clavering Gunter which is new to us—*The Surprises of an Empty Hotel.* And did you ever hear of *The Detective's Eye,* or *Five Hundred and Twenty Per Cent.,* or *All for Jack,* or *The Coral Pen?* And these are only a few of the remarkable tales which have been within the reach of the Editors at any hour of the day for the past three months. Naturally, the Letter-Box had to be suspended.

The collection is now waiting for a suitable set of shelves to be made for it, with a glass front and a lock and key. Visitors who desire to inspect it will be welcomed during the regular office hours; but no one but the Editors can read the books. Meanwhile, we express our profound and lasting gratitude to Miss Carolyn Wells. We trust that some day she will commit to paper her meditations upon the subject of mystery, detection and crime, for which the pages of THE BOOKMAN are always at her disposal.

Now, then, let us get down to the letters, of which so many have accumulated that we shall probably never catch up with them.

I.

A lady in Washington writes as follows:

I should like to have your opinion on the following points: The usage of such expressions as "I hope it rains to-day," "I hope he does come to-morrow," "He starts to-morrow," etc. A double possessive, such as "the play of Scribe's." In this connection may be cited "God of our fathers," "the son of his father" and "The Fall of the House of Usher." But we say "a house of his;" and "a poem of Longfellow's" conveys but one meaning, while "a book of Longfellow's" might denote either ownership or authorship, it seems to me.

As to such an expression as "I hope he does come to-morrow" or "He starts to-morrow," it may be described as picturesquely colloquial, the speaker projecting himself for a moment into the future and regarding it as already present. It is the non-literary congener of what rhetoricians call the Prophetic Present. As to what she describes as the "double possessive," our correspondent seems to be somewhat confused. When one says "the play of Scribe's," the full expression is "the play of Scribe's plays," the genitive in this instance being partitive. "A poem of Longfellow's" is unambiguous in meaning only because Longfellow happens to be best known as a poet, and therefore you assume that the poem in question is one which he wrote. When, however, we say "Longfellow's book" our meaning is in reality no clearer than when we say "A book of Longfellow's." In neither case is authorship necessarily implied.

II.

The following comes to us unsigned, upon a post-card, and is respectfully and respectively referred to Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Robert Grant:

Is it possible that *The Valley of Decision* owes its name to the "multitude" of characters therein? ("Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision."—Joel iii: 14.)

To what does *Unleavened Bread* owe its name? Had Selma failed to attain her ends, that might have accounted for the title, but surely she "rose," according to her own standard of elevation.

III.

A correspondent in Ripley, Ohio, starts a new line of thought in the following request:

I am tired of reading lists of the "ten best books." Just for a change, will you not please give me a list of the ten worst books—meaning by that the dullest and the feeblest, and confining yourself to books written in the English language?

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It is absolutely impossible to comply with this request, because in order to do so it would be necessary to have read every book in the English language. You see, one may fairly assume that he has read all the books which anybody could by any possibility include among the best ten; but no one can be quite certain in reading an extremely wretched book that there may not exist somewhere even a worse one. Moreover, an experienced taster of books will very soon discover that a new volume which he happens to pick up is dull and feeble, and he will throw it aside unread without taking the trouble to discover precisely how dull and feeble it really is from a comparative point of view. We don't mind, however, giving a list of the worst ten books in English that we have ever read through, confining ourselves to books whose authors might have been expected to do better:

1. Philip (Thackeray).
2. Joan of Arc (Mark Twain).
3. Alton Locke (Kingsley).
4. Scottish Chiefs (Porter).
5. Aylwin (Watts-Dunton).
6. Daniel Deronda (Eliot).
7. Lothair (Disraeli).
8. Clarissa Harlowe (Richardson).
9. The Blithedale Romance (Hawthorne).
10. Hyperion (Longfellow).

IV.

The following comes to us from a lady in Mount Vernon, Ohio:

I read the list of those to be invited to the banquet in 1905, and see that the only way I can "get in" is to be accounted a Clear White Soul. Now I am sure that I *am* a C. W. S., but how am I to prove it to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN? Writing a poem to you might touch your heart—would you be kind, even if it were not so good a poem as Miss Wells's? Incidentally, tell me if you consider the use of "then" as an adjective correct. I know Stevenson uses it, but

(1) We are sorry to inform this lady that no one who is really and truly a Clear White Soul ever has the slightest consciousness of the fact. That lets her out.

(2) The use of "then" as an adjective in such expressions as "the then king" is admissible, but never elegant.

V.

Here is some one up in Weedsport, New York, who wants to break into the Banquet by violence. He seems also to be decidedly in a state of mind:

I wish to attend that 1905 banquet—not to eat, for I know better than to tempt fate—and my claims are:

(1) I am an Author—and, although I have no equal in modesty, yet I cannot deny that I am really the greatest author living.

(2) I never sent THE BOOKMAN a manuscript.

(3) I never shall.

(4) I am an old subscriber.

(5) I think your spelling is the damnedest ever.

(6) I consider that—excepting myself—R. Harding Davis is the modestest man living, and that—again the exception—W. Dean Howells is the greatest novelist, past, present or future.

(7) I have read *David Harum.*

(8) I consider that the Republican Party is a pure and holy conception of the Great Eternal Ruler.

(9) Consequently, I believe in Trusts, Robbery, Jobbery, Matt Quay, Hanna, Embalmed Beef, Terrible Ted, *et al.*

VI.

The following letter comes to us from Honesdale, Pennsylvania:

Again Sherlock Holmes. Fine as Mr. Gillette's Sherlock is, he does seem to have made a slip in assuming that Moriarty would not have tried to get the pistol if he had had another. But how about Moriarty's failure to see Holmes remove the cartridges, as shown by his afterward snatching the pistol and trying to fire it? Is this up to the standard of the Doyle-Moriarty?

I do not wish to expose you to the danger of another protest such as "A Ballade of Mental Perturbation," but have wondered if any one else regarded this incident in the play as a lapse of Moriarty's usual alertness.

A BOOKMANITE.

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Moriarty deserves no censure for failing to see Holmes remove the cartridges. Of course Moriarty was a genius, but of course, also, Sherlock Holmes was a still greater one. Holmes didn't want Moriarty to see the removal of the cartridges, and naturally he didn't let him see it. Had Moriarty detected him, Moriarty would have been cleverer than Sherlock Holmes, and surely, *that* would not be the Doyle Moriarty.

VII.

A plaintive letter from Boston:

A year or two ago I wrote you, signing myself "A Subscriber's Cousin." Since then I have become a subscriber myself. I notice your use of "bred up," and again I am uneasy about it. Before, you referred me to "any unabridged dictionary." Having firm faith in you, I meekly subsided and did not even consult a dictionary. But now, after having read the January number, I have taken my Webster and turned to "breed." There I find: "(5) To educate; to instruct; to form by education; often, but unnecessarily, followed by *up;* as, to *'breed* a son to an occupation;' a man *bred* at a university. *To breed up* is vulgar."

I am sorry to seem disagreeable, but what can I do? A Turning Worm.

We are afraid that you must have consulted an old, and therefore an imperfect and unauthoritative, copy of Webster. In our copy, which represents the last edition, the expression "breed up" is not characterised as vulgar, but is given as perfectly allowable; and it is supported by a citation from Locke the philosopher. Even dictionary-makers ultimately arrive at something like the truth.

VIII.

A gentleman who writes from Canandaigua, New York, anxiously asks this question:

Why have you never reviewed *The Love Story of Abner Stone?* I have waited a long while to get your opinion of the book.

We were just on the point of reviewing the book when its publishers indiscreetly made such a thing impossible for us. They sent us one of those printed slips which publishers are fond of sending to editors by way of stimulating their interest in the author. Unfortunately, a publisher can never tell exactly what sort of information is going to produce a favourable impression upon an editor, for some editors differ from some other editors. This particular printed slip had a little account of Mr. Litsey, the author of *Abner Stone,* and in it we found the following sentences:

His literary taste developed at an early age. When he wanted to write his first article for a local paper he had no stationery. He killed a cat for an old lady, thereby receiving a dime, with which he purchased writing paper.

Now this little story probably touched the heart of many an editor, and secured many a favourable review for Mr. Litsey's book. But for our part it left us as hard as flint. You see, we are fond of cats. Therefore, we shall never review Mr. Litsey's book unless he can prove to our satisfaction that the story has been in some way utterly perverted, and that in reality it was the old lady that he killed.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

Two Wives; or, The Marital and Other Experiences of Lammy Browning. By Lemuel P. Burnett.

Limited space makes it impossible to say much of this novel of five hundred and fifty-six pages. Lammy Browning was a Southerner who came to New York, and, as the title indicates, gets into difficulty. The two wives are his wives "by accident."

American Book Company:

Some Useful Animals and What They Do for Us. By John Monteith, M.A., and Caroline Monteith.

The subjects treated in this book both assist in nature study and give aid in learning to read. The form of treatment was suggested by actual experience in the school and the home. The moral lessons derived from the actions of ani-

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mals are vivid and engaging, and some useful information is imparted.

Beginnings of Rhetoric and Composition. By Adams Sherman Hill.

In this book the author teaches young writers to express themselves correctly, not by dry mechanical devices, but by stimulating them to put their natural selves into their compositions. The book aims to remove the obstacles, small or great, that lie between what they think and what they write.

Baker and Taylor Company:

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A.

A large illustrated volume, which is intended to serve as a handbook for students and lovers of art. The author has added hints on the critical judgment of pictures, with the hope of simplifying to the many the means of knowing pictures.

My Woodland Intimates. By Effie Bignell.

In writing these sketches of her animal friends, the author says: "I have had in mind all to whom such simple thoughts and quiet experiences might appeal, but my dearest hope has been that, to some one in sick-room or city pent, these pages might, perhaps, carry restful little messages from 'God's out-of-doors.'" Many pleasant things have been said about the author's previous book, *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny.*

The Story of the Churches. The Baptists. By Henry A. Vedder. The Story of the Churches. The Presbyterians. By Charles L. Thompson.

Two volumes in a series of brief histories of the various denominations, written by the leading historian of each denomination. Dr. Vedder is lecturer in American Church History at the Crozer Theological Seminary, and Dr. Thompson is Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

Leavening the Nation. The Story of American Home Missions. By Joseph B. Clark, D.D.

Dr. Clark is Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and the Board granted him a leave of absence in which to prepare a non-sectarian history of the work. His book has been written with the assistance of the secretaries of the Boards of other denominations, and it is intended as a standard history of home missionary work.

Barnes and Company:

The Stumbling Block. By Edwin Pugh.

A new novel by the author of that somewhat unusual story, *Tony Drum.* Mr. Pugh writes with originality and his characterisations are well done. The present story is worth reading.

Century Company:

A Comedy of Conscience. By S. Weir Mitchell.

A humorous little story of some hundred odd pages, with a New England girl for its heroine. This New England girl, Serena Vernon by name, is troubled with the conscience that is supposed to belong to that part of the country, and when she comes into possession of a diamond ring at the moment that her own pocketbook has been stolen she begins to perplex herself with the ethics of the situation.

When Patty Went to College. By Jean Webster.

An amusing story of the undergraduate, the typical, fun-loving college girl who delights in unconventional pranks upon "men, women and Freshmen." The book is illustrated by C. D. Williams.

Winter India. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

An entertaining book of travel by the author of *Jinriksha Days in Japan,* Java; *The Garden of the East,* and *China: The Long-Lived Empire.* Miss Scidmore is an experienced traveller in the East, and she knows how to write of the little comedies and tragedies of Indian travel. The book is illustrated.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Our Neighbours. By Ian Maclaren.

A collection of short stories and sketches by the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* Persons who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Watson lecture in this country will be particularly interested in the chapters "The Restless American," "A Scot Indeed," "The Scot at an Argument" and "Upon the Lecture Platform." This book will be reviewed at length later.

The Traitors. By E. Philipps Oppenheim.

The action of this story of love and adventure takes place in Theos, a country which is supposed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ruritania. An exiled king, various political intrigues, and two American women are all mixed up in the plot, which is certainly not dull. This book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number.

Lyrics of Love and Laughter. By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Mr. Dunbar's *Lyrics of Lowly Life* and *Lyrics of the Hearthside* are among the most popular books of verse of the day, and this new volume is a welcome addition to the series. The present volume contains a large proportion of dialect poems, in which Mr. Dunbar particularly excels, and which have met with more praise than any of his other work

Robin Brilliant. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

Mrs. Dudeney's new novel will be especially welcome to the persons who admire her other books. She is one of the

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few really good women writers of the present day, and she has frequently been compared with Thomas Hardy. Her descriptions of village life are always excellent, and her women unusual. An advance notice of this book appeared in the February BOOKMAN.

The Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton.

The story of a wonderfully rich man, who is obliged to face the possibility of insanity within six months. His wife is found dead under suspicious circumstances, and he is held responsible. In spite of these tragic elements, the story ends pleasantly.

Handicapped Among the Free. By Emma Rayner.

The black man's burden, the burden of the more highly developed of the race, is Miss Rayner's theme, and just at the present time this book will probably cause considerable interest. It is a story of Southern life of to-day.

The Life of Bret Harte. By T. Edgar Pemberton.

This life of a man whose life was in itself essentially picturesque is not entirely satisfactory, because the author could not possibly have had at first hand the requisite material. Nevertheless, it is a book of great interest. Mr. Pemberton, realising his limitations, allowed Bret Harte, wherever it was possible, to tell his own story by anecdote.

The New International Encyclopædia. Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Volumes IV., V., VI., VII.

The very nature of these notes makes it impossible to do more than allude to any work of really vast magnitude. Of *The New International Encyclopædia* we say without hesitation that it is a great work of reference, perhaps one of the greatest of recent years. It will be discussed critically and at length in THE BOOKMAN.

Business and Love. By Hugues LeRoux.

A title full of alluring possibilities. The book is exceedingly interesting, and is the result of the author's impressions and observations during his recent lecture tour in this country. He sets forth the difference between the French and the American point of view with regard to business and love.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

How to Make Money. Edited by Katharine Newbold Birdsall.

The articles in this book appeared serially in *Everybody's Magazine*. The volume contains eighty practical suggestions to untrained women, and it should be carefully read by all women who want to earn their living and who haven't the faintest idea how to go about it.

Veronica. By Martha W. Austin.

A novel by a new writer, in which the love-story is delicately told. The action takes place in Louisiana.

The Wind in the Rose Bush. By Mary E. Wilkins.

In this collection of short stories, the author wishes to be known by her maiden name, the name which is so widely known in this country in connection with the authorship of stories of New England life. The present stories are "ghost stories," and it is claimed that Miss Wilkins's ghosts are as real as her New Englanders.

Home Building and Furnishing. Being a Combined New Edition of *Model Houses for Little Money*, by William L. Price, and *Inside of One Hundred Homes*, by W. M. Johnson.

The articles in this volume have appeared from time to time in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and they are designed to be of help in the building of small homes. Many illustrations accompany the text.

The Story of My Life. By Helen Keller. With Her Letters (1887-1901) and a Supplementary Account of Her Education, Including Passages from the Reports and Letters of Her Teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, by John Albert Macy.

Almost everybody knows who Helen Keller is, and therefore almost everybody will be interested in reading of her life. Her career has been a remarkable one, and her success, despite her manifold afflictions, is undoubted.

Harper and Brothers:

The Substitute. By Will N. Harben.

A story of the fortunes of George Buckley, an inhabitant of Northern Georgia. He is adopted by an old man who desires to expiate a past sin by so educating and training this boy that he may in time become his moral substitute. Mr. Harben is also the author of *Westerfelt* and *Abner Daniel*.

Walda. By Mary Holland Kinkaid.

The scenes of this story are laid in a religious co-operative community in a Western State, which the author prefers shall be nameless. This particular community discourages love and marriage, and when somebody comes along and falls in love with the prophetess of this remarkable community the trouble begins. Mrs Kinkaid is a resident of Milwaukee.

Hobart Company:

A Daughter of the Sioux. A Tale of the Indian Frontier. By General Charles King.

A new novel by that most prolific of writers who for a long time was known as "Captain King." The present vol-

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ume is illustrated by Frederic Remington and Edwin Willard Deming.

Holt and Company:

A Summer in New York. By Edward W. Townsend.

A summer in New York is not as trying as some persons are led to believe, and, according to Mr. Townsend, it is a gay, happy time. In a sub-title, Mr. Townsend calls his book "A Love Story Told in Letters."

The Triumph of Count Ostermann. By Graham Hope.

A love story of Peter the Great's German Prime Minister. In a note, the author says that the germ of the story is due to Mr. Nisbet Bain's *Daughter of Peter the Great,* and that it owes many of its details to the kindness of Professor Morrill, author of *The History of Russia.*

Red-Headed Gill By Rye Owen.

A weird story. Red-Headed Gill is a young country gentlewoman of Cornwall. She comes under the influence of an East Indian, who forces her to live over again the life of a beauty of the days of Queen Bess, the famous Gill Red-Head.

The Princess of Hanover. By Margaret L. Woods.

A drama in verse that the London *Times* says "reminds us at every turn of some of the best of the Elizabeth dramatists." In a Preface the author makes some pertinent remarks on English verse.

Jenkins:

En Son Nom. Pierre Valdo et les "Pauvres de Lyon." Par Edward Everett Hale. Traduit avec l'autorisation de l'auteur par Mary Prince Sa· veur et annoté par Lambert Sauveur.

A French translation of Edward Everett Hale's *In His Name,* bound in paper covers.

The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman.

This is a new edition of a book which has been out for some years, and which is revised from year to year. New maps and other improvements have been added to this volume.

Knickerbocker Press:

David and Bathshua. A Drama in Five Acts. By Charles Whitworth Wynne.

A poetic drama, by the author of *Ad Astra* and *Songs and Lyrics.*

Lane:

Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse. By Dora Greenwell McChesney.

A new novel which is described as an "Episode of the Ironsides." The story opens with an early New England scene, but the reader is quickly transported to the other side. The story deals mainly with the troublous times of the Royalist and Commonwealth struggles of the seventeenth century.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and Its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Sir Arthur Helps. A new edition, edited, with an Introduction, Maps and Notes, by M. Oppenheim. In four volumes. Volume III.

The first two volumes of the original edition of this work were published in 1855, the third in 1857 and the fourth in 1861. The present volume contains maps of North America, Guiana, Gulf of California, Peru, Chili, Brazil, South America.

The Gap in the Garden. By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett.

A new novel by the author of *Heart's Desire.* The word "garden" is a favourite one in the titles of books nowadays, and somehow always gives an English flavour to a book.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D.

This is Volume III. in the series of verse translations from the Greek Dramatic Poets, commentaries and explanatory essays, for English readers. Professor Murray has translated the two plays, *Hippolytus* and *The Bacchæ.*

Pearl-Maiden. A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. By H. Rider Haggard.

It is many a day since *She* and *King Solomon's Mines* and the other wild tales of Rider Haggard were among the best selling books. He has not been lost sight of, however, and his publishers have brought out a new edition of *Pearl-Maiden,* which was first copyrighted in 1901.

Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Two volumes.

An enlarged and revised edition of a history which for many years has been out of print. It was first published anonymously in 1861, when the author was leaving the university, but in 1871 it was brought out under his own name, as by that time the publication of another book had brought his name into notice.

Macmillan Company:

A Descriptive Guide-Book to the Best Fiction. British and American. By Ernest A. Baker, M.A.

A most excellent idea. Mr. Baker begins with the fifteenth century, and carries the list up to the present time. He explains in the Preface that his object

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in this book is to supply a fairly complete list of the best prose fiction in English, including all that the ordinary reader is likely to care about. Each book mentioned is described in a few condensed lines. It should prove valuable as a reference book.

Art in the Nineteenth Century. By Charles Waldstein.

Dr. Waldstein, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has reprinted, at the request of one hundred and fifty students, his lecture which was delivered at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, on August 2d, 1902. The lecture was entitled "The Achievement of Art in the Nineteenth Century," and served as an introduction to the section dealing with art, literature and music.

The Irish Sketch Book. By William Makepeace Thackeray.

A new volume in the Dent edition of the Prose Works of Thackeray, edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles E. Brock. A posthumous portrait of Thackeray, painted by Samuel Laurence for the Reform Club, is used as a frontispiece.

A Selection of the Shorter Poems of Wordsworth. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By Edward Fulton, Ph.D.

The introduction to this little volume, which belongs to the Pocket Series of American and English Classics, gives a "Sketch of Wordsworth's Life," "The Influence of his Precursors," "His Theory of Poetry," "The Shorter Poems" and "His Philosophy of Life."

The Canterbury Pilgrims. By Percy Mackaye.

A comedy in verse, in which the characters are based on "The Canterbury Tales." The leading characterisation, we understand, is Chaucer himself. Mr. Mackaye dedicates the volume to Mr. E. H. Sothern, who is planning to produce the play.

The Pagan at the Shrine. By Paul Gwynne.

A story of Southern Spain in the time of the anti-Jesuit agitation, the scene of which is laid in Santa Fé. "Santa Fé," says the author in his first chapter, "even now is celebrated for its processions, but it used to be famed for religious pomp of every kind."

Greater Russia. By Wirt Gerrare.

A large, illustrated volume by the author of the *Story of Moscow*. "For obvious reasons," explains the Preface, "this treatise does not even pretend to present a complete picture of such an immense continental empire, still less to give an exhaustive account of its resources, a full description of its natural features, or minute explanation of the home and foreign policy of its government. Its object is to convey an adequate idea of Russia's advance; her industrial progress, commercial prospects, the openings presented for both capital and labour, the markets closed to foreign enterprise."

The Borough. A Poem. By the Reverend George Crabbe.

A small volume in the "Temple Classics." The first edition of this poem was published in 1810, and was reprinted in Crabbe's works in 1834. The author of the poem was born in 1754, and died in 1832.

The Bee and Other Essays. By Oliver Goldsmith.

Another volume in the "Temple Classics." The first edition of *The Bee* was published in 1759, and the first edition of *Other Essays* in 1765. The present edition is edited by Austin Dobson.

Poland. A Study of the Land, People and Literature. By George Brandes.

Mr. Brandes, the well-known Danish critic, is the author of a series entitled "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." The present volume is divided into two parts, namely: "Observations and Appreciations—First Impression (1885), Second Impression (1886), Third Impression (1894), Fourth Impression (1899); and "The Romantic Literature of Poland in the Nineteenth Century."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Life and Destiny. By Felix Adler.

The extracts to be found in this volume are taken from Dr. Adler's Ethical Lectures. The collection covers the period of twenty-six years since the inception of the Ethical Society in 1876.

The Rebellion of the Princess. By M. Imlay Taylor.

The scene of this story is laid in Moscow at the time of the childhood of Peter the Great. A notice of the book, with a photograph of the author, appears under Chronicle and Comment in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Conjuror's House. A Romance of the Free Forest. By Stewart Edward White.

A story of a young Free Trader, Ned Trent, who, trespassing on the land of the Hudson Bay Company, and being caught and being sentenced to death, braves the power of the company and wins the love of the fair Virginia, daughter of the company's factor and commander of the "Conjuror's House" post. An article on Mr. White appears elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, also a review of the book.

A Lad of the O'Friels. By Seumas MacManus.

One of the most charming things about this Irish story by the young Irish author is the dedication to "Ethna Carbery," his wife, who died last year. A

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portion of the dedication reads as follows:

"One day, before you looked your last on the land for which your heart beat, the dimming light in your eyes leaped up when I whispered that your name would be linked with the little story which your partial heart loved so fondly.

"And now, O Best-Beloved, ere yet the sea is green that presses upon your breast, I bring there my little offering."

The Blue Goose. By F. L. Nason.

A new story by the author of *To the End of the Trail.* Mr. Nason depicts the life of the miner, with its hours of debauchery above ground and its reckless, gambling spirit. There is plenty of villainy in the story, but a sweet, unspoiled girl redeems the book from too much gloom. A photograph of the author, with further mention of the book, appears elsewhere in the present number.

New Amsterdam Book Company:

The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. By Olin L. Lyman.

1812 is the period of this tale, and the place is Sackett's Harbour, New York. It is a war story, of course, properly mixed with romance. The illustrations are in colour.

William Penn. A History. By W. H. Dixon.

It is twenty-one years since this book first appeared under the title *William Penn: An Historical Biography.* It has long been out of print, but the author has gathered a mass of new material, and he has really rewritten the entire book.

The Mahoney Million. By Charles Townsend.

A sensational novel of New York of to-day, with some of the scenes laid in the lower West Side, and others in a more fashionable district.

Outlook Company:

British Political Portraits. By Justin McCarthy.

The British statesmen of whom Mr. McCarthy writes are: Arthur James Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Joseph Chamberlain, Henry Labouchère, John Morley, Lord Aberdeen, John Burns, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, John E. Redmond, Sir William Harcourt, James Bryce and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Each sketch is accompanied with a portrait.

The Story of a Bird Lover. By William Earl Dodge Scott.

The author of this book is recognised by ornithologists as one of the foremost experts in America as regards the life and habits of birds. Mr. Scott occupies the post of Curator of the Department of Ornithology in Princeton University.

"The study of birds," says Mr. Scott, "develops every kind of æsthetic sensibility; it is a pleasure and a benefit to see the beauty of their colouring, the grace and ease of their motions, and to hear the sweetness of their song; and when this is awakened in you, the more vital elements of love, sympathy and helpfulness will naturally follow."

A Prairie Winter. By an Illinois Girl.

The anonymous author of this book has written her story in the form of a diary, which, by the way, is not really a story at all, merely a series of essays on the weather, the scenery and the animal kingdom.

Pott and Company:

Women Authors of Our Day in Their Homes. Edited with Additions by Francis Whiting Halsey.

The two volumes already issued in this series have dealt with men, and nearly all the sketches in the three volumes have appeared from time to time in the *New York Times Saturday Review.* Mr. Frederick Stanford has written an introduction to the present volume, entitled "The Pecuniary Rewards of Our Older Authors." Mr. William Wallace Whitelock has interviewed Bertha Runkle, Lucas Malet, Frances Hodgson Burnett, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Humphry Ward; Julia R. Tutwiler has written the sketches of Jeannette L. Gilder, Edith Wharton, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Mapes Dodge, Rebecca Harding Davis, Edith M. Thomas and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Among the other authors written of are Marion Harland, Agnes Repplier, Margaret Deland, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Johnston, Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Sherwood, Blanche Willis Howard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Margaret E. Sangster, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Julia Ward Howe and A. D. T. Whitney. The book contains a number of illustrations.

Putnam's Sons:

Penal Servitude. By W. B. N.

The author of this book is Lord William Nevill, who in 1898 was convicted and sentenced to five years at penal servitude. Since his release Lord Nevill has written the story of prison life as he found it, and the book should prove of value to all students of criminology.

Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States. By James Albert Woodburn.

The author of this book, Professor of American History and Politics in Indiana University, has written "a sketch of American party history and of the development and operations of party machinery, together with a consideration

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of certain party problems in their relations to political morality."

Anthology of Russian Literature. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Leo Wiener. Part II. The Nineteenth Century.

Professor Wiener's first volume covered the period from the tenth century to the close of the eighteenth century, and these volumes make the first adequate anthology of Russian literature to appear in English. In his Preface the author says: "Considerations of space compel me to give but a small selection of authors from the last two decades of the nineteenth century, while some of the writers, here omitted, of the beginning of this period have been previously treated in the first volume of the Anthology."

Revell and Company:

When Angels Come to Men. By Margaret E. Sangster.

The publishers call this a "comfort book," for it is primarily intended for persons who are in mourning, and in it the author suggests the comfort that comes from the other world to the stricken ones in this.

Mary North. By Lucy Rider Meyer.

Mrs. Meyer has for many years been active in deaconess work, and her experiences have led her to give this picture of a girl's life. Mary North is a New England country girl who comes to the city and earns her living as a shop girl.

Dwellers in the Mist. By Norman MacLean.

A story of the poor islanders who get their bread from the sea that beats on the shores of the Hebrides. The author gives a picture of the Hebridean Islands and of the primitive society there.

Russell:

The Romance of Cinderella. By Ella H. Boult.

The Romance of Cinderella told in verse, with illustrations, many of them in colour, by Beatrice Stevens.

Scribner:

The Principles of Money. By J. Laurence Laughlin.

The author of this very large volume on the subject of money is Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago, and the author of a number of books on kindred subjects.

Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence and Constitutional Theory. By Duncan B. Macdonald, M.A., B.D.

The author of this volume in the Semitic Series is Professor of Semitic Languages in Hartford Theological Seminary. He says in his Preface: "All the results given here have been reached or verified from the Arabic sources. These sources are seldom stated, either in the text or in the bibliography, as the book is intended to be useful to non-Arabists, but throughout they lie behind it and are its basis."

Horses Nine. By Sewell Ford.

A collection of stories of "Harness and Saddle," which should be eagerly read by lovers of horses.

The Cavalier. By George W. Cable.

A Players' Edition, illustrated from photographs of the characters and scenes in the play. It will be remembered that Julia Marlowe was the "star" of this play during the last season, and, therefore, her many admirers will probably prefer this edition to any other.

Literary Landmarks of Oxford. By Laurence Hutton.

Mr. Hutton dedicates his book to Francis Landey Patton, D.D., LL.D., "In pleasant memory of Princeton and of Oxford." The attractive illustrations in the book are from drawings by Herbert Railton. Among the places illustrated are Magdalen College, Ruskin's Rooms, Corpus Christi, Lincoln College, Dr. Johnson's Staircase, Pembroke, University College and Shelley's Window Seat, University College.

A Girl of Ideas. By Annie Flint.

The story of a girl whose business career is based on imagination rather than on good common sense. Her experiences, however, form light and pleasant reading.

The House on the Hudson. By Frances Powell.

A new novel by a new writer. The story is an unconventional one, bearing certain characteristics of the detective story, but combining with it the love interest which is too often lost sight of in tales of mystery.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The World and Its People. Book XI. The Story of the Philippines. By Adeline Knapp.

A book arranged for use in the schools of the United States, its purpose being to teach American children something about the Philippines. Miss Knapp lived at one time among the people of whom she writes.

Wessels and Company:

The Game of Life. By Bolton Hall.

A collection of parables by the well-known reform worker and single taxer, Mr. Hall says that these parables are the work of seven years, and that many of them have appeared in various magazines and papers. This book is of

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especial interest to persons familiar with the theory of the Single Tax.

White and Company:

Sea Drift; or, Tribute to the Ocean. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell.

A book of poems by the author of *The Philosophy of Individuality* and *The Physical Basis of Immortality.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Biddle:

Her Lord and Master. An International Romance. By Martha Morton.

Her Lord and Master first appeared as a play in 1902. Miss Victoria Morton, the sister of the playwright, now presents the play as a novel. The book is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and Esther MacNamara.

Coates and Company:

Kent Fort Manor. By William Henry Babcock.

In his Preface the author says that Kent Fort Manor is a real tract, located as described, and that you can reach it by boat from Baltimore. The story touches upon the Civil War period, and Mr. Babcock's theories on the subject of inherited memory play an important part in the working out of the plot.

Songs and Stories from Tennessee. By John Trotwood Moore.

A collection of short stories and poems in which darkey dialect figures conspicuously. Howard Weeden and Robert Dickey have made the illustrations.

The Archierey of Samara. By Henry Iliowizi.

A semi-historic romance of Russian life, in which many horrors are dwelt upon. The author has been an eye-witness of most of the incidents, and in the midst of the scenes he describes he has lived and suffered.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Jewish History. An Essay in the Philosophy of History. By S. M. Dubnow.

The author of the present essay is known in Russian-Jewish literature as an historian and an acute critic. The English translation is based upon the authorised German translation, which was made from the original Russian.

Lippincott Company:

Spinners of Life. By Vance Thompson.

Mr. Thompson's name is quite well known to the reading public, as stories and criticisms from his pen have appeared in various magazines and newspapers. This, we believe, is his first long novel, and it is written in Vance Thompson's own particular vein. It is a story of to-day in which New York club and society life figure, and the publishers claim that "it will especially appeal to those who are interested in the esoteric."

Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life at Princeton College. 1766-1773. By One of the Class of 1763. Edited by W. Jay Mills.

The papers contained in this volume belonged to William Paterson, a graduate of the College of New Jersey in 1763, who succeeded William Livingston as Governor of New Jersey. The volume is illustrated. W. Jay Mills is the author of *Historic Houses of New Jersey* and *Through the Gates of Old Romance.*

Ecclesiasticus. Edited by N. Schmidt, D.D., LL.D.

A new volume in the "Temple Bible" edition, of which the Lippincotts are the publishers in this country.

Ethics of the Body. By George Dana Boardman.

A little book which the author dedicates to "all who long to make their body-life tributary to their spirit-life."

The Variorum Shakespeare. Macbeth. Volume II. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Revised edition by Horace Howard Furness, Jr.

In the present volume the editor has gathered from all sources such notes and comments as he has deemed worthy of preservation, either for the purpose of elucidating the text, or as illustrations of the history of Shakespeare criticism.

BOSTON, MASS.

Clark Publishing Company:

Tito. By William Henry Carson.

A new novel by the author of *Hester Blair* and *The Fool.* The story opens in Florence, at the death-bed of a young Italian woman, the mother of Tito. The child's father thinks he died at birth, and thereby hangs the tale.

Dickerman Publishing Company:

Reflections of Bridget McNulty. By Frank C. Voorhies.

This little book is written in much the same vein as *Mrs. Piggs of the Very Old Scratch,* by the same author. Bridget McNulty has some things to say about the Christian Scientists, which fact, according to the publishers, has increased the circulation of the book.

Ginn and Company:

Triumphs of Science. Edited by M. A. L. Lane.

A text-book in the Youth's Companion Series of Supplementary Readers, the

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material of which has appeared in the *Youth's Companion*. Among the contributors to the book are Cyrus W. Field, Edward S. Holden, John B. Briggs, Hilary A. Herbert, Curtis Brown, S. C. W. Benjamin and James Parton.

Hardy, Pratt and Company:

Letters of Mademoiselle Julie de Lespinasse. With Notes on Her Life and Character. By D'Alembert, Marmontel, De Guibert, etc., and an Introduction by C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.

The popularity and the large sales of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Rose's Daughter* add to the interest of the present volume, which is now in its fourth edition. Some comment on the similarity of these two books appeared in the April BOOKMAN, and a review of *Lady Rose's Daughter* is published in the present issue.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

John Percyfield. By C. Hanford Henderson.

The scenes of the story, which is a romance, not a novel, are laid in Switzerland and America, and the publishers claim that it combines the admirable qualities of *The Reveries of a Bachelor, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and *John Inglesant.*

The Lieutenant-Governor. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Mr. Carryl is well known as a short-story writer and as a writer of verse. *The Lieutenant-Governor,* which appeared in *The Smart Set* not long ago, is the story of labour troubles with the scene of action in the coal regions during a strike period. The Governor of the imaginary State of Alleghenia is assassinated, and the Lieutenant-Governor steps in and assumes control of the State.

Phillips Brooks. By William Lawrence.

This study of the late Phillips Brooks by the Bishop of Massachusetts should prove a suitable Easter gift. It was delivered as an address from the pulpit of Phillips Brooks in Trinity Church, Boston, January 23d, 1903, upon the tenth anniversary of his death.

William Ellery Channing. By John W. Chadwick.

In his Preface, Dr. Chadwick says: "I have been impelled to write a new life of Channing by several motives, two of which have a somewhat contradictory appearance, one of them being the deeper interest in Channing which has of late been manifested in quarters where there had been imperfect knowledge of his qualities, too little sympathy with his spirit, and the other the disproportion which, I thought, existed between the significance of his thought and message and their limited appreciation." A photograph of the "minister of religion" at the age of fifty-nine is used as a frontispiece.

The Poets of Transcendentalism. An Anthology. Edited by George Willis Cooke.

In this anthology the editor has included figures like Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Ellery Channing, Jones Very, Higginson, Christopher Cranch, and a number of others not as well known. An Introductory Essay and Biographical Notes by Mr. Cooke accompany the collection.

The Legatee. By Alice Prescott Smith.

A novel of life in a Wisconsin lumber town. The hero inherits a lumber mill, and with it the legacy of his uncle's relations to the townspeople, who are not congenial to him. The book, like so many other of its predecessors, gives a vivid description of a forest fire. Mrs. Smith is of New England ancestry, and at present lives in San Francisco.

The Enjoyment of Art. By Carleton Noyes.

An untechnical volume, written with the definite purpose of interesting the layman. The author includes under the term Art not only paintings, sculpture, literature, music and architecture, but also the lesser branches lately developed by the societies of arts and crafts, and shown in the designing of a rug, a tile or a candlestick.

Young People's History of Holland. By William Elliot Griffis.

Much detail and many dates are avoided in this history for the young readers. It gives the picturesque and dramatic side of the subject, and it is illustrated with twenty-four full-page historical pictures.

The Mannerings. By Alice Brown.

Miss Brown's previous books, *Meadow Grass, Tiverton Tales* and *Margaret Warrener* in especial, have many admirers, and as this book is said to be the strongest work which she has yet produced, it should receive a cordial reception. A double love story runs through *The Mannerings,* the action of which takes place in or near a country house not far from the commercial interests of the city.

Lee and Shepard:

Spiritual Evolution or Regeneration. By R. C. Douglass.

"These Private Lessons in Practical Christian Metaphysics are offered to the public," says the Preface, "in response to many requests from our students, some of whom came into the Spiritual Consciousness through them. They are offered in the same spirit of assurance in which they have always been given in class work."

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The Blow from Behind. A Defence of the Flag in the Philippines. By Fred C. Chamberlin, LL.D.

This volume, which is made up of the manuscript prepared as the foundation of the address delivered by the author upon Memorial Day, 1902, at Burlington, Vermont, gives some features of the anti-imperialist movement attending the war with Spain, together with a consideration of our Philippine policy from its inception to the present time.

Young Explorers of the Isthmus; or, American Boys in Central America. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The third volume in the Pan-American Series, the first two being *Lost on the Orinoco* and *The Young Volcano Explorers*. Mr. Stratemeyer is one of the best-known writers for boys.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Cleveden. By Kenyon West.

Another historical romance of Revolutionary times. The scene of the story centres in the Chew House, in Germantown, at the time when the battles of Brandywine and Germantown were being fought. Kenyon West is the pen name of a woman who is the author of several books of fiction and criticism.

A Social Cockatrice. By Frederick W. Eldridge.

The "social cockatrice" is a woman whose only ambition is to gain social recognition, and who does not hesitate to wreck the lives of men and women in order to gain her purpose. The story is a modern one, with the scenes laid in New York and the fashionable watering-places.

Exits and Entrances. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

A series of essays and sketches in which Mr. Stoddard gives his personal reminiscences of Kingsley, George Eliot, Stevenson, Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Mr. Stoddard is the author of *South Sea Idyls*, which has been called one of the little classics of American literature.

Page and Company:

The Spoilsmen. By Elliott Flower.

A novel of Chicago politics, by the author of *Policeman Flynn*. The book has been favourably received, as there are always a number of persons who like to read about the inner workings of political life.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Townsend:

Every Day With Emerson. Compiled by Harriet A. Townsend.

The compiler of this little book has been kind enough to send us copies of each edition. The book is published under a special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, the authorised publishers of Emerson's works. Both editions are attractively bound and printed, and are of particular interest at this time of commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:

Felicitas. A Romance. By Felix Dahn. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

This is the second in the German author's trio of historical romances, based on the early struggles between Germany and Rome. The third, we believe, is in preparation.

Monarch Book Company:

Control of Heredity. A Study of the Genesis of Evolution and Degeneracy. By Casper Lavater Redfield.

Mr. Redfield has been delivering lectures before the Biographical Department of the Chicago University on a new phase of heredity, and it is this phase of which he treats in this book. He deals directly with social organism, and he attempts to show the causes of progress and decay. The volume is illustrated by diagrams and types of character.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

The Private Life of the Romans. By Harold Whetstone Johnston.

A text-book which is intended for Seniors in high schools and Freshmen in colleges, and is meant to give such an account of the private life of the Romans in the later Republic and earlier Empire as will enable them to understand the references to it in the Latin texts which they read in the class-room. The author is Professor of Latin in the Indiana University.

Greek Composition for Schools. With Exercises based on Anabasis, I.-III. College Entrance Papers, and Original Selections. By Robert J. Bonner.

A text-book belonging to the Intercollegiate Classical Series by one of the professors in the John B. Stetson University.

Maria Stuart. Ein Trauerspiel von Friedrich Schiller. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Carl Edgar Eggert, Ph.D.

The present book is the first of a series of annotated texts in German literature to be known as the Lake German Classics. Dr. Eggert is an instructor of German in the University of Michigan.

DENVER, COL.

Reed Publishing Company:

Black Hill Ballads. By Robert V. Carr.

A collection of poems, dedicated to the "people of the Black Hills of South Dakota."

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Filigree Ball: Being a Full and True Account of the Solution of the Mystery Concerning the Jeffrey-Moore Affair. By Anna Katherine Green.

A new mystery story by the author of *The Leavenworth Case,* which will undoubtedly prove a pleasant diversion to the novel readers who like detective stories. A more extended notice of this book will be found under the Chronicle and Comment in this number.

The Works of Shakespeare. The Tragedy of Othello. Edited by H. C. Hart.

The sixth volume in the Dowden edition of Shakespeare. Mr. Hart, the well-known Shakespearean editor, was chosen as the annotator for *Othello,* and under the editorial supervision of Professor Edward Dowden he has annotated the play and written an introduction.

KANSAS CITY, KAN.

Harvey:

Glimpses of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. By Henry G. Peabody.

A collection of views of the Grand Canyon, with an introduction by the lecturer on this subject.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South:

The Old and the New Renaissance. A Group of Studies in Art and Letters. By Edwin Wiley.

The author has used most of the material found in this book in his lectures. The chapter headings are "The Spirit of the Renaissance and Its Interpretation by Painting," "Albrecht Dürer and the German Renaissance," "Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites," "William Morris—Master Craftsman," "George Inness: A Painter of the Inward Light."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Oceanic Steamship Company:

Tahiti the Golden. By Charles Keeler.

An illustrated brochure on Tahiti and its people.

PARIS.

Picard et Fils

Une Énigme Littéraire: "Le Don Quichotte" D'Avellaneda. Par Paul Groussac.

A collection of essays dealing with the literature, the language and the customs of Spain. In addition to the essays from which the book takes its title, the author discusses the Spanish drama, Victor Hugo's *Hernani* and the *Carmen* of Prosper Mérimée.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year 1900-01. Volume II.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between March and April, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75 net.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His

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Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75 net.
6. Social Unrest. Brooks. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan. $1.75 net.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Social Unrest. Brooks. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Pride of Tellfair. Peake. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.00.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett.) $1.00.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips Co.) $1.25.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Stories of Old New Haven. Baldwin. (Abbey Press.) $1.00.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75 net.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Captain. Williams. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Explorations in Bible Lands. Hilprecht. (Holman.) $3.00.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Little Green God. Mason. (Revell.) 75 cents.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Socialist and the Prince. Older. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Moth and Rust. Cholmondeley. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. On Satan's Mount. Tilton. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Loom of Life. Goss. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. How to Attract the Birds. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.35.
6. Plea for Hardy Plants. Elliott. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.60.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	" "	"		8
" "	3d	" "	"		7
" "	4th	" "	"		6
" "	5th	" "	"		5
" "	6th	" "	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Lovey Mary. Hegan (Century Co.) $1.00	272
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50	265
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	175
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50	90
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	57
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	54

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